



THE
WORKS
OF

Mr. William Shakespear.

VOLUME *the* FOURTH.



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1714

THE
WORKS

OF
MR. RICHARD BAKER

TO WHICH IS ADDED
A HISTORY OF THE



PRINTED BY
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THE SECOND PART OF
HENRY IV.
Containing his DEATH
VOLUME *the* FOURTH
CONTAINING,

King HENRY IV. *Part* II.

King HENRY V.

King HENRY VI. *Part* I.

King HENRY VI. *Part* II.

King HENRY VI. *Part* III.

VOLUME the FOURTH.

CONTAINING

King Henry IV. Part II.

King Henry V.

King Henry VI. Part I.

King Henry VI. Part II.

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The Second PART of

HENRY IV.

Containing his DEATH:

AND THE

CORONATION

OF

King *HENRY* V.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

King Henry the Fourth.

Prince Henry, afterwards Crowned King Henry the Fifth.

Prince John of Lancaster,

Humphrey of Gloucester,

Thomas of Clarence,

Northumberland,

The Arch-Bishop of York,

Mowbray,

Hastings,

Lord Bardolph,

Travers,

Morton,

Coleville,

Warwick,

Westmorland,

Surrey,

Gower,

Harecourt,

Lord Chief Justice,

Falstaff,

Poins,

Bardolph,

Pistol,

Peto,

Page,

Shallow and Silence, Country Justices.

Davy, Servant to Shallow.

Phang and Snare, two Serjeants.

Mouldy,

Shadow,

Wart,

Feeble,

Bulcalf,

Sons to Henry the Fourth, and

Brethren to Henry the Fifth,

Opposites against King Henry the Fourth.

Of the King's Party.

Irregular Humwits.

Country Soldiers.

Lady Northumberland.

Lady Percy.

Hostess Quickly.

Doll Tear-sheer.

Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

The



The Second Part of

HENRY IV.

Containing his DEATH:

AND

The CORONATION of
King HENRY V.

ACT I. SCENE I.

INDUCTION.

Enter RUMOUR.



OPEN your Ears: For which of you
will stop

The vent of hearing, when loud *Rumour*
speaks?

I, from the Orient, to the drooping West,
Making the Wind my Post-horse, still
unfold

The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.
Upon my Tongue continual Slanders ride,
The which, in every Language, I pronounce,

A 4

Stuffing



The Second Part of

Stuffing the Ears of them with false Reports:
 I speak of Peace, while covert Enmity,
 Under the smile of safety, wounds the World:
 And who but *Rumour*, who but only I
 Make fearful Musters, and prepar'd Defence;
 Whilst the big Year, swol'n with some other Griefs,
 Is thought with Child, by the stern Tyrant War;
 And no such matter. *Rumour* is a Pipe
 Blown by Surmises, Jealousies, Conjectures;
 And of so easie, and so plain a stop,
 That the blunt Monster, with uncounted Heads,
 The still discordant, wavering Multitude,
 Can play upon it. But what need I thus
 My well known Body to Anatomize
 Among my Household? Why is *Rumour* here?
 I run before King *Harry's* Victory,
 Who in a bloody Field by *Shrewsbury*
 Hath beaten down young *Hot-spur*, and his Troops,
 Quenching the Flame of bold Rebellion,
 Even with the Rebels Blood. But what mean I
 To speak of Truth at first? My Office is
 To noise abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell
 Under the Wrath of noble *Hot-spur's* Sword:
 And that the King, before the *Dowglas's* Rage,
 Stoop'd his anointed Head, as low as Death.
 This have I rumour'd through the Peasant Towns,
 Between the Royal Field of *Shrewsbury*,
 And this Worm-eaten hole of ragged Stone,
 Where *Hot-spur's* Father, old *Northumberland*,
 Lyes crafty Sick. The Posts come tyring on,
 And not a Man of them brings other News
 Than they have learn'd of me. From *Rumour's* Tongues,
 They bring smooth-comforts-false, worse than true Wrongs.
 [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Lord Bardolf, and the Porter.

Bard. Who keeps the Gate, hoa?
 Where is the Earl?

Porter.

King HENRY IV.

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Porter. What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the Earl,
That the Lord *Bardolph* doth attend him here.

Porter. His Lordship is walk'd forth into the Orchard,
Please it your Honour, knock but at the Gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

Bard. Here comes the Earl.

North. What news, Lord *Bardolph*? Ev'ry minute now
Should be the Father of some Stratagem.

The Times are wild: Contention, like a Horse
Full of high Feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble Earl,
I bring you certain News from *Shrewsbury*.

North. Good, and Heav'n will.

Bard. As good as Heart can wish:
The King is almost wounded to the Death:
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Son,
Prince *Harry* slain outright; and both the *Blunts*
Kill'd by the Hand of *Douglafs*; young Prince *John*,
And *Westmorland* and *Stafford*, fled the Field.
And *Harry Monmouth's* Brawn, the Hulk Sir *John*,
Is Prisoner to your Son. O, such a Day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not, 'till now, to dignifie the Times
Since *Caesar's* Fortunes.

North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the Field? Came you from *Shrewsbury*?

Bard. I spake with one, my Lord, that came from thence
A Gentleman well bred, and of good Name,
That freely render'd me this News for true.

North. Here comes my Servant *Travers*, whom I sent
On *Tuesday* last, to listen after News.

Enter Travers.

Bard. My Lord, I over-rode him on the way.
And he is furnish'd with no Certainties,
More than he, haply, may retail from me.

North. Now *Travers*, what good Tidings comes from you?

A S

Trav

Porter.

Tra. My Lord, *John Umfrevil* turn'd me back
 With joyful Tidings; and being better hors'd
 Out-rode me. After him, came spurring hard
 A Gentleman, almost fore spent with speed,
 That stopp'd by me, to breathe his bloodied Horse.
 He ask'd the way to *Chester*: And of him
 I did demand what News from *Shrewsbury*:
 He told me, that Rebellion had ill Luck,
 And that young *Harry Percy's* Spur was cold.
 With that he gave his able Horse the Head,
 And, bending forward, strook his able Heels
 Against the panting Sides of his poor Jade,
 Up to the Rowel-head, and starting so,
 He seem'd in running to devour the way,
 Staying no longer Question.

North. Ha? Again:

Said he young *Harry Percy's* Spur was cold?
 Of *Hot-spur*, cold Spur, that Rebellion
 Had met ill Luck?

Bard. My Lord, I'll tell you what,
 If my young Lord, your Son, have not the Day,
 Upon mine Honour, for a silken Point
 I'll give my Barony. Never talk of it.

North. Why should the Gentleman that rode by *Travers*
 Give then such Instances of Loss?

Bard. Who he?

He was some heilding Fellow, that had stol'n
 The Horse he rode on; and upon my Life
 Spake at adventure. Look, here comes more News.

Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this Man's Brow, like to a Title-leaf,
 Foretells the Nature of a Tragick Volume:
 So looks the Strond, when the Imperious Flood
 Hath left a witness'd Usurpation.

Say, *Morton*, did'st thou come from *Shrewsbury*?

Mort. I ran from *Shrewsbury*. my noble Lord,
 Where hateful Death put on his ugliest Mask
 To fright our Party.

North. How doth my Son, and Brother?
 Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy Cheek

King HENRY IV.

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Is apter than thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.
Even such a Man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in Look, so woe-be-gone,
Drew *Priam's* Curtain, in the dead of Night,
And would have told him, half his *Troy* was burn'd.
But *Priam* found the Fire, ere he his Tongue:
And I, my *Percy's* Death, ere thou report'st it.
This, thou wouldst say: Your Son did thus, and thus;
Your Brother, thus. So fought the noble *Dowglass*,
Stopping my greedy Ear with their bold Deeds.
But in the end, to stop mine Ear indeed,
Thou hast a Sigh, to blow away this Praise,
Ending with Brother, Son, and all are dead.

Mort. *Dowglass* is living, and your Brother, yet;
But for my Lord, your Son——

North. Why, he is dead.

See what a ready Tongue Suspicion hath;
He that but fears the thing, he would not know,
Hark by Instinct, knowledge from other Eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet speak, *Morton*,
Tell thou thy Earl, his Divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet Disgrace,
And make thee rich, for doing me such wrong.

Mort. You are too great, to be, by me, gainsaid:
Your Spirit is too true, your Fears too certain.

North. Yet for all this, say not that *Percy's* dead.
I see a strange Confession in thine Eye:
Thou shak'st thy Head, and hold'st it Fear, or Sin,
To speak a Truth. If he be slain, say *Yo*:
The Tongue offends not, that reports his Death:
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead;
Not he, which says the dead is not alive:
Yet the first Bringer of unwelcome News
Hath but a losing Office: And his Tongue,
Sounds ever after as a sullen Bell
Remembred, knolling a departing Friend.

Bar. I cannot think, my Lord, your Son is dead.

Mort. I am sorry I should force you to believe
That, which I would to Heav'n I had not seen.
But these mine Eyes saw him in bloody State,

Rend'ring

The Second Part of

Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd;
 To *Henry Monmouth*, whose swift wrath beat down
 The never-daunted *Percy* to the Earth,
 From whence, with Life, he never more sprung up.
 In few; his Death, whose Spirit lent a Fire
 Even to the dullest Peasant in his Camp,
 Being bruited once, took Fire and Heat away
 From the best temper'd Courage in his Troops.
 For from his Metal was his Party steel'd;
 Which once in him abated, all the rest
 Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy Lead:
 And as the thing that's heavy in it self,
 Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed;
 So did our Men, heavy in *Hotspur's* loss,
 Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
 That Arrows fled not swifter toward their Aim,
 Than did our Soldiers, aiming at their safety,
 Fly from the Field. Then was that noble *Worcester*
 Too soon ta'en Prisoner: And that furious *Scot*,
 The bloody *Douglas*, whose well-labouring Sword
 Had three times slain th' Appearance of the King,
 'Gan vail his Stomach, and did grace the Shame
 Of those that turn'd their Backs: and in his flight,
 Stumbling in Fear, was took. The sum of all,
 Is, that the King hath won: And hath sent out
 A speedy Power, to encounter you, my Lord,
 Under the Conduct of young *Lancaster*
 And *Westmorland*. This is the News at full.

North. For this, I shall have time enough to mourn.
 In Poison there is Phyick: And this News,
 Having been well, that would have made me sick,
 Being sick, hath in some measure made me well.
 And as the Wretch, whose Feaver-weakened Joints,
 Like strengthless Hinges, buckle under Life,
 Impatient of his Fit, breaks like a Fire
 Out of his Keeper's Arms; even so, my Limbs,
 Weakened with Grief, being now inrag'd with Grief,
 Are thrice themselves. Hence therefore thou nice Crutch,
 A scaly Gauntlet now, with Joints of Steel
 Must gloye this Hand. And hence thou sickly Quoif,
 Thou

Thou art a Guard too wanton for the Head,
Which Princes flesh'd with Conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my Brows with Iron, and approach
The ragged'st Hour that Time and Spight dare bring,
To frown upon th'enrag'd *Northumberland*.

Let Heav'n kiss Earth: Now let not Nature's Hand
Keep the wild Flood confin'd; let Order die,
And let the World no longer be a Stage

To feed Contention in a lingring Act:

But let one Spirit of the first-born *Cain*

Reign in all Bosoms, that each Heart being set

On bloody Courses, the rude Scene may end,

And Darkness be the Burier of the Dead.

Bard. Sweet Earl, divorce not Wisdom from your Honour.

Mort. The Lives of all your loving Complices
Lean on your Health, the which if you give o'er
To stormy Passion, must perforce decay.
You cast th' Event of War, my noble Lord,
And summ'd the account of Chance, before you said
Let us make Head: It was your Presurmise,
That in the dole of Blows, your Son might drop.
You knew he walk'd o'er Perils, on an Edge
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:
You were advis'd his Flesh was capable
Of Wounds and Scars; and that his forward Spirit
Would lift him, where most trade of Danger rang'd,
Yet did you say, Go forth: And none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-born Action: What hath then befall'n?
Or what hath this bold Enterprize brought forth,
More than that Being, which was like to be?

Bard. We all that are engaged to this Loss,
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous Seas,
That if we wrought out Life, was ten to one;
And yet we ventur'd for the Gain propos'd,
Choak'd the Respect of likely, Peril fear'd,
And since we are o'er-set, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, Body and Goods.

Mort,

Mort. 'Tis more than time; and, my most noble Lord,
 I hear for certain, and do speak the Truth:
 The gentle Arch-Bishop of York is up
 With well appointed Powers: He is a Man
 Who with a double Surety binds his Followers.
 My Lord, your Son, had only but the Corps,
 But Shadows, and the Shews of Men to fight.
 For that same Word, Rebellion, did divide
 The Action of their Bodies, from their Souls,
 And they did fight with Queasiness, constrain'd,
 As Men drink Potions; that their Weapons only
 Seem'd on our Side: But for their Spirits and Souls,
 This Word, Rebellion, it had froze them up,
 As Fish are in a Pond. But now the Bishop
 Turns Insurrection to Religion;
 Suppos'd sincere, and holy in his Thoughts,
 He's follow'd both with Body, and with Mind:
 And doth enlarge his rising, with the Blood
 Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret Stones,
 Derives from Heav'n his Quarrel, and his Cause:
 Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding Land,
 Gasping for Life, under great Bullingbroke,
 And more, and less, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before. But to speak Truth,
 This present Grief had wip'd it from my Mind.
 Go in with me, and counsel every Man
 The aptest Way for Safety, and Revenge:
 Get Posts, and Letters, and make Friends with speed,
 Never so few, nor never yet more need. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Falstaff, and Page.

Fal. Sirrah, you Giant, what says the Doctor to my Water?

Page. He said, Sir, the Water it self was a good healing Water. But for the Party that own'd it, he might have more Diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me. The Brain of this foolish compounded Clay-man, is not able to

to invent any thing that tends to Laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in my self, but the Cause that Wit is in other Men. I do here walk before thee, like a Sow, that hath overwhelmed all her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Service for any other Reason, than to set me off, why then I have no Judgment. Thou whorson Mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my Cap, than to wait at my Heels. I was never mann'd with an Agot 'till now: But I will set you neither in Gold nor Silver, but in vile Apparel, and send you back again to your Master, for a Jewel. The *Juvenil*, the Prince your Master! whose Chin is not yet fledg'd; I will sooner have a Beard grow in the Palm of my Hand, than he shall get one on his Cheek: Yet he will not stick to say, his Face is a Face-Royal. Heav'n may finish it when he will, it is not a Hair amiss yet: He may keep it still as a Face-Royal, for a Barber shall never earn Sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ Man ever since his Father was a Batchelor. He may keep his own Grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Mr. *Dombledon*, about the Satten for my short Cloak, and Slops?

Page. He said, Sir, you should procure him better assurance than *Bardolph*: He would not take his Bond and yours, he lik'd not the Security.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the Glutton, may his Tongue be hotter, a whorson *Achitophel*, a Rascally-yea-forsooth-knave, to bear a Gentleman in Hand, and then stand upon Security? The whorson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high Shoes, and Bunches of Keys at their Girdles; and if a Man is through with them in honest raking up, then they must stand upon Security: I had as lief they would put Rats-bane in my Mouth, as offer to stop it with Security. I looked he should have sent me two and twenty Yards of Satten, as I am a true Knight, and he sends me Security. Well, he may sleep in Security, for he hath the Horn of Abundance. And the lightness of his Wife shines through it, and yet cannot he see, tho' he have his own Lanthorn to light him, Where's *Bardolph*?

Page,

Page. He's gone into *Smithfield* to buy your Worship a Horse.

Fal. I bought him in *Pauls*, and he'll buy me a Horse in *Smithfield*. If I could get me a Wife in the Stews, I were Mann'd, Hors'd, and Wiv'd.

Enter Chief Justice, and Servants.

Page. Sir, here comes the Nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him, about *Bardolph*.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he, that goes there?

Serv. *Falstaff*, and't please your Lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the Robbery?

Serv. He, my Lord. But he hath since done good Service at *Shrewsbury*: And, as I hear, is now going with some Charge to the Lord *John* of *Lancaster*.

Ch. Just. What, to *York*? Call him back again.

Serv. Sir *John Falstaff*.

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my Master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go pluck him by the Elbow. I must speak with him.

Serv. Sir *John*.

Fal. What! a young Knave and beg! Are there not Wars? Is there not Employment? Doth not the King lack Subjects? Do not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg, than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the Name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You mistake me, Sir.

Fal. Why, Sir, did I say you were an honest Man? Setting my Knight-hood, and my Soldiership aside, I had lied in my Throat, if I had said so.

Serv. I pray you, Sir, then set your Knight-hood and your Soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your Throat, if you say I am any other than an honest Man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so? I lay aside that which grows to me? If thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'st leave, thou wer't better be hang'd: You Hunt counter, hence; avaunt.

Serv.

King HENRY IV.

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Serv. Sir, my Lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir *John Falstaff*, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord! give your Lordship good time of the Day. I am glad to see your Lordship abroad; I heard say, your Lordship was sick. I hope your Lordship goes abroad by advice. Your Lordship, though not clean past your Youth, hath yet some smack of Age in you: Some relish of the Saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your Lordship, to have a reverend care of your Health.

Ch. Just. Sir *John*, I sent for you before your Expedition to *Shrewsbury*.

Fal. If it please your Lordship. I hear his Majesty is return'd with some discomfort from *Wales*.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his Majesty: You would not come when I sent for you?

Fal. And I hear moreover, his Highness is fall'n into this same whorson Apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, Heav'n mend him. I pray let me speak with you,

Fal. This Apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of Lethargy, a sleeping of the Blood, a whorson Tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? Be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much Grief; from Study and Perturbation of the Brain. I have read the Cause of its Effects in *Galen*. It is a kind of Deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fall'n into that Disease: For you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my Lord, very well: Rather, an't please you, it is the Disease of not Listening, the Malady of not Marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the Heels, would amend the attention of your Ears, and I care not if I be your Physician.

Fal. I am as poor as *Job*, my Lord; but not so patient: Your Lordship may minister the Potion of Imprisonment to me, in respect of Poverty: But how I should be your Patient to follow your Prescriptions, the Wise may make some Dram of a Scruple, or indeed, a Scruple it self.

Ch. Just,



Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your Life, to speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advis'd by my Learned Counsel, in the Laws of this Land-service, I did not come,

Ch. Just. Well the truth is, Sir *John*, you live in great Infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my Belt, cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your Means is very slender, and your Waste great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my Means were greater, and my Waste slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have mis-led the youthful Prince.

Fal. The young Prince hath mis-led me. I am the Fellow with the great Belly, and he my Dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd Wound; your Day's Service at *Shrewsbury*, hath a little gilded over your Night's Exploit on *Gads-hill*. You may thank the unquiet time, for your quiet o'er posting that Action.

Fal. My Lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: Wake not a Sleeping Wolf.

Fal. To wake a Wolf, is as bad as to smell a Fox.

Ch. Just. What? You are as a Candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A Wassel Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: If I did say of Wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white Hair on your Face, but should have his Effect of Gravity.

Fal. His Effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young Prince up and down, like his evil Angel.

Fal. Not so, my Lord, your ill Angel is light: But I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing; and yet, in some respects I grant, I cannot go; I cannot tell — Virtue is of so little regard in these Court-mongers Days, that true Valour is turned Bear-herd. Pregnancy is made a Tapster, and hath his quick Wit wasted in giving Recknings; all the other Gifts appertinent to Man, as the malice of this Age shapes them, are not worth a Goose-berry. You that are old, consider
not

not the Capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our Livers, with the bitterness of your Gall; and we that are in the vaward of our Youth, I must confess, are Wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your Name in the Scrowl of Youth, that are writtendown old, with all the Characters of Age? Have you not a moist Eye? a dry Hand? a yellow Cheek? a white Beard? a decreasing Leg? an increasing Belly? is not your Voice broken? your Wind short? your Wit single? and every part about you blasted with Antiquity? and will you call your self young? fie, fie, fie, Sir *John*.

Fal. My Lord, I was born with a white Head, and something a round Belly. For my Voice, I have lost it with hollowing and singing of Anthems. To approve my Youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am only old in Judgment and Understanding, and he that will caper with me for a thousand Marks, let him lend me the Money, and have at him. For the Box o'th' Ear that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude Prince, and you took it like a sensible Lord. I have checkt him for it, and the young Lion repents: Marry not in Ashes and Sack-cloth, but in new Silk, and old Sack.

Ch. Just. Well, Heav'n send the Prince a better Companion.

Fal. Heav'n send the Companion a better Prince: I cannot rid my Hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the King hath sever'd you and Prince Harry, I hear you are going with Lord *John* of Lancaster, against the Archbishop, and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yes, I thank your pretty sweet Wit for it; but look you pray, all you that kiss my Lady Peace at home, that our Armies join not in a hot Day: For I take but two Shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: If it be a hot Day, if I brandish any thing but my Bottle, would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous Action can peep out his Head, but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever.

Ch. Just.

The Second Part of

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest, and Heav'n bless your Expedition.

Fal. Will your Lordship lend me a thousand Pound, to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a Penny, not a Penny; you are too impatient to bear Crosses. Fare you well. Commend me to my Cousin *Westmorland*. [Exit.

Fal. If I do, fillop me with a three-man-Beetle. A Man can no more separate Age and Covetousness, than he can part young Limbs and Letchery: But the Gout galls the one, and the Pox pinches the other, and so both the Degrees prevent my Curses. Boy.

Page. Sir.

Fal. What Money is in my Purse?

Page. Seven Groats, and two Pence.

Fal. I can get no Remedy against this Consumption of the Purse: Borrowing only lingers, and lingers it out, but the Disease is incurable. Go bear this Letter to my Lord of *Lancaster*, this to the Prince, this to the Earl of *Westmorland*, and this to old Mistress *Ursula*, whom I have weekly sworn to marry, since I perceiv'd the first white Hair on my Chin. About it; you know where to find me. A Pox of this Gout, or a Gout of this Pox; for the one or th'other plays the Rogue with my great Toe: It is no matter, if I do halt, I have the Wars for my Colour, and my Pension shall seem the more reasonable: A good Wit will make use of any thing; I will turn Diseases to commodity. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Arch-Bishop of York, Hastings, Mowbray, and Lord Bardolph.

York. Thus have you heard our Causes, and know our And my most noble Friends, I pray you all [Means: Speak plainly your Opinions of our Hopes, And first, Lord Marshal, what say you to it?

Mow. I well allow the occasion of our Arms, But gladly would be better satisfied, How, in our Means, we should advance our selves,

To

King HENRY IV.

21

To look with Forehead bold and big enough,
Upon the Power and Puissance of the King?

Hast. Our present Musters grow upon the File
To five and twenty thousand Men of choice:
And our Supplies live largely in the Hope
Of great Northumberland, whose Bosom burns
With an incensed Fire of Injuries.

Bard. The question then, Lord *Hastings*, standeth thus,
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up Head without Northumberland?

Hast. With him we may.

Bard. Ay marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My Judgment is, we should not step too far
Till we had his Assistance by the Hand.
For in a Theam so bloody fac'd as this,
Conjecture, Expectation, and Surmise
Of Aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

York. 'Tis true, Lord *Bardolph*, for indeed
It was young *Hotspur's* Case at *Shrewsbury*.

Bard. It was, my Lord, who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the Air, on promise of Supply,
Flattering himself with Project of a Power,
Much smaller than the smallest of his Thoughts,
And so, with great Imagination,
Proper to Madmen, led his Powers to Death,
And, winking, leap'd into Destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of Hope.

Bard. Yes, if this present quality of War,
Indeed the instant Action, a Cause on foot,
Lives so in hope, as in an early Spring
We see th'appearing Buds, which to prove Fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as Despair
That Frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the Plot, then draw the Model,
And when we see the figure of the House,
Then must we rate the Cost of the Erection,
Which if we find out-weighs Ability,
What do we then, but draw a-new the Model

In fewer Offices? or at least, desist
 To build at all? Much more, in this great Work;
 Which is, almost, to pluck a Kingdom down,
 And set another up, should we survey
 The Plot of Situation, and the Model,
 Consent upon a sure Foundation,
 Question Surveyors, know our own Estate,
 How able such a Work to undergo,
 To weigh against his Opposite? or else,
 We fortifie in Paper, and in Figures,
 Using the Names of Men, instead of Men:
 Like one that draws the Model of a House
 Beyond his Power to build it; who, half through,
 Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created Cost
 A naked subject to the weeping Clouds,
 And waste, for churlish Winters tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our Hopes, yet likely of fair Birth,
 Should be still-born; and that we now possess
 The utmost Man of Expectation:
 I think we are a Body strong enough,
 Even as we are, to equal with the King.

Bard. What, is the King but five and twenty thousand?

Hast. To us no more; nay not so much, Lord Bardolph.
 For his Divisions, as the Times do brawl,
 Are in three Heads; one Power against the French,
 And one against Glendower; perforce a third
 Must take up us: So is the unfirm King
 In three divided; and his Coffers sound
 With hollow Poverty, and Emptiness.

York. That he should draw his several Strengths together,
 And come against us in full Puissance,
 Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
 He leaves his Back unarm'd, the French, and Welsh
 Baying him at the Heels; never fear that.

Bard. Who is it like should lead his Forces hither?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster and Westmorland:
 Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth,
 But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
 I have no certain notice.

York.

York. Let us on:

And publish the Occasion of our Arms.
The Commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy Love hath forfeited.
An Habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar Heart.
O thou fond Many! with what loud Applause
Did'st thou beat Heav'n with blessing *Bullingbroke*;
Before he was, what thou would'st have him be?
And being now trim'd up in thine own Desires,
Thou, beastly Feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thy self to cast him up.
So, so, thou common Dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton-bosom of the Royal *Richard*,
And now thou would'st eat thy dead Vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these Times?
They, that when *Richard* liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his Grave,
Thou that threw'st Dust upon his goodly Head,
When through proud *London* he came fighting on,
After th'admired Heels of *Bullingbroke*,
Cry'st now, O Earth yield us that King again,
And take thou this. O thoughts of Men accurs'd,
Past, and to come, seems best; things present, worst.
Mow. Shall we go draw our Numbers, and set on?
Hast. We are Time's Subjects, and Time bids, be gone!

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Hostess, with two Officers, Fang and Snare.

Host. **M**R. Fang, have you entred the Action?

Fang. It is enter'd.

Host. Where's your Yeoman? Is it a lusty Yeoman?
Will he stand to it?

Fang. Sirrah, where's *Snare*?

Host. Ay, ay, good Mr. *Snare*.

Snare.

York.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. *Snare*, we must Arrest Sir *John Falstaff*.

Host. Ay, good Mr. *Snare*, I have enter'd him, and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our Lives: He will stab.

Host. Alas-the-day; take heed of him; he stab'd me in mine own House, and that most beastly; he cares not what mischief he doth, if his Weapon be out. He will foine like any Devil, he will spare neither Man, Woman, nor Child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither; I'll be at your Elbow.

Fang. If I but fist him once; if he come but within my Vice.

Host. I am undone with his going; I warrant he is an infinitive thing upon my score. Good Mr. *Fang*, hold him sure; good Mr. *Snare*, let him not scape, he comes continually to *Pie-corner*, saving your Manhoods, to buy a Saddle, and he is invited to dinner to the *Lubbar's head* in *Lombardstreet* to Mr. *Smooth's* the *Silkman*. I pray ye since my Action is enter'd, and my Case so openly known to the World, let him be brought in to his Answer. A hundred Mark is a long one, for a poor lone Woman to bear; and I have born, and born, and born: And have been fub'd off, and fub'd off, from this Day to that Day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, unless a Woman should be made an Ass and a Beast, to bear every Knaves wrong.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmsey-Nose *Bardolph* with him. Do your Offices, do your Offices: Mr. *Fang*, and Mr. *Snare*, do me, do me, do me your Offices.

Fal. How now? whose Mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir *John*, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress *Quickly*.

Fal. Away Varlets; draw *Bardolph*: Cut me off the Villain's Head: Throw the Quean in the Kennel.

Host.

Host. Throw me in the Kennel? I'll throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly Rogue. Murder, murder: O thou Hony-suckle Villain, wilt thou kill God's Officers and the King's? O thou hony-seed Rogue, thou art a Hony-seed, a Man-queller, and a Woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, *Bardolph*.

Fang. A Rescue, a Rescue.

Host. Good People bring a Rescue. Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? do, do thou Rogue: Do thou Hempseed.

Fal. Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, your Fustilorian: I'll tuck your Catastrophe.

Enter Chief Justice.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? Keep the Peace here, ho.

Host. Good my Lord, be good to me. I beseech you stand to me.

Ch. Just. How now, Sir *John*? what are you brawling here? Doth this become your Place, your time, and business? You should have been well on your way to *York*. Stand from him Fellow, wherefore hang'st upon him?

Host. O my most worshipful Lord, and't please your Grace I am a poor Widow of *Easlicheap*, and he is arrested at my Suit.

Ch. Just. For what Sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my Lord, it is for all; all I have; he hath eaten me out of House and Home; he hath put all my Substance into that fat Belly of his; but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o Nights, like the Mare.

Fal. I think I am aslike to ride the Mare, if I have any vantage of Ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir *John*? Fie, what Man of good temper would endure this tempest of Exclamation? Are you not asham'd to inforce a poor Widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross Sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest Man, thy self, and the Mony too. Thou didst swear to me on a parcel-gilt Goblet, sitting in my *Dolphin*-chamber, at the round Table, by a Sea-coal Fire, on *Wednesday* in *Whitsun-week*, when

the Prince broke thy Haad for likening him to a Singing-man of *Windsor*; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy Wound, to marry me, and make me my Lady thy Wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not Good-wife *Keech*, the Butcher's Wife, come in then, and call me Gossip *Quickly*? coming in to borrow a Mese of Vinegar; telling us, she had a good Dish of Prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green Wound? And didst not thou, when she was gone down Stairs, desire me to be no more familiar with such poor People, saying, that ere long they should call me Madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty Shillings? I put thee now to thy Brook-oath, deny it if thou canst?

Fal. My Lord, this is a poor mad Soul; and she says up and down the Town, that her eldest Son is like you. She hath been in good case, and the truth is, Poverty hath distracted her; but for these foolish Officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true Cause, the false Way. It is not a confident Brow, nor the throng of Words that come with such, more than impudent, sawciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration. I know you ha practis'd upon the easie-yielding Spirit of this Woman.

Hos. Yes in troth, my Lord.

Ch. Just. Prethee, peace; pay her the Debt you owe her; and unpay the Villany you have done her; the one you may do with sterling Mony, and the other with currant Repentance.

Fal. My Lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable Boldness impudent Sawciness. If a Man will curt'sie, and say nothing, he is virtuous: No, my Lord, your humble Duty remembred, I will not be your Sutor. I say to you, I desire deliv'rance from these Officers, being upon hasty Employment in the King's Affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak, as having Power to do wrong: But answer in the Effect your Reputation, and satisfie the poor Woman.

Fal.

King HENRY IV.

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Fal. Come hither, Hostess.

Enter Mr. Gower.

Ch. Just. Now, Master Gower, what News?

Gower. The King, my Lord, and *Henry* Prince of *Wales* Are near at Hand: The rest the Paper tells.

Fal. As I am a Gentleman——

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a Gentleman, come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly Ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my Plate, and the Tapestry of my Dining Chambers.

Fal. Glasses, Glasses, is the only drinking; and for thy Walls a pretty slight Drollery, or the Story of the Prodigal, or the *German* hunting in Water-work, is worth a thousand of these Bed-hangings, and these Fly-bitten Tapestries: Let it be ten Pound, if thou canst. Come, if it were not for thy Humours, there is not a better Wench in *England*. Go, wash thy Face, and draw thy Action: Come, thou must not be in this Humour with me, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Prithee, Sir *John*, let it be but twenty Nobles, I am loth to pawn my Plate, in good earnest la.

Fal. Let it alone, I'll make other shift; you'll be a Fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, although I pawn my Gown. I hope you'll come to Supper: You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live? Go with her, with her; Hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have *Doll Tear-sheet* meet you at Supper?

Fal. No more Words. Let's have her.

Ch. Just. I have heard bitter News.

Fal. What's the News, my good Lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the King last Night?

Gower. At *Basing-stoke*, my Lord.

Fal. I hope, my Lord, all's well. What is the News, my Lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his Forces back?

B 2

Gower.

Fal.

Gower. No; fifteen hundred Foot, and five hundred Horse, are march'd up to my Lord of *Lancaster*, against *Northerumberland* and the Arch-Bishop.

Fal. Comes the King back from *Wales*, my noble Lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have Letters of me presently.
Come, go along with me, good Mr. *Gower*.

Fal. My Lord.

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master *Gower*, I shall entreat you with me to dinner.

Gower. I must wait upon my good Lord here.
I thank you, good Sir *John*.

Ch. Just. Sir *John*, you loiter here too long, being you are to take Soldiers up in the Countreys as you go.

Fal. Will you Sup with me, Master *Gower*?

Ch. Just. What foolish Master taught you these Manners, Sir *John*?

Fal. Master *Gower*, if they become me not, he was a Fool that taught them me. This is the right Fencing grace, my Lord, tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great Fool!
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attach'd one of so high Blood.

P. Henry. It doth me, though it discolours the Complexion of my Greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew vilely in me, to desire small Beer?

Poins. Why, a Prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a Composition.

P. Henry. Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely got; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor Creature, small Beer. But indeed these humble considerations make me out of love with my Greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy Name? or to know thy Face to morrow? or to take Note how many pair of Silk Stockings thou

thou hast? (*viz.* these, and those that were the peach-colour'd ones;) or to bear the Inventory of thy Shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other for use; but that the Tennis Court Keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of Linnen with thee, when thou keepest not Racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy Low Countreys have made a shift to eat up thy Holland.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idely? tell me how many good young Princes would do so, their Fathers lying so sick, as yours is.

P. Henry. Shall I tell thee one thing, *Poins*?

Poins. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Henry. It shall serve among Wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing, that you'll tell.

P. Henry. Why I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad now my Father is sick; albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my Friend, I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a Subject.

P. Henry. Thou think'st me as far in the Devil's Book, as thou and *Falstaff*, for obduracy and persistency. Let the end try the Man. But I tell thee, my Heart bleeds inwardly, that my Father is sick; and keeping such vile Company as thou art, hath in Reason taken from me, all ostentation of Sorrow.

Poins. The Reason?

P. Henry. What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most Princely Hypocrite.

P. Henry. It would be every Man's thought; and thou art a blessed Fellow, to think as every Man thinks; never a Man's thought in the World keeps the Road-way better than thine; every Man would think me an Hypocrite indeed. And what excites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have seen so lewd, and so much ingrafted to *Falstaff*.

P. Henry. And to thee.

Poins. Nay, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with mine own Ears; the worst they can say of me is, that I am a second Brother, and that I am a proper Fellow of my Hands; and those two things I confess I cannot help. Look, look, here comes *Bardolph*.

P. Henry. And the Boy that I gave *Falstaff*; he had him from me Christian, and see if the fat Villain have not transform'd him Ape.

Enter Bardolph and Page.

Bard. Save your Grace.

P. Henry. And yours, most noble *Bardolph*.

Poins. Come, you pernicious Ass, you bashful Fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? what a Maidenly Man at Arms are you become? Is it such a matter to get a Pottle-pots Maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me even now, my Lord, through a red Lattice, and I could discern no part of his Face from the Window; at last I spy'd his Eyes, and methought he had made two Holes in the Ale-wives new Petticoat, and peeped through.

P. Henry. Hath not the Boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whorson upright Rabber, away.

Page. Away you rascally *Alibea's* Dream, away.

P. Henry. Instruct us, Boy, what Dream, Boy?

Page. Marry, my Lord, *Althea* dream'd she was deliver'd of a Firebrand, and therefore I call him her Dream.

P. Henry. A Crowns-worth of good Interpretation; there it is, Boy.

Poins. O that this good Blossom could be kept from Cankers: Well, there is Six-pence to preserve thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the Gallows shall be wrong'd.

P. Henry. And how doth thy Master, *Bardolph*?

Bard. Well, my good Lord; he heard of your Grace's coming to Town. There's a Letter for you.

P. Henry. Deliver'd with good respect; and how doth the *Martlemas*, your Master?

Bard.

Bard. In bodily health, Sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal Part needs a Physician; but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Henry. I do allow this Wen to be as familiar with me as my Dog. And he holds his place, for look you how he writes.

Poins reads. *John Falstaff, Knight.*—Every Man must know that, as oft as he hath occasion to Name himself: Even like those that are Kin to the King, for they never prick their Finger, but they say there is some of the King's Blood spilt. How comes that? says he that takes upon him not to conceive: The Answer is as ready as a borrowed Cap; I am the King's poor Cousin, Sir.

P. Henry. Nay, they will be Kin to us, but they will fetch it from *Japhet*. But to the Letter:—Sir John Falstaff, Knight, to the Son of the King, nearest his Father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.

Poins. Why this is a Certificate.

P. Henry. Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity.

Poins. Sure he means brevity in breath; short-winded. I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins, for he misuses thy Favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his Sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayst, and so farewell. Thine, by yea and no: Which is as much as to say, as thou usest him, Jack Falstaff with my Familiars: John with my Brothers and Sisters: And Sir John with all Europe.

My Lord, I will steep this Letter in Sack, and make him eat it.

P. Henry. That's to make him eat twenty of his Words. But do you use me thus, Ned? Must I marry your Sister?

Poins. May the Wench have no worse Fortune. But I never said so.

P. Henry. Well, thus we play the Fool with the time, and the Spirits of the Wise sit in the Clouds, and mock us: Is your Master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my Lord.

P. Henry. Where sups he? Doth the old Boor feed in the old Frank?

Bard. At the old place, my Lord, in *East-cheap*.

P. Henry. What Company?

Page. *Ephesians*, my Lord, of the old Church.

P. Henry. Sup any Women with him?

Page. None, my Lord, but old Mistress *Quickly*, and Mrs. *Dol Tear-sheet*,

P. Henry. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinswoman of my Master's.

P. Henry. Even such Kin, as the Parish Heifers are to the Town Bull.

Shall we steal upon them, *Ned*, at Supper?

Poins. I am your Shadow, my Lord. I'll follow you.

P. Henry. Sirrah, you Boy, and *Bardolph*, no word to your Master that I am yet in Town. There's for your Silence.

Bard. I have no Tongue, Sir.

Page. And for mine, Sir, I will govern it.

P. Henry. Fare ye well: Go.

This *Dol Tear-sheet* should be some Road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between *St. Albans* and *London*.

P. Henry. How might we see *Falstaff* bestow himself to Night in his true Colours, and not our selves be seen?

Poins. Put on two Leather Jerkins, and Aprons, and wait upon him at his Table, like Drawers.

P. Henry. From a God to a Bull? A heavy declension: It was *Jove's* Case. From a Prince to a Prentice, a low transformation, that shall be mine: For in every thing, the Purpose must weigh with the Folly. Follow me, *Ned*.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumberland, and Lady Percy.

North. I prethee, loving Wife, and gentle Daughter, Give an even way unto my rough Affairs.

Put

Put not you on the Visage of the Times,
And be like them to *Percy*, troublesome.

L. North. I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will: Your Wisdom be your Guide.

North. Alas, sweet Wife, my Honour is at Pawn,
And but my going, nothing can redeem it.

L. Percy. Oh yet, for Heav'n's sake, go not to these Wars.
The time was, Father, when you broke your Word,
When you were more endear'd to it, than now,
When your own *Percy*, when my Heart-dear *Harry*,
Threw many a Northward Look, to see his Father
Bring up his Powers: But he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two Honours lost; yours and your Son's.
For yours, may heav'nly Glory brighten it:
For his, it stuck upon him, as the Sun
In the grey Vault of Heav'n: And by his Light
Did all the Chevalry of *England* move
To do brave Acts. He was, indeed, the Glas
Wherein the noble Youth did dress themselves.
He had no Legs, that practis'd not his Gate:
And speaking thick, which Nature made his blemish,
Became the Accents of the Valiant.
For those that could speak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own Perfection to Abuse,
To seem like him. So that in Speech, in Gate,
In Diet, in Affections of delight,
In Military Rules, Humours of Blood,
He was the Mark, and Glas, Copy, and Book;
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous him!
O Miracle of Men! Him did you leave
Second to none, un-seconded by you,
To look upon the hideous God of War,
In disadvantage, to abide a Field,
Where nothing but the sound of *Hot-spur's* Name
Did seem defensible: So you left him.
Never, O never do his Ghost the wrong,
To hold your Honour more precise and nice
With others, than with him. Let them alone:
The Marshal and the Archbishop are strong.

Had my sweet *Harry* had but half their Numbers;
To day might I (hanging on *Hot-spur's* Neck)
Have talk'd of *Monmouth's* Grave.

North. Beshrew your Heart,
Fair Daughter, you do draw my Spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient Over-fights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there;
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

L. North. O fly to *Scotland*,
'Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons,
Have of their Puissance made a little taste.

L. Percy. If they get Ground, and 'vantage of the King,
They join you with them, like a Rib of Steel,
To make Strength stronger. But, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your Son.
He was so suffer'd; so came I a Widow:
And never shall have length of Life enough,
To rain upon Remembrance with mine Eyes,
That it may grow and sprout, as high as Heav'n,
For Recordation to my Noble Husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my Mind
As with the Tyde, swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the Archbishop,
But many thousand Reasons hold me back:
I will resolve for *Scotland*; there am I,
'Till Time and Vantage crave my Company. [Exeunt]

SCENE IV.

Enter two Drawers.

1 *Draw.* What hast thou brought there? *Apple-Johns*?
Thou know'st Sir *John* cannot endure an *Apple-John*.

2 *Draw.* Thou say'st true; the Prince once set a Dish of
Apple-Johns before him, and told him there were five more
Sir *Johns*; and, putting off his Hat, said, I will now take
my leave of these six dry, round, old wither'd Knights.
It anger'd him to the Heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.*

1 *Draw*. Why then cover, and set them down; and see if thou canst find out *Sneak's* Noise; *Mistress Tear-sheet* would fain have some Musick.

2 *Draw*. Sirrah, here will be the Prince, and Master *Poins* anon; and they will put on two of our Jerkins and Aprons, and Sir *John* must not know of it. *Bardolph* hath brought word.

1 *Draw*. Then here will be old *Uti*: it will be an excellent Stratagem.

2 *Draw*. I'll see if I can find out *Sneak*. [Exit.

Enter Hostess and Dol.

Host. Sweet Heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality; your Pulsfidge beats as extraordinarily as Heart would desire; and your Colour, I warrant you, is as red as any Rose: But you have drank too much Canary, and that's a marvellous searching Wine; and it perfumes the Blood ere we can say what's this. How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was: Hem.

Host. Why, that was well said: A good Heart's worth Gold. Look, here comes Sir *John*.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. When Arthur first in Court, ----empty the Jordan --- and was a worthy King: How now, *Mistress Dol*?

Host. Sick of a Calm: Yea, good-sooth.

Fal. So is all her Sect, if they be once in a Calm they are sick.

Dol. You muddy Rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat Rascals, *Mistress Dol*.

Dol. I make them! Gluttony and Diseases make them, I make them not.

Fal. If the Cook make the Gluttony, you help to make the Diseases, *Dol*; we catch of you, *Dol*, we catch of you; Grant that, my poor Virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay marry, our Chains, and our Jewels.

Fal. Your Brooches, Pearls, and Owches: For to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know; to come off the Breach with his Pike bent bravely, and to Surgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd Chambers bravely ---

Host.

Hof. Why, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord; you are both, in good troth, as Rheumatick as two dry Toasts, you cannot one bear with anothers Confirmities. What the good-year? One must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker Vessel, as they say, the emptier Vessel. [To *Dol.*

Dol. Can a weak empty Vessel bear such a huge full Hogs-head? there's a whole Merchants Venture of *Bourdeaux* stuff in him; you have not seen a Hulk better stuff in the Hold. Come, I'll be Friends with thee, *Jack*: Thou art going to the Wars, and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is no body cares.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, Ancient *Pistol* is below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering Rascal, let him not come hither; it is the foul-mou'd'st Rogue in *England*.

Hof. If he swagger let him not come here: I must live amongst my Neighbours, I'll no Swaggerers: I am in good Name and Fame with the very Best: Shut the Door, there comes no Swaggerers here: I have not liv'd all this while to have swaggering now: Shut the Door, I pray you.

Fal. Do'st thou hear, Hostess —

Hof. 'Pray you pacifie your self, Sir *John*, there comes no Swaggerers here.

Fal. Do'st thou hear — it is mine Ancient.

Hof. Tilly-fally, Sir *John*, never tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my Doors. I was before Master *Tisick* the Deputy the other day; and as he said to me — it was no longer ago than *Wednesday* last; Neighbour *Quickly*, says he; — Master *Dumb* our Minister was by then: Neighbour *Quickly*, says he, receive those that are Civil; for, saith he, you are in an ill Name: Now he said so, I can tell whereupon; for, says he, you are an honest Woman, and well thought on, therefore take heed what Guests you receive: Receive, says he, no swaggering Companions. There come none here: You would bless you to hear what he said. No, I'll no Swaggerers.

Fal. He's no Swaggerer, Hostess; a tame Cheater, he; you may stroak him as gently as a Puppy-Grey-Hound; he will

will not swagger with a *Barbary* Hen, if her Feathers turn back in any shew of resistance. Call him up, Drawer.

Hof. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest Man my House, nor no Cheater; but I do not love swaggering; I am the worse when one says swagger: Feel, Masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, Hostess.

Hof. Do I? yea, in very Truth do I, if it were an Aspen Leaf: I cannot abide Swaggerers.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph and Page.

Pist. 'Save you, Sir *John*.

Fal. Welcome, ancient *Pistol*. Here, *Pistol*, I charge you with a Cup of Sack: Do you discharge upon mine Hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir *John*, with two Bullers.

Fal. She is *Pistol* proof, Sir, you shall hardly offend her.

Hof. Come, I'll drink no Proofs, nor no Bullets: I will drink no more than will do me good for no Man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, Mistress *Dorothy*, I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy Companion! What? You poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-Linnen-Mate; away, you mouldy Rogue, away, I am Meat for your Master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress *Dorothy*.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse Rascal, you filthy Bung away: By this Wine, I'll thrust my Knife in your mouldy Chaps if you play the sawcy Cuttle with me. Away you Bottle-ale Rascal, you Basket-hilt stale Jugler you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on your Shoulder? much.

Pist. I will murder your Ruff for this.

Hof. No, good Captain *Pistol*: Not here, sweet Captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd Cheater, art thou not asham'd to be call'd Captain? If Captains were of my mind

mind they would truncheon you out, for taking their Names upon you, before you have earn'd them. You a Captain! you Slave! for what? for tearing a poor Whore's Ruff in a Bawdy House? He a Captain! hang him, Rogue, he lives upon mouldy flew'd Prunes and dry'd Cakes. A Captain! These Villains will make the word Captain odious: Therefore Captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee go down, good Ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress *Dol*.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal *Bardolph*, I could tear her: I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. 'Pray thee go down.

Pist. I'll see her damn'd first: To *Pluto's* damned Lake, to the Infernal Deep, where *Erebus* and Tortures vile also. Hold Hook and Line, say I: Down! Down Dogs, down Fates: Have we not *Hiren* here?

Hof. Good Captain *Peesel* be quiet, it is very late: I beseech you now, aggravate your Choler.

Pist. These be good Humours indeed. Shall Pack-Horses, and hallow pamper'd Jades of *Asia*, which cannot go but thirty Miles a Day, compare with *Cesar*, and with *Cannibal*, and *Trojan Greeks*? Nay, rather damn them with King *Cerberus*, and let the Welkin roar: Shall we fall foul for Toys?

Hof. By my troth, Captain, these are very bitter Words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: This will grow to a Brawl anon.

Pist. Die Men, like Dogs; give Crowns like Pins: Have we not *Hiren* here?

Hof. On my word, Captain, there's none such here. What the good-year do you think I would deny her? I pray be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair *Calipolis*; come, give me some Sack. *Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contesse.* Fear we broad-sides? No, let the Fiend give Fire: Give me some Sack: And Sweet-heart, lye thou there: Come we to full Points here; and are *& coetera's* nothing?

Fal. *Pistol*, I would be quiet.

Pist.

King HENRY IV.

39

Pist. Sweet Knight, kiss thy Neasse: What! we have seen the seven Stars.

Dol. Thrust him down Stairs, I cannot endure such a Fustian Rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down Stairs? know we not Galloway Nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, *Bardolpb*, like a shove-groat Shilling: Nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down Stairs.

Pist. What shall we have Incision? shall we embrew? then Death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful Days: Why then let grievous, ghastly, gaping Wounds, untwine the Sisters three: Come, *Atropos*, I say. [Drawing his Sword.

Hof. Here's good Stuff toward.

Fal. Give me my Rapier, Boy.

Dol. I prithee, *Jack*, I prithee do not draw.

Fal. Get you down Stairs.

[Drawing, and driving Pistol out.

Hof. Here's a goodly Tumult; I'll forswear keeping House, before I'll be in these terrors and frights. So; Murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas, put up your naked Weapons, put up your naked Weapons.

Dol. I prithee, *Jack*, be quiet, the Rascal is gone: Ah you whorson, little valiant Villain, you.

Hof. Are you not hurt i'th' Groin? Methought he made a shrewd thrust at your Belly.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of Doors?

Bard. Yes, Sir, the Rascal's drunk: You have hurt him, Sir, in the Shoulder.

Fal. A Rascal to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little Rogue you: Alas, poor Ape, how thou sweat'st? come, let me wipe thy Face--Come on you whorson Chops--Ah Rogue, I love thee--Thou art as valorous as *Hector* of Troy, worth five of *Agamemnon*; and ten times better than the nine Worthies: Ah Villain.

Fal. A rascally Slave! I will toss the Rogue in a Blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou dar'st for thy Heart: If thou do'st I'll canvass thee between a pair of Sheets.

Enter

Pist.

Enter Musick.

Page. The Musick is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play; play, Sirs. Sit on my Knee, *Dol.* A Rascal, bragging Slave? The Rogue fled from me like Quick-silver.

Dol. And thou follow'dst him like a Church: Thou whorson little tydie *Bartholomew* Boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting on Days, and foyning on Nights, and begin to patch up thine old Body for Heaven?

Enter Prince Henry and Poins disguis'd.

Fal. Peace, good *Dol*, do not speak like a Deaths-head: Do not bid me remember mine End.

Dol. Sirrah, what Humour is the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young Fellow: He would have made a good Pantler, he would have chipp'd Bread well.

Dol. They say *Poins* hath a good Wit.

Fal. He a good Wit? hang him, Baboon, his Wit is as thick as *Tewksbury* Mustard: There is no more Conceit in him, than is in a Mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their Legs are both of a bigness: And he plays at Quoits well, and eats Conger and Fennel, and drinks off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides the wild Mare with the Boys, and jumps upon joint Stools, and swears with a good Grace, and wears his Boot very smooth, like unto the Sign of the Leg, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet Stories; and such other Gambol faculties he hath that shew a weak Mind and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits him: For the Prince himself is such another: The weight of an Hair will turn the Scales between their *Ha-berde-pois*.

P. Henry. Would not this Nave of a Wheel have his Ears cut off?

Poins. Let us beat him before his Whore.

P. Henry. Look, if the wither'd Elder hath not his Poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange that Desire should so many Years out-live Performance?

Fal. Kifs me, *Dol*,

P. Henry.

King HENRY IV.

41

P. Henry. *Saturn* and *Venus* this Year in Conjunction!
What says the Almanack to that?

Poins. And look, whether the fiery *Trigon* his Man be not
isping to his Master's old Tables, his Note-Book, his Coun-
sel-keeper?

Fal. Thou dost give me flatt'ring Buffes.

Dol. Nay, truly, I kiss thee with a most constant Heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young
Boy of them all.

Fal. What Stuff wilt thou have a Kirtle of? I shall re-
ceive Mony on *Thursday*: Thou shalt have a Cap to mor-
row: A merry Song come: It grows late, we will to Bed.
Thou wilt forget me when I am gone.

Dol. Thou wilt set me a weeping if thou say'st so:
Prove that ever I dress my self handsom 'till thy return---
Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some Sack, *Fancis*.

P. Henry. *Poins.* Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha! a Bastard Son of the King's! And art not thou
Poins his Brother?

P. Henry. Why, thou Globe of sinful Continents, what
a Life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a
Drawer.

P. Henry. Very true, Sir: And I come to draw you out
by the Ears.

Host. Oh, the Lord preserve thy good Grace. Wel-
come to *London*. Now Heav'n blefs that sweet Face of thine:
What, are you come from *Wales*?

Fal. Thou whorson made compound of Majesty, by
this light Flesh and corrupt Blood thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his Hand upon Dol.*

Dol. How! you fat Fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My Lord, he will drive you out of your revenge,
and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the Heat.

P. Henry. You whorson Candle-myne you, how vilely
did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtu-
ous, civil Gentlewoman?

Host.

Hof. 'Blessing on your good Heart, and so she is by my troth,

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Henry. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by *Gads-hill*, you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so: I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Henry. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, *Hal*, on my Honour, no abuse.

P. Henry. Not to dispraise me, and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, *Hal*.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, *Ned*, in the World; honest *Ned*, none. I disprais'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in love with him; In which doing, I have done the part of a careful Friend, and true Subject, and thy Father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, *Hal*, none, *Ned*, none; no Boys, none.

P. Henry. See now whether pure Fear, and entire Cowardise, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous Gentlewoman, to close with us? Is she of the Wicked? Is thine Hostess here of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honest *Bardolph*, whose zeal burns in his Nose, of the Wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead Elm, answer.

Fal. The Fiend hath Prickt down *Bardolph* irrecoverable, and his Face is *Lucifer's* Privy-Kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast Mault-Worms: for the Boy, there is a good Angel about him, but the Devil out-bids him too.

P. Henry. For the Women?

Fal. For one of them, she is in Hell already, and burns poor Souls: for the other, I owe her Mony; and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

Hof. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not: I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another Indictment upon thee,
for

for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy House, contrary to the Law, for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Hof. All Viſtuallers do ſo: What is a Joynt of Mutton or two in a whole *Lent*?

P. Henry. You, Gentlewoman.

Dol. What ſays your Grace?

Fal. His Grace ſays that, which his fleſh rebels againſt.

Hof. Who knocks ſo loud at Door? Look to the Door there, *Francis*.

Enter Peto.

P. Henry. *Peto*, how now? what News?

Peto. The King, your Father, is at *Weſtminſter*, And there are twenty weak and wearied Poſts, Come from the North; and as I came along, I met, and over-took a dozen Captains, Bare-headed, ſweating, knocking at the Taverns, And asking every one for Sir *John Falſtaff*.

P. Henry. By Heaven, *Poins*, I feel me much to blame, So idly to prophane the precious time: When Tempeſt of Commotion, like the South Born with black Vapour, doth begin to melt, And drop upon our bare unarmed Heads. Give me my Sword, and Cloak:

Falſtaff, good Night.

[*Exit.*

Fal. Now comes in the ſweeteſt Morſel of the Night, and we muſt hence, and leave it unpickt. More knocking at the Door? How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You muſt away to the Court, Sir, preſently. A dozen Captains ſtay at Door for you.

Fal. Pay the Muſicians, Sirrah: Farewel Hoſteſs, farewel *Dol*. You ſee, my good Wenches, how Men of Merit are ſought after; the Undeſerver may ſleep, when the Man of Action is call'd on. Farewel, good Wenches; if I be not ſent away poſt, I will ſee you again, ere I go.

Dol. I cannot ſpeak; if my Heart be not ready to burſt— Well, ſweet *Jack*, have a care of thy ſelf.

Fal. Farewel, farewel.

[*Exit.*

Hof. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee theſe twenty nine Years, come Peſcod-time; but an honeſter, and truer-hearted Man—— Well, fare thee well.

Bard.

Bard. Mistress Tear-sheet.

Hof. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Mistress Tear-sheet come to my Master.

Hof. O run, Dol, run; run, good Dol. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter King Henry with a Page.

K. Henry. **G**O, call the Earls of Surrey, and of Warwick:
But ere they come, bid them o'er-read these
Letters,

And well consider of them: Make good speed. [Exit Page.
How many thousands of my poorest Subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O Sleep, O gentle Sleep,
Nature's soft Nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my Eye-lids down,
And steep my Senses in Forgetfulness?
Why rather, Sleep, lyest thou in smoaky Cribbs,
Upon uneasy Pallads-stretching thee,
And husht with buzzing Night-Flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great,
Under the Canopies of costly State,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest Melody?
O thou dull God, why ly'st thou with the vile,
In loathsome Beds, and leav'st the Kingly Couch
A watch-case, or a common Larum-Bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy Mast,
Seal up the Ship-boy's Eyes, and rock his Brains,
In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
And in the Visitation of the Winds,
Who take the Russian Billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafning Clamours in the slip'ry Clouds,
That with the hurley, Death it self awakes?
Canst thou, O partial Sleep, give thy Repose
To the wet Sea-boy in an hour so rude?

And

And in the calmest, and most stillest Night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a King? Then happy Low, lye down,
Uneasie lyes the Head, that wears a Crown.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrows to your Majesty.

K. Henry. Is it good-morrow, Lords?

War. 'Tis one a Clock, and past.

K. Henry. Why then good-morrow to you all, my Lords:
Have you read o'er the Letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my Liege.

K. Henry. Then you perceive the Body of our Kingdom;
How foul it is; what rank Diseases grow,
And with what Danger, near the Heart of it.

War. It is but as a Body, yet distemper'd,
Which to his former Strength may be restor'd,
With good Advice, and little Medicine;
My Lord *Northumberland* will soon be cool'd.

K. Henry. Oh Heav'n, that one might read the Book of Fate,
And see the Revolution of the Times
Make Mountains level, and the Continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt it self
Into the Sea; and other Times, to see
The beachy Girdle of the Ocean
Too wide for *Neptune's* Hips; how Chances mock
And Changes fill the Cup of Alteration
With divers Liquors. 'Tis not ten Years gone,
Since *Richard* and *Northumberland*, great Friends,
Did feast together; and in two Years after,
Were they at Wars. It is but eight Years since,
This *Percy* was the Man nearest my Soul;
Who like a Brother, toil'd in my Affairs,
And laid his Love and Life under my Foot:
Yea, for my sake, even to the Eyes of *Richard*
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by?
You, Cousin *Nevil*, as I may remember. [*To Warwick.*
When *Richard*, with his Eye, brim-full of Tears,
Then check'd and rated by *Northumberland*,
Did speak these words, now prov'd a Prophecy.
Northumberland, thou Ladder by the which

My

My Cousin *Bullingbroke* ascends my Throne:
 (Though then, Heaven knows, I had no such intent,
 But that necessity so bow'd the State,
 That I and Greatness were compell'd to kifs)
 The time shall come, thus did he follow it,
 The time will come, that foul Sin, gathering head,
 Shall break into Corruption: So went on,
 Fore-telling this same Time's Condition,
 And the Division of our Amity.

War. There is a History in all Mens Lives,
 Figuring the Nature of the Times deceas'd;
 The which observ'd, a Man may prophesie,
 With a near aim, of the main Chance of things
 As yet not come to Life, which in their Seeds
 And weak beginnings lie entreaured.
 Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time;
 And by the necessary form of this,
 King *Richard* might create a perfect Guess,
 That great *Northumberland*, then false to him,
 Would of that Seed grow to a greater Falseness,
 Which should not find a Ground to root upon,
 Unless on you.

K. Henry. Are these things then Necessities?
 Then let us meet them like Necessities;
 And that same word even now cries out on us:
 They say the Bishop and *Northumberland*
 Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my Lord:
 Rumour doth double, like the Voice and Eccho,
 The Numbers of the Feared. Please it your Grace
 To go to Bed; upon my Life, my Lord,
 The Pow'rs that you already have sent forth,
 Shall bring this Prize in very easily.
 To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
 A certain instance that *Glendower* is dead.
 Your Majesty hath been this Fortnight ill,
 And these unseason'd Hours perforce must add
 Unto your Sickness.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. I will take your Counſel:
And were theſe inward Wars once out of Hand,
We would, dear Lords, unto the Holy-Land. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Shallow and Silence, with Mouldy, Shadow, Wart,
Feeble, and Bull-calf.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your
Hand, Sir, give me your Hand, Sir; an early Stirrer, by
the Rood. And how doth my good Couſin Silence?

Sil. Good Morrow, good Couſin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my Couſin, your Bed-fellow?
and your faireſt Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter
Ellin?

Sil. Alas, a black Ouzel, Couſin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare ſay my Couſin William
is become a good Scholar? He is at Oxford ſtill, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, Sir, to my Coſt.

Shal. He muſt then to the Inns of Court ſhortly: I was
once of Clement's-Inn; where, I think, they will talk of
mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd Luſty Shallow then, Couſin.

Shal. I was call'd any thing, and I would have done any
thing indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and
little John Doit of Staffordſhire, and black George Bare, and
Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cot-fal-man; you had
not four ſuch Swinge-bucklers in all the Inns of Court a-
gain: And I may ſay to you, we knew where the Bona-
Roba's were, and had the beſt of them all at Command-
ment. Then was Jack Falſtaff, now Sir John, Boy, and
a Page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, Couſin, that comes hither anon a-
bout Soldiers?

Shal. The ſame Sir John, the very ſame: I ſaw him
break Schoggan's Head at the Court-Gate, when he was a
Crack, not thus high; and the very ſame Day I did fight
with one Sampſon Stock-fiſh, a Fruiterer, behind Grays-Inn.
Oh the Mad Days that I have ſpent? and to ſee how ma-
ny of mine old Acquaintance are dead?

Sil.

Sil. We shall all follow, Cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain, very sure, very sure : Death is certain to all, all shall Die. How, a good Yoke of Bulls at *Stamford Fair* ?

Sil. Truly, Cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is *Old Double* of your Town living yet ?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead ! See, see, he drew a good Bow : And Dead ? He shot a fine Shoot. *John* of *Gaunt* loved him well, and betted much Mony on his Head. Dead ? He would have clapt in the Clowt at Twelve Score, and carried you a fore-hand Shaf : at fourteen, and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a Man's Heart good to see. How, a Score of Ewes now ?

Sil. Thereafter as they be : A Score of good Ewes may be worth ten Pounds.

Shal. And is *Old Double* Dead ?

Enter Bardolph and Page.

Sil. Here come two of Sir *John Falstaff*'s Men, as I think.

Shal. Good Morrow, honest Gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Justice *Shallow* ?

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow*, Sir, a poor Esquire of this County, one of the King's Justices of the Peace : What is your good Pleasure with me ?

Bard. My Captain, Sir, commends him to you : My Captain, Sir *John Falstaff* ; a tall Gentleman, and a most gallant Leader.

Shal. He greets me well : Sir, I knew him a good Back-Sword Man. How doth the good Knight ? May I ask, how my Lady his Wife doth ?

Bard. Sir, Pardon, a Soldier is better Accommodated, than with a Wife.

Shal. It is well said, Sir ; and it is well said indeed, too : Better accommodated — It is good, yea indeed is it ; good Phrases are surely and every where very commendable. Accommodated — it comes of *Accommodo* ; very good, a good Phrase.

Bard.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I have heard the Word. ~~Phrase~~, call you it? By this Day I know not the Phrase: But I will maintain the word with my Sword, to be a Soldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good Command. Accommodated, that is, when a Man is, as they say, Accommodated; or, when a Man is, being whereby he thought to be Accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaff.

Shal. It is very just: Look, here comes good Sir *John*. Give me your Hand, give me your Worship's good Hand: Trust me, you look well, and bear your Years very well. Welcome, good Sir *John*.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master *Robert Shallow*: Master *Sure-card*, as I think?

Shal. No, Sir *John*, it is my Cousin *Silence*; in Commission with me.

Fal. Good Master *Silence*, it well befits you should be of the Peace.

Sil. Your good Worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie, this is hot weather, Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen of sufficient Mea?

Shal. Marry have we, Sir: Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them. I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see: So, so, so, so: Yea marry, Sir. *Ralph Mouldy*: Let them appear as I call: Let them do so, let them do so. Let me see, Where is *Mouldy*?

Moul. Here, if it please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir *John*, a good limb'd Fellow: Young, Strong, and of good Friends.

Fal. Is thy Name *Mouldy*?

Moul. Yea, if it please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are mouldy, lack use: very singular good. Well said, Sir *John*, very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could have let me alone: My old Dame will be undone now

for one to do her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need not to have prickt me, there are other Men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to: Peace Mouldy, you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent?

Shal. Peace, Fellow, Peace: stand aside: Know you where you are? For the other, Sir *John*. Let me see: *Simon Shadow*.

Fal. Ay marry, let me have him to sit under: He's like to be a cold Soldier.

Shal. Where's *Shadow*?

Shad. Here, Sir.

Fal. *Shadow*, whose Son art thou?

Shad. My Mother's Son, Sir.

Fal. Thy Mother's Son! like enough; and thy Father's *Shadow*: So the Son of the Female is the Shadow of the Male: It is often so indeed, but not of the Father's Substance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir *John*?

Fal. *Shadow* will serve for Summer, prick him; for we have a number of Shadows to fill up the Muster-Book.

Shal. *Thomas Wart*.

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, Sir.

Fal. Is thy Name *Wart*?

Wart. Yea, Sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged Wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir *John*?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his Apparel is built upon his Back, and the whole Frame stands upon Pins: Prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it, Sir; you can do it: I commend you well.

Francis Feeble.

Feeble. Here, Sir.

Shal. What Trade art thou, *Feeble*?

Feeble. A Woman's Tailor, Sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir?

Fal. You may:

But if he had been a Man's Tailor he would have prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many Holes in an Enemies Bat-tel, as thou hast done in a Woman's Petticoat?

Feeble. I will do my good will, Sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good Woman's Tailor; Well said, courageous *Feeble*: Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful Dove, or most magnanimous Mouse. Prick the Woman's Tailor well, Master *Shallow*, deep, Master *Shallow*.

Feeble. I would *Wart* might have gone, Sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a Man's Tailor, that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to be a private Soldier, that is the Leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most forcible *Feeble*.

Feeble. It shall suffice.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend *Feeble*. Who is the next?

Shal. Peter *Bulcalf* of the Green.

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see *Bulcalf*.

Bul. Here, Sir.

Fal. Trust me, a likely Fellow. Come prick me *Bulcalf*, 'till he roar again.

Bul. Oh, good my Lord Captain.

Fal. What, dost thou roar before th'art prickt?

Bul. Oh, Sir, I am a diseased Man.

Fal. What Disease hast thou?

Bul. A whorison Cold, Sir? a Cough, Sir, which I caught with Ringing in the King's Affairs, upon his Coronation day, Sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the Wars in a Gown: We will have away thy Cold, and I will take such order that thy Friends shall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. There is two more called than your number, you must have but four here, Sir; and so, I pray you, go in with me to Dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry Dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. O, Sir *John*, do you remember since we lay all Night in the Wind-mill in Saint *George's* Fields?

Fal. No more of that, good Master *Shallow*, no more of that.

Shal. Ha! it was a merry Night. And is *Jane Night-work* alive?

Fal. She lives, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: She would always say she could not abide Master *Shallow*.

Shal. I could anger her to the Heart: She was then a *Bona-roba*: Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. Nay, she must be old. she cannot chuse but be old; certain she's old, and had *Robin Night-work* by old *Night-work*, before I came to *Clement's* Inn.

Sil. That's fifty five years ago.

Shal. Hah, Cousin *Silence*, that thou hadst seen that; that this-Knight and I have seen: Hah, Sir *John*, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the Chimes at midnight, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. That we have, that we have, in faith, Sir *John* we have: Our watch word was *Hem-Boys*. Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner: Oh the days that we have seen! Come, come.

Bul. Good Master Corporate *Bardolph* stand my Friend, and here is four *Harry* ten Shillings in *French* Crowns for you: In very truth, Sir, I had as lief be hang'd, Sir, as go; and yet for mine own part, Sir, I do not care, but rather because I am unwilling, and for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my Friends, else, Sir, I did not care for mine own part so much.

Bard. Go too; stand aside.

Moul. And good Master Corporal Captain, for my old Dame's sake stand my Friend: She hath no body to do any thing about her when I am gone, and she's old and cannot help her self: You shall have forty, Sir.

Bard. Go too; stand aside.

Feeble. I care not, a Man can die but once; we owe a death. I will never bear a base Mind: If it be my destiny, so: if it be not, so. No Man is too good to serve his Prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard.

Bard. Well said, thou art a good Fellow.

Feeble. Nay, I will bear no base Mind.

Fal. Come, Sir, which Men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound to-free Mouldy and *Bulcalf*.

Fal. Go too: Well.

Shal. Come, Sir *John*, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you chuse for me.

Shal. Marry then, Mouldy, *Bulcalf*, *Feeble* and *Shadow*.

Fal. Mouldy and *Bulcalf*: for you, Mouldy stay at home 'till you are past Service: And for your part, *Bulcalf*, grow 'till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, do not your self wrong, they are your likeliest Men, and I would have you serv'd with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, Master *Shallow*, how to chuse a Man? Care I for the Limb, the Thewes, the Stature, Bulk; and big assemblance of a Man? Give me the Spirit, Master *Shallow*. Where's *Wart*? You see what a ragged appearance it is: He shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a Pewterer's Hammer; come off and on, swifter than he that gibbets on the Brewer's Bucket. And this same half-fac'd Fellow *Shadow* give me this Man, he presents no mark to the Enemy, the fo-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a Pen knife: And, for a Retreat, how swiftly will this *Feeble*, the Woman's Tailor, run off. O give me the spare Men and spare me the great ones. Put me a Calyver into *Wart*'s Hand, *Bardolph*.

Bard. Hold *Wart*, Traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your Calyver: So very well, go to, very good exceeding good. O give me always a little, lean, old, chopt, bald Shot. Well said, *Wart*, thou art a good Scab: Hold, there's a Tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his Craft-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at *Mile-End Green*, when I lay at *Clement's Inn*, I was then Sir *Dagenet* in *Arthur's Show*, there was a little quiver Fellow, and he would manage you his Piece thus; and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: Rah, tah, tah, would he say; Bounce, would he say,

and away again would he go, and again would he come: I shall never see such a Fellow.

Fal. These Fellows will do well, Master *Shallow*. Farewel, Master *Silence*, I will not use many Words with you; Fare you well, Gentlemen both. I thank you, I must a dozen mile to Night. *Bardolph*, give the Soldiers Coats.

Shal. Sir *John*, Heaven blefs you, and prosper your Affairs, and send us Peace. As you return, visit my House. Let our old Acquaintance be renewed: Peradventure I will with you to the Court.

Fal. I would you would, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. Go to: I have spoke at a word. Fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Fal. Fare you well, Gentlemen. On, *Bardolph*, lead the Men away. As I return I will fetch off these Justices: I do see the bottom of Justice *Shallow*. How subject we old Men are to this Vice of Lying? This same starv'd Justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildeness of his Youth, and the Feats he hath done about *Turnbalfreet*, and every third word a Lie, duer paid to the hearer than the *Turk's* Tribute. I do remember him at *Clement's* Inn, like a Man made after Supper of a Cheese-paring. When he was naked, he was, for all the World, like a forked Radish, with a Head fantastically carv'd upon it with a Knife. He was so forlorn, that his Dimensions, to any thick sight, were invisible. He was the very *Genius* of Famine; he came ever in the rearward of the fashion: And now is this Vice's Dagger become a Squire, and talks as familiarly of *John of Gaunt* as if he had been sworn Brother to him: And I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burst his Head, for crouding among the Marshals Men. I saw it, and told *John of Gaunt* he beat his own Name, for you might have truss'd him and all his Apparel into an Eel-skin: The Case of a Treble Hoboy was a Mansion for him; a Court; and now hath he Land and Beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a Philosopher's two Stones to me. If the young Dace be a Bait for the old Pike, I see no reason, in the Law of Nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there's an end.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and Colevile.

Yor. **W**Hat is the Forest call'd? [Grace.
Hast. 'Tis *Gaultree* Forest, and't shall please your

Yor. Stand here, my Lords, and send Discoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our Enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Yor. 'Tis well done.

My Friends and Brethren, in these great Affairs,
I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New-dated Letters from *Northumberland*:
Their cold intent, tenure and substance thus,
How doth he wish his Person, with such Powers
As might hold sortance with his Quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes,
To *Scotland*: and concludes in hearty Prayers,
That your Attempts may over live the hazard,
And fearful meeting of their Opposite.

Mow. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what News?

Mess. West of this Forest, scarcely off a Mile,
In goodly Form comes on the Enemy:
And by the Ground they hide, I judge their Number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mow. The just proportion that we gave them out,
Let us sway on, and face them in the Field.

Enter Westmorland.

Yor. What well appointed Leader fronts us here?

Mow. I think it is my Lord of *Westmorland*.

West. Health and fair Greeting from our General,
The Prince, Lord *John*, and Duke of *Lancaster*.

Yor. Say on, my Lord of *Westmorland*, in peace:

What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my Lord,

Unto your Grace do I in chief address
The substance of my Speech. If that Rebellion
Came like it self, in base and abject Routs,
Led on by bloody Youth, guarded with Rage,
And countenanc'd by Boys and Beggary:
I say, if damn'd Commotion so appear
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, Reverend Father, and these Noble Lords,
Had not been here to dress the ugly Form
Of base and bloody Insurrection,
With your fair Honours. You, Lord Archbishop,
Whose See is by a Civil Peace maintain'd,
Whose Beard the Silver Hand of Peace hath touch'd,
Whose Learning and good Letters Peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white Investments figure Innocence,
The Dove, and very blessed Spirit of Peace;
Wherefore do you so ill translate your self,
Out of the speech of Peace, that bears such Grace,
Into the harsh and boist'rous Tongue of War?
Turning your Books to Graves, your Ink to Blood,
Your Pens to Launces, and your Tongue divine
To a loud Trumpet, and a Point of War?

York. Wherefore do I this? So the Question stands.
Briefly to this end: We are all diseas'd,
And, with our surfeiting and wanton hours,
Have brought our selves into a burning Feaver,
And we must bleed for it: Of which Disease
Our late King *Richard*, being infected, dy'd.
But, my most Noble Lord of *Westmorland*,
I take not on me here as a Phyician.
Nor do I, as an Enemy to Peace,
Troop in the Throngs of military Men:
But rather shew a while like fearful War,
To diet rank Minds, sick of Happiness,
And purge th'obstructions which begin to stop
Our very Veins of Life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal Ballance justly weigh'd,
What Wrongs our Arms may do, what Wrongs we suffer,
And

And find our Grievs heavier than our Offences.
We see which way the Stream of Time doth run,
And are forc'd from our most Quiet there,
By the rough Torrent of Occasion,
And have the summary of all our Grievs,
When time shall serve, to shew in Articles,
Which long ere this we offer'd to the King,
And might by no Suit gain our Audience.
When we are wrong'd and would unfold our Grievs,
We are deny'd access unto his Person,
Even by those Men that most have done us wrong.
The danger of the Day's but newly gone,
Whose Memory is written on the Earth
With yet appearing Blood; and the Examples
Of every minutes instance. present now,
Hath put us in these ill-beseeming Arms:
Not to break Peace, or any Branch of it,
But to establish here a Peace indeed,
Concurring both in Name and Quality.

West. Whenever yet was your Appeal deny'd?
Wherein have you been galled by the King?
What Peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
That you should seal this lawless bloody Book
Of forg'd Rebellion with a Seal divine?

York. My Brother General, the Commonwealth
I make my Quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such Redress;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mow. Why not to him in part, and to us all,
That feel the bruises of the Days before,
And suffer the Condition of these Times,
To lay an heavy and unequal Hand
Upon our Honours?

West. O my good Lord *Mowbray*,
Construe the Times to their Necessities,
And you shall say, indeed, it is the Time,
And not the King, that doth you Injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the King, or in the present Time,
That you should have an Inch of any Ground
To build a Grief on: Were you not restor'd

To all the Duke of *Norfolk's* Seignories,
Your noble and right well remembred Father's?

Mow. What thing, in Honour, had my Father lost
That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?
The King that lov'd him, as the State stood then,
Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to banish him:
And then, that *Henry Bullingbroke* and he
Being mounted, and both rowled in their Seats,
Their neighing Coursers daring of the Spur,
Their armed Staves in charge, their Beavers down,
Their Eyes of Fire, sparkling through fights of Steel,
And the loud Trumpet blowing them together:
Then, then, when there was nothing could have staid
My Father from the Breast of *Bullingbroke*;
O, when the King did throw his Warder down,
His own Life hung upon the Staff he threw,
Then threw he down himself and all their Lives,
That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword,
Have since miscarried under *Bullingbroke*.

West. You speak, Lord *Mowbray*, now you know not what.
The Earl of *Hereford* was reputed then
In *England* the most valiant Gentleman.
Who knows, on whom Fortune would then have smil'd?
But if your Father had been Victor there,
He ne'er had born it out of *Coventry*.
For all the Country, in a general Voice,
Cry'd hate upon him; and all their Prayers, and Love,
Were set on *Hereford*, whom they doted on,
And bless'd, and grac'd, more than the King himself.
But this is meer digression from my Purpose.
Here come I from our Princely General,
To know your Griefs; to tell you from his Grace,
That he will give you Audience; and wherein
It shall appear, that your Demands are just,
You shall enjoy them, every thing set off
That might so much as think you Enemies.

Mow. But he hath forc'd us to compel this Offer,
And it proceeds from Policy, not Love.

West. *Mowbray*, you over-ween to take it so:

This

This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Fear.
For lo, within a Ken our Army lyes;
Upon mine Honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of Fear.
Our Battel is more full of Names than yours,
Our Men more perfect in the use of Arms,
Our Armour all as strong, our Cause the best;
Then Reason will, our Hearts should be as good.
Say you not then our Offer is compell'd.

Mow. Well, by my Will we shall admit no Parley:

West. That argues but the shame of your Offence:
A rotten Case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the Prince *John* a full Commission,
In very ample Vertue of his Father,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what Conditions we shall stand upon?

West. That is intended in the General's Name:
I muse you make so slight a Question.

York. Then take, my Lord of *Westmorland*, this Schedule,
For this contains our general Grievances:
Each severall Article herein redress'd,
All Members of our Cause, both here, and hence,
That are infixed to this Action,
Acquitted by a true substantial Form,
And present Executions of our Wills,
To us, and to our Purposes confin'd,
We come within our awful Banks again,
And knit our Powers to the Arm of Peace.

West. This will I shew the General. Please you, Lords,
In sight of both our Battels, we may meet
At either end in Peace; which Heav'n so frame,
Or to the place of difference call the Swords,
Which must needs decide it.

York. My Lord, we will do so. [Exit *West.*

Mow. There is a thing within my Bosom tells me,
That no Conditions of our Peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that, if we can make our Peace
Upon such large Terms, and so absolute,
As our Conditions shall intist upon,
Our Peace shall stand as firm as Rocky Mountains.

Mow.

Mow. Ay, but our Valuation shall be such,
That every slight, and false-derived Cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton Reason,
Shall to the King taste of this Action;
That were our Royal Faiths, Martyrs in Love,
We shall be winnowed with so rough a Wind,
That even our Corn shall seem as light as Chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

York. No, no, my Lord, note this; the King is weary
Of dainty, and such picking Grievances:
For he hath found, to end one doubt by Death,
Revives two greater in the Heirs of Life.
And therefore will he wipe his Tables clean,
And keep no Tell-tale to his Memory,
That may repeat, and History his Loss,
To new Remembrance. For full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this Land,
As his misdoubts present occasion;
His Foes are so enrooted with his Friends,
That plucking to unfix an Enemy,
He doth unfasten so, and shake a Friend.
So that this Land, like an offensive Wife,
That hath enrag'd him on, to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his Infant up,
And hangs resolv'd Correction in the Arm,
That was uprear'd to Execution.

Hast. Besides, the King hath wasted all his Rods
On late Offenders, that he now doth lack
The very Instruments of Chastisement:
So that his Power, like to a Fanglefs Lion,
May offer, but not hold.

York. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be assur'd, my good Lord Marshal,
If we do now make our Atonement well,
Our Peace will, like a broken Limb united,
Grow stronger, for the breaking.

Mow. Be it so.
Here is return'd my Lord of *Westmorland*.

Enter Westmorland.

West. The Prince is here at hand: Pleaseth your Lordship
To

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To meet his Grace, just distance 'tween our Armies?

Mow. Your Grace of *York*, in Heav'n's Name then forward.

York. Before, and greet his Grace, my Lord, we come.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster.

Lan. You are well encountred here, my Cousin *Mowbray*;

Good Day to you, gentle Lord Arch-Bishop,

And so to you, Lord *Hastings*, and to all.

My Lord of *York*, it better shew'd with you,

When that your Flock, assembled by the Bell,

Encircled you, to hear with reverence

Your Exposition on the holy Text,

Than now to see you here an Iron Man,

Cheering a rout of Rebels with your Drum,

Turning the Word to Sword, and Life to Death.

That Man that sits within a Monarch's Heart,

And ripens in the Sun-shine of his Favour,

Would he abuse the Countenance of the King,

Alack, what Mischiefs might he set abroad,

In shadow of such Greatness? With you, Lord Bishop,

It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken,

How deep you were within the Books of Heav'n?

To us, the Speaker in his Parliament:

To us, th' imagin'd Voice of Heav'n it self;

The very Opener, and Intelligencer

Between the Grace, the Sanctities of Heav'n,

And our dull workings. O, who shall believe,

But you misuse the reverence of your Place,

Employ the Countenance and Grace of Heav'n,

As a false Favourite doth his Prince's Name,

In Deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,

Under the counterfeited Zeal of Heav'n,

The Subjects of Heav'n's Substitute, my Father,

And both against the Peace of Heav'n, and him,

Have here up-swarmed them.

York. Good my Lord of *Lancaster*,

I am not here against your Father's Peace:

But, as I told my Lord of *Westmorland*,

The Time, mis-order'd, doth in common Sense

Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous Form,

To

To hold our safety up. I sent your Grace
 The Parcels and Particulars of our Grief,
 The which hath been with Scorn shov'd from the Court;
 Whereon this *Hydra*-Son of War is born,
 Whose dangerous Eyes may well be charm'd asleep,
 With grant of our most just and right Desire;
 And true Obedience, of this Madness cur'd,
 Stoop tamely to the Foot of Majesty.

Mow. If not, we ready are to try our Fortunes
 To the last Man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
 We have Supplies to second our Attempt:
 If they miscarry, theirs shall second them:
 And so, success of Mischief shall be born,
 And Heir from Heir shall hold this Quarrel up,
 Whiles *England* shall have Generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, *Hastings*, much too shallow,
 To sound the bottom of the After-times.

West. Pleaseth your Grace, to answer them directly,
 How far-forth you do like their Articles?

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well:
 And swear here, by the Honour of my Blood,
 My Father's Purposes have been mistook,
 And some, about him, have too lavishly
 Wrested his Meaning and Authority.
 My Lord, these Griets shall be with speed redrest;
 Upon my Life, they shall. If this may please you,
 Discharge your Powers unto their several Counties,
 As we will ours; and here between the Armies,
 Let's drink together friendly, and embrace,
 That all their Eyes may bear those Tokens home,
 Of our restored Love and Amity.

York. I take your Princely word, for these Redresses.

Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my word;
 And thereupon I drink unto your Grace.

Hast. Go Captain, and deliver to the Army
 This News of Peace; let them have Pay, and part:
 I know it will well please them.

Hie thee, Captain.

[*Exit Coleville,*

York.

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York. To you, my noble Lord of *Westmorland*,

West. I pledge your Grace;

And if you knew what pains I have bestow'd,

To breed this present Peace,

You would drink freely; but my Love to ye

Shall shew it self more openly hereafter.

York. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.

Health to my Lord, and gentle Cousin *Mowbray*.

Mow. You wish me Health in very happy Season,

For I am on the sudden something ill.

York. Against ill Chances Men are ever merry,

But Heaviness fore-runs the good Event.

West. Therefore be merry Coz, since sudden Sorrow
Serves to say thus; some good thing comes to Morrow.

York. Believe me, I am passing light in Spirit.

Mow. So much the worse, if your own Rule be true.

Lan. The word of Peace is render'd; hark how they
shout.

Mow. This had been chearful after Victory.

York. A Peace is of the Nature of a Conquest;

For then both Parties nobly are subdu'd,

And neither Party Loser.

Lan. Go, my Lord,

And let our Army be discharged too.

[Exit *West.*

And, good my Lord, so please you, let our Trains

March by us, that we may peruse the Men

We should have cop'd withal.

York. Go, good Lord *Hastings*:

And ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by. [Ex. *Hast.*

Lan. I trust, Lords, we shall to Night lye together.

Enter *Westmorland*.

Now Cousin, wherefore stands our Army still?

Hast. The Leaders, having Charge from you to stand,

Will not go off until they hear you speak.

Lan. They know their Duties.

Enter *Hastings*.

Hast. Our Army is dispers'd:

Like Youthful Steers unyoak'd, they took their Course

East, West, North, South: Or like a School broke up,

Each

Each hurries towards his Home, and sporting Place.

West. Good Tidings, my Lord *Hastings*, for the which
I do arrest thee, Traitor, of high Treason:
And you Lord Arch-bishop, and you Lord *Mowbray*,
Of Capital Treason, I attach you both.

Mow. Is this Proceeding just and honourable?

West. Is your Assembly so?

York. Will you thus break your Faith?

Lan. I pawn'd you none:

I promis'd you Redress of these same Grievances
Whereof you did complain; which by mine Honour,
I will perform, with a most Christian Care.

But for you, Rebels, look to taste the Due
Meet for Rebellion, and such Acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these Arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.

Strike up our Drums, pursue the scatter'd stray,
Heav'n, and not we, have safely fought to Day.

Some guard these Traitors to the Block of Death,
Treasons true Bed, and Yelder up of Breath.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Falstaff and Colevile.

Fal. What's your Name, Sir? Of what Condition are
you? And of what Place, I pray?

Cole. I am a Knight, Sir:

And my Name is *Colevile* of the Dale.

Fal. Well then, *Colevile* is your Name, a Knight is your
Degree, and your Place, the Dale. *Colevile* shall still be
your Name, a Traitor your Degree, and the Dungeon
your Place, a place deep enough: So shall you still be *Cole-*
vile of the Dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir *John Falstaff*?

Fal. As good a Man as he, Sir, who e'er I am: Do ye
yield, Sir, or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they
are the drops of thy Lovers, and they weep for thy Death,
therefore rowze up Fear and Trembling, and do obser-
vance to my Mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir *John Falstaff*, and in that
thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole School of Tongues in this Belly of
mine, and not a Tongue of them all speaks any other
word

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word but my Name: And I had but a Belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active Fellow in Europe: My Womb, my Womb, my Womb undoes me. Here comes our General.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, and Westmorland.

Lan. The Heat is past, follow no farther now, Call in the Powers, good Cousin *Westmorland*. [*Exit West.*] Now *Falstaff*, where have you been all this while? When every thing is ended, then you come. These tardy Tricks of yours will, on my Life, One time or other, break some Gallow's Back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my Lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the Reward of Valour. Do you think me a Swallow, an Arrow, or a Bullet? Have I, in my poor and old Motion, the expedition of Thought? I speeded hither with the very extreamest Inch of Possibility. I have foundred nine-score and odd Posts: And here, Travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken Sir *John Colevile* of the Dale, a most furious Knight, and valorous Enemy: But what of that? He saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say, with the hook-nos'd Fellow of *Rome*, I came, saw, and overcame.

Lan. It was more of his Courtesie, than your Deserving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him; and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this days Deeds; or, I swear, I will have it in a particular Ballad, with mine own Picture on the top of it, *Colevile* kissing my Foot: To the which course, if I be enforc'd, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear Sky of Fame, o'er-shine you as much as the full Moon doth the Cynders of the Element, which shew like Pins Heads to her, believe not the word of the Noble; therefore let me have right, and let Desert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good Lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan.

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Lan. Is thy Name *Colevile*?

Cole. It is, my Lord.

Lan. A famous Rebel art thou, *Colevile*.

Fal. And a famous true Subject took him.

Cole. I am, my Lord, but as my Betters are,
That led me hither; had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves; but thou,
like a kind Fellow, gav'st thy self away; and I thank thee,
for thee.

Enter Westmorland.

Lan. Have you left Pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and Execution stay'd.

Lan. Send *Colevile*, with his Confederates,
To *York*, to present Execution.

Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure.

[*Exit Colevile.*]

And now dispatch we toward the Court, my Lords;

I hear the King, my Father, is sore sick:

Our News shall go before us to his Majesty,

Which, Cousin, you shall bear, to comfort him:

And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My Lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go thro'
Gloucestershire; and when you come to Court, stand my
good Lord, 'pray, in your good report.

Lan. Fare you well, *Falstaff*; I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you, than you deserve.

[*Exit.*]

Fal. I would you had but the Wit; 'twere better than
your Dukedome. Good faith, this same young sober-
blooded Boy doth not love me, nor a Man cannot make
him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no Wine. There's
never any of these demure Boys come to any proof; for thin
Drink doth so over-cool their Blood, and making many Fish-
Meals, that they fall into a kind of Male Green-sickness; and
then, when they marry, they get Wenches. They are ge-
nerally Fools, and Cowards; which some of us should be
too, but for inflammation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-
fold Operation in it; it ascends me into the Brain, dries me
there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy Vapours, which
environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of
nimble,

nimble, fiery, and delectable Shapes; which deliver'd o'er to the Voice, the Tongue, which is the Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The second property of your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood; which before, cold and settled, left the Liver white and pale; which is the Badge of Pusillanimity, and Cowardice; but the Sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards, to the Parts extreme; it illuminateth the Face, which, as a Beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little Kingdom, Man, to arm; and then the Vital Commoners, and inland petty Spirits, muster me all to their Captain, the Heart; who great, and puffed up with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage; and this Valour comes of Sherris: So that Skill in the Weapon is nothing, without Sack, for that sets it a work; and Learning a meer Hoard of Gold, kept by a Devil, till Sack commences it, and sets it in Act, and use. Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold Blood he did naturally inherit of his Father, he hath, like lean, steril, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and till'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertil Sherris, that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand Sons, the first Principle I would teach them, should be to forswear thin Potations, and to addict themselves to Sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, *Bardolph*?

Bard. The Army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go; I'll through *Glocestershire*, and there will I visit Master *Robert Shallow*, Esquire: I have him already tempering between my Finger and my Thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, and Gloucester.

K. Henry. Now Lords, if Heav'n doth give successful end To this Debate that bleedeth at our Doors,
We will our Youth lead on to higher Fields,

And

And draw no Swords, but what are sanctify'd:
 Our Navy is address'd, our Power collected,
 Our Substitutes in absence, well invested,
 And every thing lyes level to our wish:
 Only we want a little personal Strength:
 And pause us, till these Rebels, now a-foot,
 Come underneath the Yoak of Government.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Majesty
 Shall soon enjoy.

K. Henry Humphry, my Son of Gloucester, where is the
 Prince your Brother?

Glo. I think he's gone to hunt, my Lord, at *Windsor*.

K. Henry. And how accompanied?

Glo. I do not know, my Lord.

K. Henry. Is not his Brother, *Thomas of Clarence*, with him?

Glo. No my good Lord, he is in Presence here.

Clar. What would my Lord and Father?

K. Henry. Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas of Clarence*,
 How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother?

He loves thee, and thou do'st neglect him, *Thomas*;

Thou hast a better place in his Affection

Than all thy Brothers: Cherish it, my Boy,

And Noble Offices thou may'st effect

Of Mediation, after I am dead,

Between his Greatness, and thy other Brethren.

Therefore omit him not; blunt not his Love,

Nor lose the good Advantage of his Grace,

By seeming cold or careless of his Will.

For he is gracious if he be observ'd:

He hath a Tear for Pity, and a Hand

Open as Day, for melting Charity:

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's Flint,

As humorous as Winter, and as sudden

As Flaws congealed in the Spring of Day.

His Temper therefore must be well observ'd:

Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,

When you perceive his Blood inclin'd to Mirth:

But being moody, give him line and scope,

Till that his Passions, like a Whale on ground,

Con:

Confound themselves with working Learn this, *Thomas*;
And thou shalt prove a Shelter to thy Friends,
A Hoop of Gold to bind thy Brothers in:
That the united Vessel of their Blood,
Mingled with Venom of Suggestion,
As force, perforce, the Age will pour it in,
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As *Aconitum*, or rath Gun-powder.

Clar I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Henry. Why art thou not at *Windsor* with him, *Thomas*?

Clar. He is not there to day; he dines in *London*.

K. Henry. And how accompanied? Can'st thou tell that?

Clar. With *Poins* and other his continual Followers.

K. Henry. Most subject is the farrest Soil to Weeds:

And He, the Noble Image of my Youth,
Is over-spread with them; therefore my Grief
Stretches it self beyond the Hour of Death,
The Blood weeps from my Heart, when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, th'unguided Days,
And rotten Times, that you shall look upon, |
When I am sleeping with my Ancestors.
For when his head-strong Riot hath no Curb,
When Rage and hot Blood are his Counsellors,
When Means and lavish Manners meet together,
Oh, with what Wings shall his Affection fly
Tow'rd's fronting Peril, and oppos'd decay?

War My gracious Lord, you look beyond him quite:
The Prince but studies his Companions,
Like a strange Tongue; wherein, to gain the Language,
'Tis needful, that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your Highness knows, comes to no farther use,
But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms,
The Prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his Followers; and their Memory
Shall as a Pattern, or a Measure live,
By which his Grace must mete the lives of others,
Turning past Evils to advantages.

K. Henry. 'Tis seldom, when the Bee doth leave her Comb
In the dead Carrion.

Enter

*Enter Westmorland.*Who's here? *Westmorland?**West.* Health to my Sovereign, and new Happiness
Added to that, that I am to deliver.*Prince John*, your Son, doth kiss your Grace's Hand:
Mowbray, the Bishop, *Scroop*, *Hastings*, and all,
Are brought to the Correction of your Law;
There is not now a Rebel's Sword unsheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her Olive every where:
The manner how this Action hath been born,
Here, at more leisure, may your Highness read,
With every course, in his Particular.*K. Henry.* O *Westmorland*, thou art a Summer Bird,
Which ever, in the haunch of Winter, sings
The lifting up of Day.*Enter Harecourt.*

Look, here's more News.

Hare. From Enemies Heav'n keep your Majesty:
And when they stand against you, may they fall,
As those that I am come to tell you of.
The Earl *Northumberland*, and the Lord *Bardolf*,
With a great Power of *English*, and of *Scots*,
Are by the Sheriff of *Yorkshire* overthrown:
The manner, and true order of the Fight,
This Packet, please it you, contains at large.*K. Henry.* And wherefore should these good News
make me sick?Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in soulest Letters?
She either gives a Stomach, and no Food,
Such are the Poor, in health; or else a Feast,
And takes away the Stomach; such are the Rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy News,
And now my Sight fails, and my Brain is giddy.
O me, come near me, now I am much ill.*Glo.* Comfort your Majesty.*Gla.* Oh, my Royal Father.*West.* My Sovereign Lord, cheer up your self, lock up.*War.*

War. Be patient, Princes; you do know, these Fits
Are with his Highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him Air:
He'll straight be well.

Cla. No, no, he cannot long hold out; these Pangs,
Th'incessant Care, and labour of his Mind,
Hath wrought the Mure, that should confine it in,
So thin, that Life looks through, and will break out.

Glo. The People fear me; for they do observe
Unfather'd Heirs, and loathly Births of Nature:
The Seasons change their Manners, as the Year
Had found some Months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The River hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old Folk, Time's doating Chronicles,
Say it did so, a little time before
That our Grand-fire *Edward* sick'd, and dy'd.

War. Speak lower, Princes, for the King recovers.

Glo. This Apoplexy will, certain, be his end.

K. Henry. I pray you take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other Chamber: softly, 'pray.
Let there be no noise made, my gentle Friends,
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper Musick to my weary Spirit.

War. Call for the Musick in the other Room.

K. Henry. Set me the Crown upon my Pillow here.

Cla. His Eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. Who saw the Duke of *Clarence*?

Cla. I am here, Brother, full of heaviness.

P. Henry. How now; Rain within Doors, and none a-
broad? How doth the King?

Glo. Exceeding ill.

P. Henry. Heard he the good News yet?
Tell it him.

Glo. He alter'd much, upon the hearing it.

P. Henry. If he be sick with Joy,
He'll recover without Physick.

War. Not so much noise, my Lords,
Sweet Prince, speak low.

The

The King, your Father, is dispos'd to sleep.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other Room.

War. Will't please your Grace to go along with us?

P. Henry. No; I will sit, and watch here by the King.

[*Exeunt all but P. Henry.*]

Why doth the Crown lye there, upon his Pillow,
Being so troublesome a Bed-fellow?

O polish'd Perturbation! Golden Care!

That keep'st the Ports of Slumber open wide

To many a wachful Night: Sleep with it now,

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,

As he whose Brow, with homely Biggen bound,

Snores out the Watch of Night. O Majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy Bearer, thou dost fit

Like a rich Armor, worn in heat of day,

That scald'st with safety; by his Gates of Breath

There lyes a downy Feather, which stirs not:

Did he suspire, that light and weightless Down

Perforce must move. My gracious Lord! my Father!

This Sleep is sound indeed; this is a Sleep,

That from this Golden Rigol hath divorc'd

So many *English* Kings. Thy due from me,

Is Tears, and heavy Sorrows of the Blood,

Which Nature, Love, and filial Tendernefs

Shall, O dear Father, pay thee plenteously.

My due, from thee, is this Imperial Crown,

Which, as immediate from thy place, and blood,

Derives it self to me. Lo, here it fits,

Which Heav'n shall guard: And put the World's whole
strength

Into one Gyant Arm, it shall not force

This Lineal Honour from me. This from thee,

Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Warwick, Gloucester, and Clarence.

K. Henry. *Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!*

Cla. Doth the King call?

War. What would your Majesty? how fares your Grace?

K. Henry. Why did you leave me here alone, my Lords?

Cla. We left the Prince, my Brother, here, my Liege;
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. The Prince of *Wales*! where is he? let me see him.

War. The door is open, he is gone this way.

Glo. He came not through the Chamber where we staid.

K. Henry. Where is the Crown? who took it from my Pillow?

War. When we with-drew, my Liege, we left it here.

K. Henry. The Prince hath ta'en it hence:
Go seek him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep, my death? Find him, my Lord of *Warwick*,
Chide him hither; this part of his conjoins
With my Disease, and helps to end me.

See, Sons, what things you are:
How quickly Nature falls into revolt,
When Gold becomes her Object?
For this, the foolish over-careful Fathers
Have broke their sleeps with Thought,
Their brains with Care, their bones with Industry:
For this, they have engrossed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange-atchieved Gold:
For this, they have been thoughtful to invest
Their Sons with Art, and Martial Exercises:
When, like the Bee, culling from every Flower
The virtuous Sweets, our Thighs packt with Wax,
Our Mouths with Honey, we bring it to the Hive;
And like the Bees, are murdered for our pains.
This bitter taste yield his Engrossments
To the ending Father.

Enter Warwick.

Now where is he, that will not stay so long,
Till his Friend, Sickness, hath determin'd me?

War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Room,
Washing with kindly Tears his gentle Cheeks,
With such a deep demeanour, in great Sorrow,
That Tyranny, which never quaffs but Blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his Knife
With gentle Eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Henry. But wherefore did he take away the Crown?

Enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, *Harry*.
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[Exit.

Depart the Chamber, leave us here alone.

P. Henry. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Henry. Thy wish was Father, *Harry*, to that thought:

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Do'st thou so hunger for my empty Chair,

That thou wilt needs invest thee with my Honours,

Before thy Hour be ripe? O foolish Youth!

Thou seek'st the Greatness, that will over-whelm thee:

Stay but a little; for my Cloud of Dignity

Is held from falling, with so weak a wind;

That it will quickly drop; my Day is dim

Thou hast stoln that, which alter some few hours

Were thine, without offence; and at my death

Thou hast seal'd up my Expectation.

Thy Life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,

And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.

Thou bid'st a thousand Daggers in thy Thoughts,

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony Heart,

To stab at half an hour of my frail Life.

What! can'st thou not forbear me half an hour?

Then get thee gone, and dig my Grave thy self,

And bid the merry Bells ring to thy ear.

That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead;

Let all the Tears, that should bedew my Herse,

Be drops of Balm, to sanctifie thy Head:

Only compound me with forgotten dust;

Give that, which gave thee Life, unto the Worms:

Pluck down my Officers, break my Decrees:

For now a time is come, to mock at Form.

Henry the Fifth is Crown'd: Up Vanity,

Down Royal State: All you sage Counsellors hence:

And to the *English* Court, assemble now

From ev'ry Region, Apes of Idleness.

Now Neighbour-Confiners, purge you of your Scum:

Have you a Russian that will swear? drink? dance?

Revel the Night? rob? murder? and commit

The oldest sins, the newest kind of ways?

Be happy, he will trouble you no more?

England shall double gild his trebble guilt.

England shall give him Office, Honour, Might:

For

For the Fifth Harry, from curb'd Licence plucks
The muzzle of Restraint, and the wild Dog
Shall flesh his Tooth in every Innocent.
O my poor Kingdom, sick with civil Blows,
When that my Care could not with-hold thy Riots,
What wilt thou do, when Riot is thy Care?
O, thou wilt be a Wilderness again,
Peopled with Wolves, thy old Inhabitants.

P. Henry. O pardon me, my Liege, [Kneeling.
But for my Tears,
The most Impediments unto my Speech,
I had fore-stall'd this dear and deep Rebuke,
Ere you, with Grief, had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your Crown,
And he that wears the Crown immortally,
Long guard it yours; if I affect it more,
Than as your Honour, and as your Renown,
Let me no more from this Obedience rise,
Which my most true and inward dutious Spirit
Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending.
Heav'n witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of Breath within your Majesty,
How cold it struck my Heart. If I do feign,
O let me, in my present wildness, die,
And never live, to shew th' incredulous World,
The noble change that I have purposed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost, my Liege, to think you were)
I spake unto the Crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it. The care on thee depending,
Hath fed upon the Body of my Father,
Therefore, thou best of Gold art worst of Gold,
Other, less fine in Carrat, is more precious,
Preserving Life, in Med'cine potable:
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat the Bearer up.
Thus, my Royal Liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my Head,
To try with it, as with an Enemy,
That had before my Face murder'd my Father;

The Quarrel of a true Inheritor:
 But if it did infect my Blood with Joy,
 Or swell my Thoughts to any strain of Pride,
 If any Rebel, or vain Spirit of mine,
 Did, with the least Affection of a Welcome,
 Give entertainment to the might of it,
 Let Heav'n for ever keep it from my Head,
 And make me as the poorest Vassal is,
 That doth with Awe and Terror kneel to it.

K. Henry. O my Son!

Heav'n put it in thy mind to take it hence,
 That thou might'st join the more thy Father's Love,
 Pleading so wisely, in excuse of it.

Come hither *Harry*, sit thou by my Bed,
 And hear, I think, the very latest Counsel
 That ever I shall breath. Heav'n knows, my Son,
 By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd-ways
 I met this Crown; and I my self know well
 How troublesome it fate upon my Head.

To thee, it shall descend with better Quiet,
 Better Opinion, better Confirmation:

For all the Soil of the Atchievement goes
 With me, into the Earth. It seem'd in me,
 But as an Honour snatch'd with boist'rous Hand,
 And I had many living to upbraid
 My gain of it, by their Assistances,
 Which daily grew to Quarrel, and to Blood-shed,
 Wounding supposed Peace. All these bold Fears,
 Thou seest, with peril, I have answered:

For all my Reign hath been but as a Scene
 Acting that Argument. And now my Death
 Changes the Mode: For what in me was purchas'd,
 Falls upon thee, in a more fairer sort.

So thou the Garland wear'st successively;
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure, than I could do,
 Thou art not firm enough, since Grievs are green.
 And all thy Friends, which thou must make thy Friends,
 Have but their Stings, and Teeth, newly ta'en out;
 By whose fell working, I was first advanc'd,
 And by whose Power, I well might lodge a Fear

To be again displac'd. Which to avoid,
I cut them off, and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land;
Left Rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near unto my State. Therefore, my *Harry*,
Be it thy Course to busie giddy Minds
With Foreign Quarrels; that Action, hence born out,
May waste the Memory of the former Days.
More would I, but my Lungs are wasted so,
That strength of Speech is utterly deny'd me.
How I came by the Crown, O Heaven forgive:
And grant it may, with thee, in true Peace live.

P. Henry. My gracious Liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my Possession be;
Which I, with more, than with a common Pain,
'Gainst all the World, will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster and Warwick.

K. Henry. Look, look,
Here comes my *John* of Lancaster.

Lan. Health, Peace and Happiness
To my Royal Father.

K. Henry. Thou bring'st me Happiness, Son *John*,
But Health, alack, with youthful Wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd Trunk. Upon thy sight
My worldly Business makes a Period.
Where is my Lord of Warwick?

P. Henry. My Lord of Warwick.

K. Henry. Doth any Name particular belong
Unto the Lodging, where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd *Jerusalem*, my noble Lord.

K. Henry. Laud be to Heav'n:
Even there my Life must end.
It hath been prophes'd to me many Years,
I should not die but in *Jerusalem*:
Which, vainly, I suppos'd the Holy-Land.
But bear me to that Chamber, there I'll lye:
In that *Jerusalem*, shall *Harry* die.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaff, Bardolph, Page, and Davy.

Shal. BY Cock and Pye you shall not away to Night.

Davy. What, *Davy*, I say.

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you: You shall not be excused. Excuses shall not be admitted: There is no Excuse shall serve: You shall not be excus'd.

Why Davy.

Davy. Here, Sir.

Shal. *Davy*, *Davy*, *Davy*, let me see, *Davy*. let me see; *William*, Cook, bid him come hither——Sir *John*, you shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry, Sir, thus: Those Precepts cannot be serv'd; and again, Sir, shall we sow the head-land with Wheat?

Shal. With read Wheat, *Davy*. But, for *William*, Cook; are there no young Pidgeons?

Davy. Yea, Sir.

Here is now the Smith's Note for Shooing,
And Plough-Irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid——Sir *John*, you shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Sir, a new link to the Bucket must needs be had. And, Sir, do you mean to stop any of *William*'s Wages about the Sack he lost the other day at *Hinckley* Fair?

Shal. He shall answer it.

Some Pigeons, *Davy*, a couple of short-legg'd Hens; a joint of Mutton, and any pretty little tiny Kickshaws, tell *William* Cook.

Davy. Doth the Man of War stay all Night, Sir?

Shal. Yes, *Davy*.

I will use him well. A Friend i'th' Court is better than a Penny in Purse. Use his Men well, *Davy*, for they are arrant Knaves, and will back-bite.

Davy. No worfe than they are bitten, Sir; for they have marvellous foul Linnen.

Shal.

Shal. Well conceited, *Davy*. About thy business, *Davy*.
Davy. I beseech you, Sir,
 To countenance *William Visor* of *Woncot*, against *Clement Perkes* of the Hill.

Shal. There are many Complaints; *Davy*, against that *Visor*, that *Visor* is an arrant Knave, on my Knowledge.

Davy. I grant your Worship that he is a Knave, Sir; but yet, Heav'n forbid, Sir, but a Knave should have some countenance at his Friends request. An honest Man, Sir, is able to speak for himself, when a Knave is not. I have serv'd your Worship truly, Sir, these eight Years; and if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter bear out a Knave against an honest Man, I have but a very little credit with your Worship. The Knave is mine honest Friend, Sir, therefore, I beseech your Worship, let him be countenanc'd.

Shal. Go too,
 I say he shall have no Wrong: Look about, *Davy*.
 Where are you, Sir *John*? Come, off with your Boots.
 Give me your Hand, Master *Bardolph*.

Bard. I am glad to see your Worship.

Shal. I thank thee, with all my Heart, kind Master *Bardolph*, and welcome, my tall Fellow: [To the Page.
 Come, Sir *John*.

Fal. I'll follow you, good Master *Robert Shallow*. *Bardolph*, look to our Horses. If I were saw'd into Quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded Hermites Staves, as Master *Shallow*. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable Coherence of his Mens Spirits and his: They, by observing of him, to bear themselves like foolish Justices: He, by conversing with them, is turn'd into a Justice-like Servingman. Their Spirits are so married in Conjunction with the Participation of Society, that they flock together in consent like so many Wild-Geese. If I had a Suit to Master *Shallow*, I would humour his Men with the imputation of being near their Master. If to his Men, I would curry with Master *Shallow*, that no Man could better Command his Servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing or ignorant Carriage is caught, as Men take Diseases, one of another: Therefore let Men take heed of their Company. I will devise

Matter enough out of this *Shallow* to keep Prince *Henry* in continual Laughter, the wearing out of six Fashions, which is four Terms, or two Actions, and he shall laugh with *Intervallums*. O, it is much that a Lie with a slight Oath, and a Jest with a sad Brow, will do with a Fellow that never had the Ache in his Shoulders. O you shall see him laugh, 'till his Face be like a wet Cloak ill laid up.

Shal. Sir *John*.

Fal. I come, Master *Shallow*; I come, Master *Shallow*.
[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE II.

Enter the Earl of Warwick and the Lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my Lord Chief Justice, whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well: His Cares
Are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of Nature,
And, to our Purposes, he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his Majesty had call'd me with him.
The Service that I truly did his Life
Hath left me open to all Injuries.

War. Indeed I think the young King loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm my self
To welcome the condition of the Time,
Which cannot look more hideously upon me,
Than I have drawn it in my fantasie.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster, Gloucester and Clarence.

War. Here come the heavy Issue of dead *Harry*:
O, that the living *Harry* had the Temper
Of him, the worst of these three Gentlemen:
How many Nobles then should hold their Places,
That must strike sail to Spirits of vile sort?

Ch. Just. Alas, I fear all will be over-turn'd.

Lan. Good morrow, Cousin *Warwick*, good morrow.

Glo. Clar. Good morrow, Cousin.

Lan.

Lan. We meet like Men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our Argument
Is all too heavy to admit much Talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy.

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier.

Glo. O, good my Lord, you have lost a Friend indeed:
And, I dare swear, you borrow not that Face
Of seeming Sorrow, it is sure your own.

Lan. Tho' no Man be assur'd what Grace to find,
You stand in coldest Expectation.
I am the sorrier, would 'twere otherwise.

Clu. Well, you must now speak Sir *John Falstaff* fair;
Which swims against your stream of Quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet Princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by th' Imperial Conduct of my Soul,
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd Remission.
If Troth and upright Innocency fail me,
I'll to the King, my Master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the Prince.

Enter Prince Henry.

Ch. Just. Good morrow, and Heav'n save your Majesty.

P. Henry. This new and gorgeous Garment, Majesty,
Sits not so easie on me as you think.

Brothers, you mix your Sadness with some Fear;
This is the *English*, not the *Turkish* Court:

Not *Amurrah* an *Amurrah* succeeds,

But *Harry, Harry*. Yet be sad, good Brothers,

For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you:

Sorrow so Royally in you appears,

That I will deeply put the Fashion on,

And wear it in my Heart. Why then be sad,

But entertain no more of it, good Brothers,

Than a joint-burthen laid upon us all.

For me, by Heav'n, I bid you be assur'd,

I'll be your Father and your Brother too:

Let me but bear your Love, I'll bear your Cares;

But weep that *Harry's* dead, and so will I.

But *Harry* lives, that shall convert those Tears.

By number, into hours of Happiness.

Lan. &c. We hope no other from your Majesty.

P. Henry. You all look strangely on me; and you most.
You are, I think, assur'd I love you not. [*To the Ch. Just.*

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate me. [forget

P. Henry. No! How might a Prince of my great Hopes
So great Indignities you laid upon me?

What! Rate! Rebuke! and roughly send to Prison
Th' immediate Heir of *England*! Was this easie?
May this be wash'd in *Lethe*, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the Person of your Father;
The Image of his Power lay then in me,
And, in th' Administration of his Law,
Whiles I was busie for the Common-wealth,
Your Highness pleased to forget my Place,
The Majesty and Power of Law and Justice,
The Image of the King, whom I presented,
And struck me in my very Seat of Judgment:
Whereon, as an Offender to your Father,
I gave bold way to my Authority,
And did commit you. If the Deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,
To have a Son, set your Decrees at naught?
To pluck down Justice from your awful Bench?
To trip the Course of Law, and blunt the Sword
That guards the peace and safety of your Person?
Nay, more, to spurn at your most Royal Image,
And mack your workings in a second Body?
Question your Royal Thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the Father, and propose a Son:
Hear your own Dignity so much prophan'd,
See your most dreadful Laws so loosely slighted;
Behold your self so by a Son disdain'd:
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your Power soft silencing your Son:
After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a King, speak in your State,
What I have done that misbecame my Place,
My Person, or my Lige's Sovereignty.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. You are right Justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the Ballance, and the Sword:
And I do wish your Honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a Son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did:
So shall I live to speak my Father's words.
Happy am I, that have a Man so bold,
That dares do Justice on my proper Son;
And no less happy having such a Son,
That would deliver up his Greatness so
Into the Hands of Justice. You did commit me;
For which I do commit into your Hand
Th'unstained Sword that you have us'd to bear,
With this Remembrance, that you use the same
With the like bold, just and impartial Spirit
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my Hand,
You shall be as a Father to my Youth.
My Voice shall sound as you do prompt mine Ear,
And I will stoop and humble my Intents
To your well practis'd wise Directions.
And Princes all, believe me, I beseech you;
My Father is gone wild into his Grave,
(For in his Tomb lye my Affections)
And, with his Spirit, sadly I survive,
To mock the Expectations of the World:
To frustrate Prophecies, and to race out
Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of Blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in Vanity 'till now.
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the Sea;
Where it shall mingle with the state of Floods,
And flow henceforth in formal Majesty.
Now call we our High Court of Parliament,
And let us chuse such Limbs of noble Counsel
That the great Body of our State may go
In equal rank with the best govern'd Nation;
That War or Peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us,
In which you, Father, shall have formost Hand.

[To Lord Chief Justice.
Out]

Our Coronation done, we will accite
 (As I before remembred) all our State,
 And (Heav'n consigning to my good Intents)
 No Prince, nor Peer, shall have just cause to say,
 Heav'n shorten *Harry's* happy Life one day. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, Page, and Davy.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine Orchard, where in an Arbor we will eat a last Year's Pippin of my own grafting, with a Dish of Carraways, and so forth: Come, Cousin *Silence*; and then to Bed.

Fal. You have here a goodly Dwelling, and a rich

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: Beggars all, Beggars all;

Sir John: Marry, good Air. Spread *Davy*, spread *Davy*: Well said, *Davy*.

Fal. This *Davy* serves you for good Uses; he is your Servingman, and your Husbandman.

Shal. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Varlet;

Sir John: I have drank too much Sack at Supper. A good Varlet. Now sit down, now sit down: Come, Cousin.

Sil. Ah, Sirrah, quoth-a,

We shall do nothing but eat, and make good Chear, [Singing.]

And praise Heav'n for the merry Year;

When Flesh is cheap and Females dear,

And lusty Lads roam here and there;

So merrily, and ever among so merrily, &c.

Fal. There's a merry Heart, good Master *Silence*. I'll give you health for that anon.

Shal. Good Master *Bardolph*: Some Wine, *Davy*.

Davy. Sweet Sir, sit; I'll be with you anon; most sweet Sir, sit. Master *Page*, sit: Good Master *Page*, sit: Proface. What you want in Meat we'll have in Drink; but you bear, the Heart's all!

Shal. Be merry, Master *Bardolph*, and my little Soldier there, be merry.

Sil. [Singing] *Be merry, be merry, my Wife has all,
 For Women are Shrews, both short and tall;*

King HENRY IV:

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'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wag all,
And welcome, merry Shrovetide.

Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a Man of this Mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Dav. There is a dish of Leather-coats for you.

Shal. Davy.

Dav. Your Worship——I'll be with you freight. A Cup of Wine, Sir?

Sil. [Singing.] *A Cup of Wine,*

That's brisk and fine,

And drink unto the Leman mine;

And a merry Heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the Night.

Fal. Health and long Life to you, Master Silence.

Sil. Fill the Cup, and let it come. I'll pledge you, were't a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome; if thou want'st any thing and wilt not call beshrew thy Heart. Welcome my little tyny Thief, and welcome indeed too: I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the Cavileroes about London.

Dav. I hope to see London, once ere I dye.

Bard. If I might see you there, Davy.

Shal. You'll crack a Quart together? Ha, will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, Sir, in a pottle Pot.

Shal. I thank thee; the Knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, Sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a King: Lack nothing, be merry: Look, who's at Door there, ho: Who knocks?

Fal. Why now you have done me right.

Sil. [Singing.] *Do me right, and dub me Knight, Samingo.*
Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't? Why then say an old Man can do somewhat.

Dav.

86 *The Second Part of*

Duo. If it please your Worship there's one *Pistol* come from the Court with News.

Fal. From the Court? Let him come.

Enter Pistol.

How now, *Pistol*?

Pist. Sir *John*, save you, Sir.

Fal. What Wind blew you hither, *Pistol*?

Pist. Not the ill Wind which blows none to good, sweet Knight: Thou art now one of the greatest Men in the Realm.

Sil. Indeed, I think he be, but Goodman *Puff* of *Barson*.

Pist. *Puff*? puff in thy Teeth, most recreant Coward base. Sir *John*, I am thy *Pistol*, and thy Friend; helter skelter have I rode to thee, and Tydings do I bring, and lucky Joys, and golden Times, and happy News of price.

Fal. I prithee now deliver them, like a Man of this World.

Pist. A footra for the World, and Worldlings base, I speak of *Africa*, and Golden Joys.

Fal. O base *Affyrian* Knight, what is thy News? Let King *Covitha* know the truth thereof.

Sil. And *Robin-hood*, *Scarlet*, and *John*.

Pist. Shall dunghil Curs confront the *Helicons*? And shall good News be baffled?

Then *Pistol* lay thy Head in Fury's Lap.

Shal. Honest Gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, Sir.

If, Sir, you come with News from the Court, I take it, there is but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am Sir, under the King, in some Authority,

Pist. Under which King?

Bezonian, speak, or dye.

Shal. Under King *Harry*.

Pist. *Harry* the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. *Harry* the Fourth.

Pist. A footra for thine Office.

Sir *John*, thy tender Lamb-kin now is King, *Harry* the Fifth's the Man, I speak the truth. When *Pistol* lies, do this, and fig-me, like

The

The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Pist. As Nail in Door,

The Things I speak are just.

Fal. Away *Bardolph*, saddle my Horse,
Master *Robert Shallow*, chuse what Office thou wilt
In the Land, 'tis thine. *Pistol*, I will double charge thee
With Dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!

I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.

Pist. What? I do bring good News.

Fal. Carry Master *Silence* to Bed: Master *Shallow*, my
Lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am Fortune's Steward.
Get on thy Boots, we'll ride all Night. Oh, sweet *Pistol*;
away *Bardolph*: Come, *Pistol*, utter more to me; and, withal,
devise something to do thy self good. Boot, boot, Master
Shallow, I know the young King is sick for me. Let us take
any Man's Horses: The Laws of *England* are at my Com-
mandment. Happy are they which have been my Friends;
and wo unto my Lord Chief Justice.

Pist. Let Vultures vile seize on his Lungs also:
Where is the Life that late I led, say they?

Why here it is, welcome those pleasant Days. [Exeunt,

SCENE IV.

Enter Hostess Quickly, Doll Tear-sheet and Bawdies.

Host. No, thou arrant Knave, I would I might die, that
I might have thee hang'd; thou hast drawn my Shoulder
out of joynt.

Bawd. The Constables have deliver'd her over to me; and
she shall have whipping Cheer enough, I warrant her. There
bath been a Man or two, lately, kill'd about her.

Doll. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie: Come on, I'll tell
thee what, thou damn'd Tripe-visag'd Rascal, if the Child
I now go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst
strook thy Mother, thou Paper-fac'd Villain.

Host. O that Sir *John* were come, he would make this
a bloody day to some body. But I would the Fruit of her
Womb might miscarry.

Bawd.

Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of Cushions again, you have but eleyen now. Come, I charge you both go with me, for the Man is dead that you and *Pistol* beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin Man in a Censor; I will have you as soundly swing'd for this, you blue-bottled Rogue; you filthy famish'd Correctioner, if you be not swing'd I'll forswear half Kirtles.

Bead. Come, come, you she-Knight-arrant, come.

Hof. O, that Right should thus o'ercome Might. Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you Rogue, come; Bring me to a Justice.

Hof. Yes, come, you starv'd Blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman Death, Goodman Bones.

Hof. Thou Anatomy, thou.

Dol. Come, you thin Thing: Come, you Rascal.

Bead. Very well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter two Grooms.

1 Groom. More Rushes, more Rushes.

2 Groom. The Trumpets have sounded twice.

1 Groom. It will be two of the Clock ere they come from the Coronation.

[*Exeunt Grooms.*]

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph and Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow, I will make the King do you Grace: I will lear upon him as he comes by, and do but mark the Countenance that he will give me.

Pist. Bless thy Lungs, good Knight.

Fal. Come here, *Pistol*, stand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new Liveries, I would have bestow'd the thousand Pound I borrow'd of you. But it is no matter, this poor Shew doth better; this doth infer the Zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shews my earnestness in Affection.

Pist.

Pist. It doth so.

Fal. My Devotion.

Pist. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were to ride Day and Night,

And not to deliberate, not to remember,

Not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with Travel and Sweating
with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting
all Affairs in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be
done but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*; for *absque hoc nihil est*. 'Tis all
in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so indeed.

Pist. My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Liver, and
make thee rage. Thy *Dol*, and *Helen* of thy noble Thoughts
is in base Durance and contagious Prison; half'd thither
by most mechanical and dirty Hands. Rowze up Re-
venge from *Ebon* Den, and fell *Alecto's* Snake, for *Dol's*
in. *Pistol* speaks nought but troth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

Pist. There roar'd the Sea; and Trumpet Clangour
sounds.

*The Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry the Fifth, his Brothers,
and the Lord Chief Justice.*

Fal. Save thy Grace, King *Hal*, my Royal *Hal*.

Pist. The Heav'ns thee guard and keep, most Royal
Imp of Fame.

Fal. Save thee, my sweet Boy.

King. My Lord Chief Justice speak to that vain Man.

Ch. Just. Have you your Wits?

Know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My King, my *Jove*, I speak to thee, my Heart.

King. I know thee not, old Man: Fall to thy Prayers:

How ill white Hairs become a Fool and Jester!

I have long Dream'd of such a kind of Man,

So surfeit-swelld, so old, and so prophane;

But, being awake, I do despise my Dream.

Make less thy Body, hence, and more thy Grace,

Leave gormandizing. Know, the Grave doth gape

For

For thee, thrice wider than for other Men.
 Reply not to me with a Fool-born Jest;
 Presume not that I am the thing I was,
 For Heav'n doth know, so shall the World perceive,
 That I have turn'd away my former self,
 So will I those that kept me Company.
 When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
 Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast;
 The tutor and the feeder of my Riots;
 'Till then I banish thee, on pain of Death,
 As I have done the rest of my Mis-leaders,
 Not to come near our Person by ten Mile.
 For competence of Life I will allow you,
 That lack of Means enforce you not to Evil:
 And, as we hear you do redeem your selves,
 We will, according to your Strength and Qualities,
 Give you Advancement. Be it your Charge, my Lord,
 To see perform'd the Tenour of our Word. Set on.

[Exit King.]

Fal. Master *Shallow*, I owe you a thousand Pound.

Shal. Ay marry, Sir *John*, which I beseech you to let me have home with me,

Fal. That can hardly be, Mr. *Shallow*. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: Look you, he must seem thus to the World. Fear not your Advancement, I will be the Man yet that shall make you Great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unless you should give me your Doublet and stuff me out with Straw. I beseech you, good Sir *John*, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This, that you heard, was but a Colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir *John*.

Fal. Fear no Colours, go with me to Dinner:

Come Lieutenant *Pistol*, come *Bardolph*,

I shall be sent for soon at Night.

Ch. Just. Go carry Sir *John Falstaff* to the Fleet,
 Take all his Company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord.

Ch. Just.

King HENRY IV.

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Ch. Just. I cannot now speak, I will hear you soon,
Take them away.

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormento, spera me contento.* [Exeunt.]

Manent Lancaster and Chief Justice.

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the King's,
He hath intent his wonted Followers
Shall be very well provided for;
But are banish'd, 'till their Conversations
Appear more wise and modest in the World.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

Lan. The King hath call'd his Parliament,
My Lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

Lan. I will lay odds, that ere this Year expire,
We bear our Civil Swords and native Fire
As far as *France*. I heard a Bird so sing,
Whose Musick, to my thinking, pleas'd the King.
Come, will you hence? [Exeunt.]



E P I.

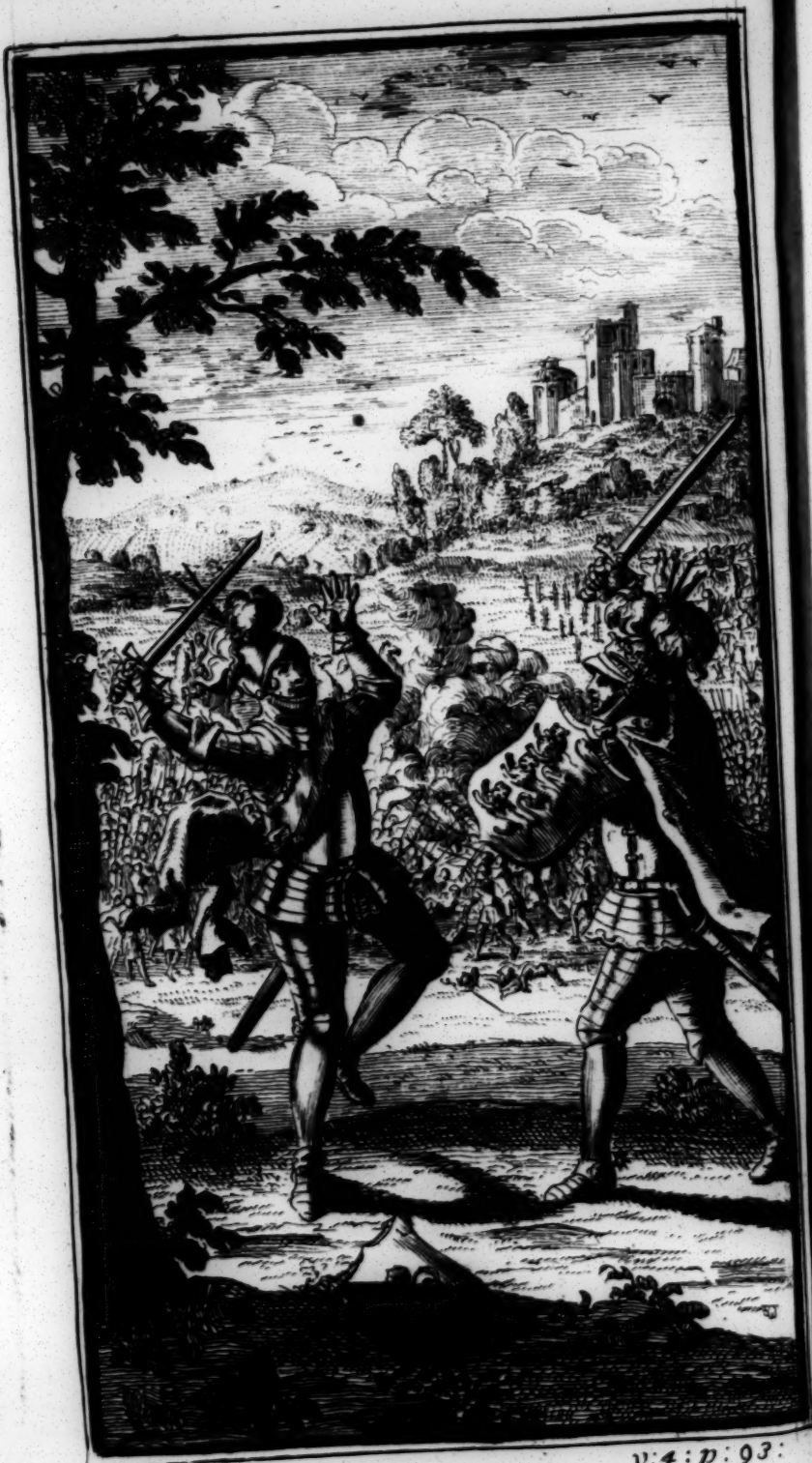
EPILOGUE.

First, my Fear; then, my Courtesie; last, my Speech. My Fear is your Displeasure; my Courtesie, my Duty; and my Speech, to beg your Pardons. If you look for a good Speech now, you undo me; for what I have to say is of mine own making, and what, indeed, I should say will, I doubt, prove mine own Marring. But, to the Purpose, and so to the Venture. Be it known to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a displeasing Play, to pray your Patience for it, and to promise you a better; I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this, which if, like an ill Venture, it come unluckily home, I break; and you, my gentle Creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be, and here I commit my Body to your Mercies: Bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most Debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my Tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my Legs? And yet that were but light Payment, to Dance out of your Debt: But a good Conscience will make any possible Satisfaction, and so will I. All the Gentlemen here have forgotten me; if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen do not agree with the Gentlemen, which was never seen before in such an Assembly.

One word more, I beseech you; if you be not too much cloyed with fat Meat, our humble Author will continue the Story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katherine of France; where for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a Sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard Opinions: For Oldcastle died a Martyr, and this is not the Man. My Tongue is weary when my Legs are too; I will bid you good Night, and so kneel down before you; but indeed to pray for the Queen.

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THE
L I F E
O F
King *HENRY V.*



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry the Fifth.

Duke of Gloucester,

Duke of Bedford,

Duke of Clarence,

} Brothers to the King.

Duke of York,

Duke of Exeter,

} Uncles to the King.

Earl of Salisbury.

Earl of Westmorland.

Earl of Warwick.

Arch-Bishop of Canterbury:

Bishop of Ely.

Earl of Cambridge,

Lord Scroop,

Sir Thomas Grey,

} Conspirators against the King.

Sir Thomas Erpingham,

Gower,

Fluellen,

Mackmorris,

Jamy,

Nym,

Bardolph,

Pistol,

Boy,

} Formerly Servants to Falstaff, now Soldiers in the King's Army.

Bates,

Court,

Williams,

} Soldiers.

Charles

Charles the Sixth, King of France.

The Dauphin.

Duke of Burgundy.

Constable,
Orleans,
Rambures, } *French Lords.*
Bourbon,
Grandpree, }

Governor of Harfleur.

Mountjoy, a Herald.

Ambassadors to the King of England.

Isabel, Queen of France.

Catherine, Daughter to the King of France.

Alice, a Lady attending on the Princess Catherine.

Hostess.

*Lords, Messengers, French and English Soldiers,
with other Attendants.*

*The SCENE lyes for Part of the first Act
in England, but during the rest of the Play
wholly in France.*

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

O For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend
The brightest Heav'n of Invention,
A Kingdom for a Stage, Princes to act,
And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene.
Then should the Warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the Port of Mars, and at his Heels,
Leasht in, like Hounds, should Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for Employments. But pardon, Gentles all,
The flat unraised Spirit, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Object. Can this Cock-Pit hold
The vasty Field of France? Or may we cram
Within this Wooden O, the very Caskes
That did affright the Air at Agincourt?
O Pardon; since a crooked Figure may
Attest in little place a Million,
And let us, Cyphers to this great Accompt,
On your imaginary Forces work.
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
Are now confin'd two mighty Monarchies,
Whose high, up-reared, and abutting Fronts,
The perillous narrow Ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our Imperfections with your Thoughts:
Into a thousand Parts divide one Man,
And make imaginary Puissance.
Think, when we talk of Horses, that you see them
Printing their proud Hoofs i'th' receiving Earth:
For 'tis your Thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er Times,
Turning th' accomplishment of many Tears
Into an Hour glass; for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this History;
Who Prologue-like, your humble Patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge our Play.

THE



T H E
L I F E
O F
King H E N R Y V.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter the Arch-Bishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.

Arch-Bishop of CANTERBURY.



Y Lord, I'll tell you, that self Bill is urg'd,
Which in th' eleventh Year o'th' last
King's Reign
Was like, and had indeed against us past,
But that the scrambling and unquiet
time
Did push it out of farther Question.

Ely. But how, my Lord, shall we resist it now?

Canst. It must be thought on: If it pass against us,
We lose the better part of our Possession:
For all the Temporal Lands, which Men devout
By Testament have given to the Church,
Would they strip from us; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintain, to the King's Honour,

Full fifteen Earls, and fifteen hundred Knights,
 Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires:
 And to relief of Lazars, and weak Age
 Of indigent faint Souls, past corporal Toil,
 A hundred Alms-houses, right well supply'd;
 And to the Coffers of the King, beside,
 A thousand pound by th'Year. Thus runs the Bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the Cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The King is full of grace, and fair regard.

Ely. And a true Lover of the Holy Church.

Cant. The courses of his Youth promis'd it not;

The Breath no sooner left his Father's Body,
 But that his Wildness mortify'd in him,
 Seem'd to die too; yea at that very moment,
 Consideration, like an Angel, came,
 And whipt th'offending *Adam* out of him,
 Leaving his Body as a Paradise,
 T'invelope and contain Celestial Spirits.
 Never was such a sudden Scholar made:
 Never came Reformation in a Flood
 With such a heady current, scowring Faults:
 Nor never *Hydra*-headed Wilfulness
 So soon did lose his Seat, and all at once,
 As in this King.

Ely. We are blessed in the Change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in Divinity,

And all-admiring, with an inward wish
 You would desire the King were made a Prelate.
 Hear him debate of Commonwealth Affairs;
 You would say, it hath been all in all his Study:
 Lift his Discourse of War, and you shall hear
 A fearful Battel rendred you in Musick.
 Turn him to any Cause of Policy,
 The Gordian Knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his Garter; then when he speaks,
 The Air, a Charter'd Libertine, is still,
 And the mute Wonder lurketh in Men's Ears,
 To steal his sweet and honied Sentences:

So that the Art and practick Part of Life
Must be the Mistress to his Theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace should glean it,
Since his Addiction was to courses vain,
His Companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow,
His Hours fill'd up with Riots, Banquets, Sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open Haunts and Popularity.

Ely. The Strawberry grows underneath the Nettle,
And wholsom Berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by Fruit of baser quality:
And so the Prince obscur'd his Contemplation
Under the veil of Wildness, which, no doubt,
Grew like the Summer Grass, fastest by Night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his Faculty.

Cant. It must be so; for Miracles are ceas'd:
And therefore we must needs admit the Means,
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good Lord:
How now for mitigation of this Bill,
Urg'd by the Commons? Doth his Majesty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent:
Or rather swaying more upon our Part,
Than cherishing th' Exhibitors against us:
For I have made an Offer to his Majesty,
Upon our Spiritual Convocation,
And in regard of Causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching *France*, to give a greater Sum
Than ever at one time the Clergy yet
Did to his Predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this Offer seem receiv'd, my Lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his Majesty:
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceiv'd his Grace would fain have done,
The severals and unhidden Passages
Of his true Titles to some certain Dukedoms,
And generally, to the Crown and Seat of *France*,

The LIFE of

Deriv'd from *Edward*, his great Grandfather.

Ely. What was th' impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The *French* Ambassador upon that instant
Crav'd Audience; and the Hour I think is come,
To give him hearing. Is it four a Clock?

Ely. It is

Cant. Then go we in to know his Embassie:
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the *Frenchman* speaks a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. [*Exeunt*.
Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Bedford, Clarence, Warwick,
Westmorland, and Exeter.

K. Henry. Where is my gracious Lord of *Canterbury*?

Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Henry. Send for him, good Uncle.

West. Shall we call in the Ambassador, my Liege?

K. Henry. Not yet, my Cousin; we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task our Thoughts, concerning us and *France*.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.

Cant. God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,
And make you long become it.

K. Henry. Sure we thank you.

My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the Law *Salike*, that they have in *France*,
Or should, or should not bar us in our Claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful Lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding Soul
With opening Titles miscreate, whose right
Sutes not in native Colours with the truth:
For God doth know, how many now in health
Shall drop their Blood, in approbation
Of what your Reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our Person,
How you awake our sleeping Sword of War:
We charge you in the Name of God take heed.
For never two such Kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of Blood, whose guiltless drops

Are

Are every one, a Woe, a sore Complaint,
 'Gainst him, whose Wrong gives edge unto the Swords,
 That make such waste in brief Mortality.
 Under this Conjururation, speak my Lord;
 For we will hear, note, and believe in Heart,
 That what you speak is in your Conscience wast,
 As pure as Sin with Baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious Sovereign, and you Peers,
 That owe your selves, your Lives, and Services,
 To this Imperial Throne. There is no Bar
 To make against your Highness' Claim to *France*,
 But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedant,
 No Woman shall succeed in *Salike* Land:
 Which *Salike* Land, the *French* unjustly gloze
 To be the Realm of *France*: and *Pharamond*
 The founder of this Law and female Bar.
 Yet their own Authors faithfully affirm,
 That the Land *Salike* is in *Germany*,
 Between the Floods of *Sala* and of *Elve*:
 Where *Charles* the Great having subdu'd the *Saxons*,
 There left behind and settled certain *French*:
 Who holding in disdain the *German* Women,
 For some dishonest manners of their Life,
 Establish't then this Law; to wit, No Female
 Should be Inheritrix in *Salike* Land:
 Which *Salike*, as I said, 'twixt *Elve* and *Sala*,
 Is at this Day in *Germany* call'd *Meisen*.
 Then doth it well appear; the *Salike* Law
 Was not devised for the Realm of *France*:
 Nor did the *French* possess the *Salike* Land,
 Until four hundred one and twenty Years
 After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
 Idly suppos'd the Founder of this Law;
 Who died within the Year of our Redemption,
 Four hundred twenty six; and *Charles* the Great
 Subdu'd the *Saxons*, and did seat the *French*
 Beyond the River *Sala*, in the Year
 Eight hundred five. Besides, their Writers say,
 King *Pepin*, which deposed *Childrick*,

Did, as Heir general, being descended
 Of *Blithild*, which was Daughter to King *Clothair*,
 Make Claim and Title to the Crown of *France*:
Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the Crown
 Of *Charles* the Duke of *Lorain*, sole Heir-male
 Of the true Line and Stock of *Charles* the Great;
 To find his Title with some shews of Truth,
 Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
 Convey'd himself as th'Heir to th' Lady *Lingare*,
 Daughter to *Charlemain*, who was the Son
 To *Lewis* the Emperor, and *Lewis* the Son
 Of *Charles* the Great: Also King *Lewis* the Tenth,
 Who was sole Heir to the Usurper *Capet*,
 Could not keep quiet in his Conscience,
 Wearing the Crown of *France*, 'till satisfy'd,
 That fair Queen *Isabel*, his Grandmother,
 Was Lineal of the Lady *Ermengare*,
 Daughter to *Charles* the foresaid Duke of *Lorain*:
 By the which Marriage, the Line of *Charles* the Great
 Was re-united to the Crown of *France*.
 So, that as clear as is the Summer's Sun,
 King *Pepin's* Title, and *Hugh Capet's* Claim,
 King *Lewis* his Satisfaction, all appear
 To hold in Right and Title of the Female:
 So do the Kings of *France* upon this Day.
 Howbeit, they would hold up this *Salike* Law,
 To bar your Highness claiming from the Female,
 And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,
 Than amply to imbarr their crooked Titles,
 Usurpt from you and your Progenitors. [Claim?]

K. Henry. May I with Right and Conscience make this

Cant. The Sin upon my Head, dread Sovereign:

For in the Book of *Numbers*, it is writ,
 When the Man dies, let the Inheritance
 Descend unto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
 Stand for your own, unwind your bloody Flag,
 Look back into your mighty Ancestors;
 Go, my dread Lord, to your great Grandfire's Tomb,
 From whom you claim; invoke his Warlike Spirit,

And

And your great Uncle, *Edward* the black Prince,
 Who on the *French* Ground play'd a Tragedy,
 Making defeat on the full Power of *France*:
 Whiles his most Mighty Father on a Hill,
 Stood smiling, to behold his Lion's Whelp
 Forage in Blood of *French* Nobility.
 O noble *English*, that could entertain,
 With half their Forces, the full Pride of *France*,
 And let another half stand laughing by,
 And out of work, and cold for action.

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
 And with your puissant Arm renew their Feats;
 You are their Heir, you sit upon their Throne:
 The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
 Runs in your Veins; and my thrice puissant Liege
 Is in the very *May-Morn* of his Youth,
 Ripe for Exploits and mighty Enterprises.

Exe. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
 Do all expect, that you should rouze your self,
 As did the former Lions of your Blood. [might;

West. They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and
 So hath your Highness, never King of *England*
 Had Nobles richer, and more loyal Subjects,
 Whose Hearts have left their Bodies here in *England*,
 And lye pavillion'd in the Field of *France*.

Cant. O let their Bodies follow, my dear Liege,
 With Blood, and Sword, and Fire, to win your Right:
 In aid whereof, we of the Spirituality
 Will raise your Highness such a mighty Sum,
 As never did the Clergy, at one time,
 Bring in to any of your Ancestors.

K. Henry. We must not only arm t' invade the *French*,
 But lay down our Proportions, to defend
 Against the *Scot*, who will make road upon us,
 With all advantages.

Cant. They of those Marches, gracious Sovereign,
 Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
 Our Inland from the pilfering Borderers.

K. Henry. We do not mean the courting Snatchers only,
 But fear the main intendment of the *Scot*,

Who hath been still a giddy Neighbour to us:
 For you shall read, that my great Grandfather
 Never went with his Forces into *France*,
 But that the *Scot*, on his unfurnisht Kingdom
 Came pouring like a Tide into a Breach,
 With ample and brim fulness of his Force,
 Galling the gleaned Land with hot assays,
 Girding with grievous Siege, Castles and Towns;
 That *England* being empty of defence,
 Hath shook and trembled at th' ill Neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my
 For hear her but exampled by her self, [Liege,
 When all her Chivalry hath been in *France*,
 And she a mourning Widow of her Nobles,
 She hath her self not only well defended,
 But taken and impounded as a Stray,
 The King of *Scots*; whom she did send to *France*,
 To fill King *Edward's* Fame with Prisoner Kings,
 And make his Chronicle as rich with praise,
 As is the Ouzy bottom of the Sea
 With sunken Wrack, and sum-less Treasuries.

Ely. But there's a Saying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begin.
 For once the Eagle, *England*, being in prey,
 To her unguarded Nest, the Weazel, *Scot*,
 Comes sneaking, and so sucks her Princely Eggs,
 Playing the Mouse in absence of the Cat,
 To tear and havock more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows then, the Cat must stay at home:
 Yet that it is but a crush'd necessity;
 Since we have Locks to safeguard Necessaries,
 And pretty Traps to catch the petty Thieves,
 While that the armed Hand doth fight abroad,
 Th' advised Head defends it self at home:
 For Government, though high, and low, and lower,
 Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
 Congreeing in a full and natural close,
 Like Musick.

Cant. Therefore doth Heav'n divide
 The state of Man in divers Functions,

Setting Endeavour in continual Motion:
 To which is fixed, as an Aim or Butt,
 Obedience; for so work the Honey Bees,
 Creatures that, by a Rule in Nature, teach
 The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdom.
 They have a King, and Officers of sorts,
 Where some like Magistrates correct at home:
 Others, like Merchants, venture Trade abroad:
 Others, like Soldiers armed in their Stings,
 Make boot upon the Summer's Velvet buds:
 Which Pillage, they with merry march bring home
 To the Tent-Royal of their Emperor:
 Who busied in his Majesty, surveys
 The singing Mason building Roofs of Gold,
 The civil Citizens kneading up the Honey;
 The poor Mechanick Porters, crowding in:
 Their heavy Burthens at his narrow Gate:
 The sad-ey'd Justice, with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to Executors pale
 The lazy yawning Drone. I this infer,
 That many things having full reference
 To one consent, may work contrarioussly:
 As many Arrows loosed several ways
 Come to one mark: as many ways meet in one Town;
 As many fresh Streams meet in one salt Sea;
 As many Lines close in the Dial's center;
 So may a thousand Actions once a-foot,
 And in one purpose, and be all well born
 Without defeat. Therefore to *France*, my Liege,
 Divide your happy *England* into four,
 Whereof, take you one quarter into *France*,
 And you withal shall make all *Gallia* shake,
 If we with thrice such Powers left at home,
 Cannot defend our own Doors from the Dog,
 Let us be worried, and our Nation lose
 The name of hardiness and policy.

K. Henry. Call in the Messengers sent from the *Dauphin*.
 Now are we well resolv'd, and by God's help
 And yours, the noble Sinews of our Power;
France being ours, we'll bend it to our Awe,

Or break it all to pieces. Or there we'll sit,
 Ruling in large and ample Empery.
 O'er *France*, and all her, almost, Kingly Dukedom,
 Or lay these Bones in an unworthy Urn.
 Tombleſs, with no remembrance over them;
 Either our Hiſtory ſhall with full Mouth
 Speak freely of our Acts, or elſe our Grave,
 Like *Turkiſh* Mute, ſhall have a Tongueleſs Mouth,
 Not worſhipt with a waxen Epiſaph.

Enter Ambaſſadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the Pleaſure
 Of our fair Couſin *Dauphin*; for we hear,
 Your Greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't pleaſe your Maſteſty to give us leave
 Freely to render what we have in Charge:
 Or ſhall we ſparingly ſhew you far off
 The *Dauphin's* Meaning, and our Embaſſie.

K. Henry. We are no Tyrant, but a Chriſtian King,
 Unto whoſe Grace our Paſſion is as ſubject,
 As are our Wretches fetter'd in our Priſons:
 Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainneſs,
 Tell us the *Dauphin's* Mind.

Amb. Thus then in few.

Your Highneſs, lately ſending into *France*,
 Did claim ſome certain Dukedom, in the right
 Of your great Predeceſſor, King *Edward* the Third.
 In anſwer of which Claim, the Prince our Maſter
 Says that you favour too much of your Youth,
 And bids you be advis'd: There's nought in *France*
 That can be with a nimble Galliard won;
 You cannot revel into Dukedom there:
 He therefore ſends you, meeter for your Spirit,
 This Tun of Treafure; and in lieu of this,
 Deſires you let the Dukedom that you claim
 Hear no more of you. This the *Dauphin* ſpeaks.

K. Henry. What Treafure, Uncle?

Exe. Tennis balls, my Liege.

K. Henry. We are glad the *Dauphin* is ſo pleaſant with us.
 His Preſent, and your Pains we thank you for;
 When we have match'd our Rackets to theſe Balls,

We

We will in *France*, by God's Grace, play a set
 Shall strike his Father's Crown into the Hazard.
 Tell him he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,
 That all the Courts of *France* will be disturb'd
 With Chaces. And we understand him well,
 How he comes o'er us with our wilder Days,
 Not measuring what use we made of them.
 We never valu'd this poor Seat of *England*,
 And therefore living hence, did give our self
 To barbarous Licence; as 'tis ever common,
 That Men are merriest when they are from home:
 But tell the *Dauphin*, I will keep my State,
 Be like a King, and shew my Sail of Greatness,
 When I do rowse me in my Throne of *France*.
 For that I have laid by my Majesty,
 And plodded like a Man for working Days;
 But I will rise there with so full a Glory,
 That I will dazzle all the Eyes of *France*;
 Yea strike the *Dauphin* blind to look on us.
 And tell the pleasant Prince, this Mock of his
 Hath turn'd his Balls to Gun-stones, and his Soul
 Shall stand fore charged, for the wasteful Vengeance
 That shall fly with them: For many a thousand Widows
 Shall this his Mock mock out of their dear Husbands;
 Mock Mothers from their Sons, mock Castles down:
 And some are yet ungotten and unborn,
 That shall have cause to curse the *Dauphin's* Scorn.
 But this lies all within the Will of God,
 To whom I do appeal, and in whose Name
 Tell you the *Dauphin*, I am coming on,
 To venge me as I may, and to put forth
 My rightful Hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
 So get you hence in Peace, and tell the *Dauphin*
 His Jest will favour but of shallow Wit,
 When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
 Convey them with safe Conduct. Fare ye well.
 [Exeunt Ambassadors.]

Exe. This was a merry Message:

K. Henry. We hope to make the Sender blush at it:
 Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy hour.

That

That may give furch'rance to our Expedition;
 For we have now no thought in us but *France*,
 Save those to God, that run before our Business.
 Therefore let our Proportions for these Wars
 Be soon collected, and all things thought upon,
 That may with reasonable swiftneſs add
 More Feathers to our Wings: For God before,
 We'll chide this *Dauphin* at his Father's Door.
 Therefore let every Man now task his Thought,
 That this fair Action may on foot be brought. [Exeunt.]

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Now all the Youth of *England* are on fire,
 And ſilken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lies:
 Now thrive the Armourers, and Honour's thought
 Reigns ſolely in the Breſt of every Man.
 They ſell the Paſture now, to buy the Horſe,
 Following the Mirror of all Chriſtian Kings,
 With winged heels, as *English Mercuries*.
 For now ſits Expectation in the Air,
 And hides a Sword, from Hilts unto the Point,
 With Crowns imperial, Crowns and Coronets,
 Promis'd to *Harry*, and his Followers:
 The *French* advis'd by good intelligence
 Of this moſt dreadful preparation,
 Shake in their fear, and with pale Policy
 Seek to divert the *English* purpoſes.
 O *England*! Model to thy inward Greatneſs,
 Like little Body with a mighty Heart;
 What might'ſt thou do, that Honour would thee do,
 Were all thy Children kind and natural:
 But ſee, thy Fault *France* hath in thee found out,
 A neſt of hollow Boſoms, which he fills
 With treacherous Crowns, and three corrupted Men:
 One *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*; and the ſecond,
Henry Lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*; and the third,
 Sir *Thomas Gray* Knight of *Northumberland*,
 Have for the Gilt of *France*, (O Guilt indeed!)
 Confirm'd Conſpiracy with fearful *France*,
 And by their Hands this grace of Kings muſt die,
 If Hell and Treason hold their Promiles,

Ere

Ere he take Ship for *France*; and in *Southampton*,
Linger your patience on, and we'll digest
Th' abuse of distance; force a Play:
The Sum is pay'd, the Traitors are agreed,
The King is set from *London*, and the Scene
Is now transported, Gentles, to *Southampton*,
There is the Play-house now, there must you sit,
And thence to *France* shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back: Charming the narrow Seas,
To give you gentle Pass; for if we may,
We'll not offend one Stomach with our Play.
But 'till the King come forth, and not 'till then,
Unto *Southampton* do we shift our Scene. [Exit.

Enter Corporal Nim, and Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nim.

Nim. Good-morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you Friends yet?

Nim. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when
time shall serve, there shall be smiles, but that shall be
as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink, and hold out
mine Iron; it is a simple one, but what though? It will
toft Cheese, and it will endure cold, as another Man's Sword
will; and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a Breakfast to make you Friends,
and we'll be all three sworn Brothers to *France*: Let it be
so, good Corporal Nim.

Nim. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the cer-
tain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do
as I may: That is my Rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, Corporal, that he is married to *Nel*
Quickly, and certainly she did you wrong, for you were
troth-plight to her.

Nim. I cannot tell, Things must be as they may; Men
may sleep, and they may have their Throats about them
at that time, and some say, Knives have Edges: It must
be as it may, tho' Patience be a tired name, yet she will
plod, there must be Conclusions; well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol, and Quickly.

Bard. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his Wife; good Cor-
poral, be patient here. How now, mine Host Pistol?

Pist,

Pist. Bafe Tyke, call'st thou me Host? now by this Hand, I swear I scorn the Term, nor shall my *Nel* keep Lodgers.

Quick. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen Gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their Needles, but it will be thought we keep a Bawdy-house straight. O welliday Lady, if he be not hewn now, we shall see wilful Adultery and Murther committed.

Bard. Good Lieutenant, Good Corporal, offer nothing here.

Nim. Pist.

Pist. Pist for thee, *Island* Dog; thou prick-ear'd Cur of *Island*.

Quick. Good Corporal *Nim*, shew thy Valour, and put up thy Sword.

Nim. Will you shog off? I would have you *Solus*.

Pist. *Solus*, egregious Dog! O Viper vile; The *solus* in thy most marvellous Face, the *solus* in thy Teeth, and in thy Throat, and in thy hateful Lungs, yea in thy Maw perdy; and which is worse, within thy nasty Mouth. I do retort the *solus* in thy Bowels; for I can take, and *Pistol's* cock is up, and flashing fire will follow.

Nim. I am not *Barbafon*, you cannot conjure me: I have an humour to knock you indifferently well; If you grow foul with me, *Pistol*, I will scour you with my Rapier, as I may in fair terms. If you would walk off, I would prick your Guts a little in good terms, as I may, and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O Braggard vile, and damned furious Wight, The Grave doth gape, and doating Death is near, Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say: He that strikes the first stroak, I'll run him up to the Hilt, as I am a Soldier.

Pist. An Oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate. Give me thy Pist, thy Fore-foot to me give: Thy Spirits are more tall.

Nim. I will cut thy Throat one time or other in fair terms, that is the humour of it.

Pist.

King HENRY V.

III

Pist. *Coupe a gorge*, that is the word. I defie thee again. O hound of Creet, think'st thou my Spouse to get? No, to the *Spittle* go, and from the Powdring-tub of Infamy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of *Cressid's* kind, *Dol Tear-sheets*, she by name, and her Espouse. I have, and I will hold the *Quondam Quickly* for the only she; and *Pauca*, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine Host *Pistol*, you must come to my Master, and your Hostess: He is very sick, and would to bed. Good *Bardolph*, put thy Face between his Sheets, and do the Office of a Warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you Rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the Crow a Pudding one of these Days; the King has kill'd his Heart. Good Husband come home presently. *[Exit Quick.]*

Bard. Come, shall I make you two Friends? We must to *France* together; why the Devil should we keep Knives to cut one another's Throats?

Pist. Let Flouds o'erfwell, and Fiends for Food howl on.

Nim. You'll pay me the eight Shillings, I won of you at Betting?

Pist. Base is the Slave that pays.

Nim. That now I will have; that's the Humour of it.

Pist. As Manhood shall compound; push home. *[Draw.]*

Bard. By this Sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this Sword I will.

Pist. Sword is an Oath, and Oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal *Nim*, and thou wilt be Friends, be Friends; and thou wilt not, why then be Enemies with me too; prithee put up.

Pist. A Noble shalt thou have, and present Pay, and Liquor likewise will I give to thee, and Friendship shall combine, and Brotherhood. I'll live by *Nim*, and *Nim* shall live by me, is not this just? For I shall Suttler be unto the Camp and Profits will accrue. Give me thy Hand.

Nim. I shall have my Noble?

Pist. In Cash, most justly paid.

Nim. Well then, that's the Humour o't.

Enter

Enter Hostels.

Host. As ever you came of Women, come in quickly to Sir *John*: A poor Heart, he is so shak'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet Men, come to him.

Nim. The King hath run bad Humours on the Knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. *Nim*, thou hast spoke the right, his Heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nim. The King is a good King, but it must be as it may; he passeth some Humours and Carreers.

Pist. Let us condole the Knight, for, Lambkins, we will live. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmorland.

Bed. 'Fore God, his Grace is bold to trust these Traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves, As if Allegiance in their Bosoms fate, Crowned with Faith and constant Royalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend, By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the Man that was his Bedfellow! Whom he hath lull'd and cloy'd with gracious Favours, That he should, for a Foreign Purse, so sell His Sovereign's Life to Death and Treachery.

[*Sound Trumpets.*]

Enter the King, Scroop, Cambridge, and Gray.

K. Henry. Now sits the Wind fair, and we will aboard. My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my kind Lord of *Masham*, And you my gentle Knight, give me your Thoughts: Think you not, that the Powers we bear with us Will cut their Passage through the Force of *France*? Doing the Execution, and the Act, For which we have in head assembled them.

Scroop. No doubt, my Liege; if each Man do his best.

K. Henry. I doubt not that, since we are well persuaded, We carry not a Heart with us from hence, That grows not in a fair Consent with ours. Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish Success and Conquest to attend on us.

Cam.

Cam. Never was Monarch better fear'd and lov'd,
Than is your Majesty; there's not, I think, a Subject
That fits in Heart-grief and Uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your Government.

Gray. True; those that were your Father's Enemies,
Have steep't their Gauls in Honey, and do observe you
With Hearts create of Duty, and of Zeal.

K. Henry. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;
And shall forget the Office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of Desert and Merit,
According to the Weight and Worthiness.

Scroop. So Service shall with steeled Sinews toil,
And Labour shall refresh it self with Hope,
To do your Grace incessant Services.

K. Henry. We judge no less. Uncle of *Exeter*,
Enlarge the Man committed Yesterday,
That rail'd against our Person: We consider,
It was excess of Wine that set him on,
And on his more Advice, We pardon him.

Scroop. That's Mercy, but too much Security:
Let him be punish'd, Sovereign, lest Example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Henry. O let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your Highness, and yet punish too.

Gray. Sir, you shew great Mercy, if you give him Life,
After the taste of much Correction.

K. Henry. Alas, your too much love and care of me,
Are heavy Orisons 'gainst this poor Wretch.
If little Faults, proceeding on Distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our Eye
When Capital Crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested
Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that Man,
Though *Cambridge*, *Scroop*, and *Gray*, in their dear care
And tender preservation of our Person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our *French* Causes;
Who are the late Commissioners?

Cam. I one, my Lord,
Your Highness bad me ask for it to Day.

Scroop. So did you me, my Liege.

Gray. And I, my Royal Sovereign.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Then *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*, there is yours:
 There yours Lord *Scroop* of *Masbam*; and Sir Knight,
Gray of *Northumberland*, this same is yours;
 Read them, and know, I know your Worthiness.
 My Lord of *Westmorland*, and Uncle *Exeter*,
 We will aboard to Night. Why, how now Gentlemen?
 What see you in those Papers, that you lose
 So much Complexion? Look ye how they change!
 Their Cheeks are Paper. Why, what read you there,
 That hath so cowarded and chac'd your Blood
 Out of appearance?

Camb. I do confess my Fault,
 And do submit me to your Highness Mercy.

Gray. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Henry. The Mercy that was quick in us but late,
 By your own Counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
 You must not dare, for shame, to talk of Mercy,
 For your own Reasons turn into your Bosoms,
 As Dogs upon their Masters, worrying you.
 See you, my Princes and my Noble Peers,
 These *English* Monsters! My Lord of *Cambridge* here,
 You know how apt our Love was to accord
 To furnish him with all appertinents
 Belonging to his Honour; and this Man,
 Hath for a few light Crowns, lightly conspir'd
 And sworn unto the practices of *France*
 To kill us here in *Hampton*. To the which,
 This Knight, no less for Bounty bound to us
 Than *Cambridge* is, hath likewise sworn. But O!
 What shall I say to thee, Lord *Scroop*, thou cruel,
 Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman Creature!
 Thou that did'st bear the Key of all my Counsels,
 That knew'st the very bottom of my Soul,
 That, almost, might'st have coin'd me into Gold,
 Would'st thou have practis'd on me, for thy use?
 May it be possible, that Foreign hire
 Could out of thee extract one spark of Evil
 That might annoy my Finger? 'Tis so strange,
 That though the truth of it stand off as gross,
 As black and white, my Eye will scarcely see it.

Treason

Treason and Murder, ever kept together,
 As two yoke Devils sworn to either's purpose,
 Working so grossly in a Natural Cause,
 That admiration did not hoop at them.
 But thou, 'gainst all Proportion, didst bring in
 Wonder to wait on Treason and on Murther:
 And whatsoever cunning Fiend it was
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
 Hath got the Voice in Hell for excellence:
 And other Devils that suggest By-Treasons,
 Do botch and bungle up Damnation,
 With Patches, Colours, and with Forms, being fetcht
 From glist'ring Semblances of Piety:
 But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand up,
 Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do Treason;
 Unless to dub thee with the Name of Traitor.
 If that same Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
 Should with his Lion-gate walk the whole World,
 He might return to vasty Tartar back,
 And tell the Legions, I can never win
 A Soul so easie as that *Englishman's*.
 Oh, how hast thou with Jealousie infected
 The sweetness of Affiance! Shew Men dutiful?
 Why so didst thou. Seem they Grave and Learned?
 Why so didst thou. Come they of Noble Family?
 Why so didst thou. Seem they Religious?
 Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in Diet,
 Free from gross Passion, or of Mirth, or Anger,
 Constant in Spirit, nor swerving with the Blood,
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest Complement,
 Not working with the Eye, without the Ear,
 And but in purged Judgment trusting neither?
 Such and so finely boulded didst thou seem:
 And thus thy Fall hath left a kind of blot,
 To make thee full fraught Man, the best endued.
 With some suspicion, I will weep for thee.
 For this revolt of thine methinks is like
 Another fall of Man. Their Faults are open,
 Arrest them to the answer of the Law,
 And God acquit them of their Practices.

Exe.

Exe. I arrest thee of High Treason, by the Name of *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*.

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the Name of *Thomas* Lord *Scroop* of *Masham*.

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the Name of *Thomas* *Grey*, Knight of *Northumberland*.

Scroop. Our Purposes God justly hath discover'd,
And I repent my Fault more than my Death;
Which I beseech your Highness to forgive,
Although my Body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me the Gold of *France* did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The sooner to effect what I intended;
But, God be thanked for prevention,
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoyce for,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Gray. Never did faithful Subject more rejoyce
At the discovery of most dangerous Treason,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er my self,
Prevented from a damned Enterprize:
My Fault, but not my Body, pardon, Sovereign.

K. Henry. God quit you in his Mercy; hear your Sentence;
You have conspir'd against our Royal Person,
Join'd with an Enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers
Receiv'd the golden Earnest of our Death;
Wherein you would have sold your King to Slaughter,
His Princes and his Peers to Servitude,
His Subjects to Oppression and Contempt,
And his whole Kingdom into Desolation:
Touching our Person, seek we no Revenge,
But we our Kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose Ruin you three sought, that to her Laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable Wretches, to your Death;
The taste whereof God of his Mercy give
You Patience to endure, and true Repentance
Of all your dear Offences. Bear them hence. [*Exeunt.*]
Now, Lords, for *France*, the Enterprize whereof
Shall be to you as us, like glorious.

We doubt not of a fair and lucky War,

Since

Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous Treason lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginning. We doubt not now,
But every Rub is smoothed in our way:
Then forth, dear Country-men; let us deliver
Our Puissance into the Hand of God,
Putting it streight in Expedition.

Chearly to Sea, the signs of War advance,
No King of *England*, if not King of *France*. [Exeunt.]

Enter Pistol, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hostels.

Host. Prethee Honey, sweet Husband, let me bring thee
to *Staines*.

Pistol. No, for my manly Heart doth yern. *Bardolph*,
be blith: *Nim*, rouze thy vaunting Veins: Boy, bristle thy
Courage up; for *Falstaff* he is dead, and we must yern
therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him where some'er he is, ei-
ther in Heav'n, or in Hell.

Host. Nay, sure, he's not in Hell; he's in *Arthur's* Bo-
som, if ever Man went to *Arthur's* Bosom; he made a finer
end, and went away and it had been any Christom Child;
a parted even just between Twelve and One, ev'n at the turn-
ing o'th' Tyde; for after I saw him fumble with the Sheets,
and play with Flowers, and smile upon his Fingers end, I
knew there was but one way; for his Nose was as sharp as
a Pen, and a Table of Green Fields. How now, Sir *John*?
quoth I. What Man? be a good Cheer; so a cried out, God,
God, God, three or four times: Now I, to comfort him,
bid him a should not think of God; I hop'd there was no
need trouble himself with any such Thoughts yet: so a
bad me lay more Clothes on his Feet: I put my Hand in-
to the Bed and felt them, and they were as cold as a
Stone: Then I felt to his Knees, and so upward and up-
ward, and all was as cold as any Stone.

Nim. They say he cried out of Sack.

Host. Ay, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

Host. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes, that a did, and said, they were Devils Incar-
nate.

Host:

Host. A could never abide Carnation, 'twas a Colour he never lik'd.

Boy. A said once, the Deule would have him about Women.

Host. A did in some sort, indeed, handle Women; but then he was rheumatick and talk'd of the Whore of *Babylon*.

Boy. Do you not remember a saw a Flea stick upon *Bardolph's* Nose and said it was a black Soul burning in Hell.

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd that Fire: That's all the Riches I got in his Service.

Nim. Shall we shogg? the King will be gone from *Southampton*.

Pist. Come, let's away. My Love, give me thy Lips: Look to my Chattels, and my Moveables; let Senses rule; the word is, Pitch and pay; trust none, for Oaths are Straws, Mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-fast is the only Dog; my Duck, therefore, *Carveto* be thy Counsellor. Go, clear thy Christals. Yoke-fellows in Arms, let us to *France*, like Horse-leeches, my Boys, to suck, to suck, the very Blood to suck.

Boy. And that's but unwholsome Food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft Mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewel, Hostess.

Nim. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Pist. Let Houswifery appear; keep close, I thee command.

Host. Farewel; adieu. [Exeunt.

Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, and the Constable.

Fr. King. Thus come the *English* with full Power upon us, And more than carefully it us concerns, To answer Royally in our Defences. Therefore the Dukes of *Berry* and of *Britain*, Of *Brabant*, and of *Orleans* shall make forth, And you, Prince *Dauphin*, with all swift dispatch; To line and new repair our Towns of War With Men of Courage, and with Means defendant: For *England* his Approaches makes as fierce As Waters to the sucking of a Gulf. It fits us then to be as provident As Fear may teach us, out of late Examples,

Left

Left by the fatal and neglected *English*,
Upon our Fields.

Dau. My most redoubted Father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the Foe:
For Peace it self should not so dull a Kingdom,
(Tho' War, nor no known Quarrel were in question)
But that Defences, Musters, Preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled and collected,
As were a War in expectation.
Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of *France*:
And let us do it with no shew of Fear;
No, with no more than if we heard that *England*
Were busied with a *Whitson* Morris-dance:
For, my good Liege, she is so idly King'd,
Her Scepter so fantastickly born,
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous Youth,
That Fear attends her not.

Com. O Peace, Prince *Dauphin*,
You are too much mistaken in this King:
Question your Grace the late Ambassadors,
With what great State he heard their Embassie,
How well supply'd with Noble Counsellors,
How modest in exception, and, withal,
How terrible in constant Resolution:
And you shall find his Vanities fore-spent
Were but the out-side of the *Roman-Brius*,
Covering Discretion with a Coat of Folly;
As Gardeners do with Ordure hide those Roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High-Constable.
But tho' we think it so, it is no matter:
In causes of Defence, 'tis best to weigh
The Enemy more mighty than he seems,
So the Proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which of a weak and niggardly Projection,
Doth, like a Miser, spoil his Coat with scanting
A little Cloath.

Fr. King. Think we King *Harry* strong;
And Princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him,

The

The Kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us:
 And he is bred out of that bloody strain
 That haunted us in our familiar Paths;
 Witness our too much memorable Shame,
 When *Cressy* Battel fatally was struck,
 And all our Princes captiv'd by the Hand
 Of that black Name, *Edward*, black Prince of *Wales*:
 While that his Mountain Sire, on Mountain standing,
 Up in the Air, crown'd with the Golden Sun,
 Saw his Heroick Seed, and smil'd to see him
 Mangle the work of Nature, and deface
 The Patterns that by God and by *French* Fathers
 Had twenty Years been made. This is a Stem
 Of that Victorious Stock; and let us fear
 The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from *Harry* King of *England*,
 Do crave admittance to your Majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present Audience.
 Go, and bring them.

You see this Chase is hotly followed, Friends.

Dau. Turn Head, and stop pursuir; for Coward Dogs
 Most spend their Mouths, when what they seem to threaten
 Runs far before them. Good my Sovereign,
 Take up the *English* short, and let them know
 Of what a Monarchy you are the Head:
 Self-love, my Liege, is not so vile a Sin,
 As self-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

Fr. King. From our Brother of *England*?

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Majesty:
 He wills you in the Name of God Almighty,
 That you divest your self, and lay apart
 The borrowed Glories, that, by gift of Heaven,
 By Law of Nature, and of Nations, 'longs
 To him and to his Heirs; namely, the Crown,
 And all wide-stretched Honours that pertain,
 By Custom and the Ordinance of Times,
 Unto the Crown of *France*. That you may know
 'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward Claim,

Pick'd

Pick'd from the Worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
 Nor from the dust of Old Oblivion rak'd,
 He sends you this most memorable Line,
 In every Branch truly demonstrative,
 Willing you over-look his Pedigree;
 And when you find him evenly deriv'd
 From his most fam'd of famous Ancestors,
Edward the Third; he bids you then resign
 Your Crown and Kingdom indirectly held
 From him, the native and true Challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the Crown
 Even in your Hearts, there will he rake for it.
 And therefore in fierce Tempest is he coming,
 In Thunder and in Earthquake, like a *Jove*:
 That if requiring fail, he will compell.
 He bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,
 Deliver up the Crown, and to take mercy
 On the poor Souls for whom this hungry War
 Opens his vasty Jaws: and on your Head
 Turning the Widows Tears, the Orphans Cries,
 The dead Mens Blood, the privy Maidens Groans,
 For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Lovers,
 That shall be swallowed in this Controversie.
 This is his Claim, his Threatning, and my Message;
 Unless the *Dauphin* be in presence here,
 To whom expressly I bring Greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further:
 To morrow shall you bear our full intent
 Back to our Brother of *England*.

Dau. For the *Dauphin*,
 I stand here for him; what to him from *England*?

Exe. Scorn and Defiance, slight Regard, Contempt,
 And any thing that may not mis-become
 The mighty Sender, doth he prize you at.
 Thus says my King; and if your Father's Highness
 Do not, in grant of all Demands at large,
 Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Majesty;

He'll call you to so hot an Answer of it,
That Caves and wombby Vaultages of *France*
Shall chide your Trespas, and return your Mock
In second Accent of his Ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my Father tender fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but Odds with *England*; to that end,
As matching to his Youth and Vanity,
I did present him with the *Paris* Balls.

Exe. He'll make your *Paris* *Louuer* shake for it,
Were it the Mistress Court of mighty *Europe*:
And be assur'd you'll find a difference,
As we, his Subjects, have in wonder found,
Between the Promise of his greener days
And these he Masters now; now he weighs Time
Even to the utmost Grain, that you shall read
In your own Losses, if he stay in *France*.

Fr. King. To morrow you shall know our mind at full.
[Flourish.]

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our King
Come here himself to question our delay,
For he is footed in this Land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon Dispatch'd with fair Conditions,
A Night is but small breath, and little pause
To answer matters of this Consequence. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

THUS with imagin'd Wing our swift Scene flies,
In motion of no less Celerity,
Than that of Thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well appointed King at *Dover* Peer,
Embark his Royalty; and his brave Fleet,
With Silken Streamers, the young *Phœbus* fanning;
Play with your Fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the Hempen Tackle, Ship Boys climbing;
Hear the shrill Whistle, which doth Order give

To

To sounds confus'd; behold the threaten Sails,
 Born with th'invisible and creeping Wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms thro' the furrow'd Sea,
 Breasting the lofty Surge. O, do but think
 You stand upon the Rivage, and behold
 A City on th'inconstant Billows dancing;
 For so appears this Fleet Majestical,
 Holding due courſe to *Harfleur*. Follow, follow.
 Grapple your Minds to ſternage of this Navy,
 And leave your *England* as dead Midnight, ſtill,
 Guarded with Grandfires, Babies and old Women,
 Either paſt, or not arriv'd to pith and puiſſance:
 For who is he, whoſe Chin is but enrich'd
 With one appearing Hair, that will not follow
 Theſe cull'd and choice drawn Cavaliers to *France*?
 Work, work your Thoughts, and therein ſee a Siege:
 Behold the Ordnance on their Carriages,
 With fatal Mouths gaping on girded *Harfleur*.
 Suppose th'Ambaſſador from the *French* comes back,
 Tells *Harry*, That the King doth offer him
Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowry
 Some petty and unprofitable Dukedoms.
 The Offer likes not; and the nimble Gunner
 With Lynſtock now the Devilish Cannon touches:

[*Alarm, and Chambers go off.*

And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
 And ech out our performance with your Mind. [Exit.
Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, and Glouceſter with
Scaling-Ladders as before Harfleur.

K. Henry. Once more unto the Breach,
 Dear Friends, once more;
 Or cloſe the Wall up with our *English* dead:
 In Peace there's nothing ſo becomes a Man
 As modeſt ſtillneſs and humility:
 But when the blaſt of War blows in our Ears,
 Then imitate the Actions of the Tyger;
 Stiffen the Sinews, ſummon up the Blood,
 Diſguiſe fair Nature with hard-favour'd Rage;
 Then lend the Eye a terrible aſpect;
 Let it pry through the Portage of the Head,

Like the Brass Cannon, let the Brow o'erwhelm it,
 As fearfully as doth a galled Rock
 O'er-hang and jutty his confounded Base,
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful Ocean.
 Now set the Teeth, and stretch the Nostril wide,
 Hold hard the Breath, and bend up every Spirit
 To his full height. On, you noblest *English*,
 Whose Blood is set from Fathers of War-proof;
 Fathers, that like so many *Alexanders*,
 Have in these parts from Morn 'till Even fought,
 And sheath'd their Swords for lack of Argument;
 Dishonour not your Mothers; now attest,
 That those whom you call'd Fathers did beget you.
 Be Copy now to Men of grosser Blood,
 And teach them how to War; and you, good Yeomen,
 Whose Limbs were made in *England*, shew us here
 The mettle of your Pasture: Let us swear,
 That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not;
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your Eyes.
 I see you stand like Greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the Start. The Game's a-foot:
 Follow your Spirit; and upon this Charge,
 Cry, God for *Harry, England*, and *St. George*.

[*Alarm and Chambers go off.*]

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, to the Breach, to the Breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee, Corporal, stay, the Knocks are too hot; and for mine own part, I have not a Case of Lives, the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain Song of it.

Pist. The plain Song is most just; for humours do abound: Knocks go and come: God's Vassals drop and dye; and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth win immortal Fame.

Boy. Wou'd I were in an Ale-house in *London*, I would give all my Fame for a Pot of Ale, and Safety.

Pist. And I; if wishes would prevail with me, my purpose should not fail with me; but thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth sing on bough.

Enter

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you Dogs; avant, you Cullions.

Pist. Be merciful, great Duke, to Men of Mould, abate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage; abate thy Rage, great Duke. Good Bawcock, bate thy Rage, use lenity, sweet Chuck.

Nim. These be good humours; your Honour wins bad humours. [Exit.]

Boy. As young as I am, I have observ'd these three Swashers. I am Boy to them all three but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three such Antiques do not amount to a Man; for *Bardolph*, he is white-liver'd, and red-fac'd; by the means whereof, a faces it out, but fights not; for *Pistol*, he hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the means whereof, a breaks Words, and keeps whole Weapons; for *Nim*, he hath heard, that Men of few Words are the best Men, and therefore he scorns to say his Prayers, lest a should be thought a Coward; but his few bad words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for a never broke any Man's head but his own, and that was against a Post, when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it Purchase. *Bardolph* stole a Lute-case, bore it twelve Leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. *Nim* and *Bardolph* are sworn Brothers in filching; and in *Calice* they stole a fire-shovel. I knew, by that piece of Service, the Men would carry Coals. They would have me as familiar with Mens Pockets, as their Gloves or their Hand-kerchers; which makes much against my Manhood, if I would take from another's Pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketting up of Wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better Service; their Villany goes against my weak Stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [Exit Boy.]

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captain *Fluellen*, you must come presently to the Mines; the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

Flu. To the Mines? Tell you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the Mines; for look you, the Mines are not according to the Disciplines of the War; the Concavites of it is not sufficient; for look you, th' athversary, you may

discuss unto the Duke, look you, is digt himself four yards under the Countermines; by *Cheshu*, I think a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gower. The Duke of *Gloucester*, to whom the Order of the Siege is given, is altogether directed by an *Irish* man, a very valiant Gentleman, I' faith.

Flu. It is Captain *Mackmorrice*, is it not?

Gower. I think it be.

Flu. By *Cheshu* he is an *Ass*, as is in the World, I will verifie as much, in his Beard; he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the Wars, look you, of the *Roman* disciplines, than is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Mackmorrice, and Captain Jamy.

Gower. Here a comes, and the *Scots* Captain, Captain *Jamy*, with him.

Flu. Captain *Jamy* is a marvellous valorous Gentleman, that is, certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in the auncient Wars, upon my paricular knowledge of his directions; by *Cheshu* he will maintain his Argument as well as any Military Man in the World, in the Disciplines of the pristine Wars of the *Romans*.

Jamy. I say gudday, Captain *Fluellen*.

Flu. Godden to your Worship, good Captain *James*.

Gower. How now, Captain *Mackmorrice*, have you quit the Mines? have the *Pioneers* given o'er?

Mack. By *Christ*, Law, tis ill done; the Work ish give over, the Trumpet sound the Retreat. By my hand I swear, and by my Father's Soul, the Work ish ill done; it ish give over; I would have blowed up the Town, so *Christ* save me, law, in an hour. O tis ill done, tis ill done; by my Hand tis ill done.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorrice*, I beseech you now, will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the War, the *Roman* Wars, in the way of Argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my Opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my Mind, as touching the direction of the Military Discipline, that is the Point.

Jamy.

Jam. It shall be very gud, gud feish, gud Captens bath, and I shall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that shall I marry.

Mack. It is no time to discourse, so Christ save me: The Day is hot, and the Weather, and the Wars, and the King, and the Duke; it is not time to discourse, the Town is beseech'd; and the Trumpet calls us to the Breach, and we talk, and by Christ do nothing. 'tis shame for us all; so God save me 'tis shame to stand still, it is shame by my hand; and there is Throats to be cut, and Works to be done, and there is nothing done, so Christ save me law.

Jamy. By the Mes, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, ayle de gud service, or Ile ligge i' th' ground for it; ay, or go to death; and Ile pay't as valorously as I may, that shall I surely do, the breff and the long; marry, I was full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorrice*, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your Nation.

Mack. Of my Nation? what is my Nation? Is a Villain, and a Bastard, and a Knave, and a Rascal? What is my Nation? Who talks of my Nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain *Mackmorrice*, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability, as in discretion you ought to use me, look you, being as good a Man as your self both in the disciplines of Wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mack. I do not know you so good a Man as my self; so Christ save me, I will cut off your head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. A, that's a foul fault.

[A Parley sounded.]

Gower. The Town sounds a Parley.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorrice*, when there is more better opportunity to be requir'd, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of War, and there is an end.

[Exeunt.]

Enter King Henry, and his Train before the Gates.

K. Henry. How yet resolves the Governor of the Town? This is the latest Parle we will admit; Therefore to our best mercy give your selves, Or like to Men proud of destruction,

Defie us to our worst; for as I am a Soldier,
 A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best;
 If I begin the Batt'ry once again,
 I will not leave the half-atchieved *Harfleur*,
 'Till in her Ashes she lie buried.
 The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut up,
 And the flesh'd Soldier, rough and hard of Heart,
 In liberty of bloody Hand, shall range
 With Conscience wide as Hell, mowing like Grass
 Your fresh fair Virgins, and your flowring Infants.
 What is it then to me, if impious War,
 Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,
 Do with his smircht Complexion all fell Feats,
 Enlinckt to waste and desolation?
 What is't to me, when you your selves are cause,
 If your pure Maidens fall into the Hand
 Of hot and forcing Violation?
 What Rein can hold licentious Wickedness,
 When down the Hill he holds his fierce Career?
 We may as bootless spend our vain Command
 Upon th'enraged Soldiers in their Spoil,
 As sends Precepts to the *Leviathan*
 To come a-shoar. Therefore, you Men of *Harfleur*,
 Take pity of your Town and of your People,
 Whiles yet my Soldiers are in my Command,
 Whiles yet the cool and temperate Wind of Grace
 O'er-blows the filthy and contagious Clouds
 Of heady Murther, Spoil, and Villany.
 If not; why in a moment look to see
 The blind and bloody Soldier, with foul hand
 Defile the Locks of your shrill-shrieking Daughters;
 Your Fathers taken by the silver Beards,
 And their most reverend Heads dasht to the Walls:
 Your naked Infants spitted upon Pikes,
 While the mad Mothers, with their howls confus'd,
 Do break the Clouds; as did the Wives of *Jewry*,
 At *Herod's* bloody-hunting slaughter-men.
 What say you? Will you yield, and this avoid?
 Or guilty in defence be thus destroy'd?

Enter Governor.

Gov. Our expectation hath this Day an end:

Th

The Dauphin, of whom Succours we entreated,
Returns us, that his Powers are yet not ready,
To raise so great a Siege. Therefore, great King,
We yield our Town and Lives to thy soft Mercy:
Enter our Gates, dispose of us and ours,
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Henry. Open your Gates: Come, Uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur, there remain,
And fortifie it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all for us, dear Uncle.
The Winter coming on, and Sickness growing
Upon our Soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
To Night in Harfleur we will be your Guest,
To morrow for the March we are address.

[Flourish, and enter the Town.]

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.

Kath. Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, & tu parlois bien le
Language.

Alice. Un peu, Madame.

Kath. Je te prie de m'enseigner, il faut que j'apprenne à
parler. Comment appelle vous la main en Anglois?

Alice. La main, il est appelé, de Hand.

Kath. De Hand.

Alice. Et le doyt.

Kath. Le doyt, me soy je oublie le doyt, mais je me souviens
dray le doyt. je pense qu'ils ont appelé des fingres, ouy de fingres.

Alice. La main, de Hand, le doyt, le Fingres. Je pense
que je suis le bon escolier.

Kath. J'ay gagné deux mots d'Anglois vistement, comment
appelle vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles, les appellons de Nayles.

Kath. De Nayles escoutez: dites moy, si je parle bien: de
Hand, de Fingres, de Nayles.

Alice. C'est bien dit Madame, il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy en Anglois le bras.

Alice. De Arme, Madame.

Kath. Et le Coude.

Alice. D'Elbow.

Kath. D'Elbow: Je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les
mots que vous m'avez appris des a present.

Alice. Il est trop difficile Madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excuse moy Alice, escoute, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arme de Bilbow.

Alice. D'Elbow, Madame.

Kath. O Signeur Dieu, je m'en oublie d'Elbow, comment appelé vous le col?

Alice. De Neck, Madame.

Kath. De Neck, & le manton?

Alice. De Chin.

Kath. De Sin, le col de Neck: le manton, de Sirs.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur en verité vous prononciés les mots aussi droit que le Natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par le grace de Dieu, & en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas desja oublié ce que je vous ay enseigné?

Kath. Non. je reciteray a vous promptement d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles Madame.

Alice. De Nayles, Madame.

Kath. De Nayles, de Arme, de Ilbow.

Alice. Sauf vostre honneur d'Elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis-je d'Elbow, de Neck, de Sin: comment appelé vous les pieds & de robe.

Alice. Le Foot Madame, & le Count.

Kath. Le Foot, & le Count: O Signieur Dieu! ce sont des mots mauvais, corruptible & impudique, & non pour les Dammes d'Honneur d'user: Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France pour tout le monde! Il faut le Foot, & le Count, neant moins. Je reciteray un autrefois ma leçon ensemble, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arme, d'Elbow, de Neck, de Sin, de Foot, de Count.

Alice. Excellent, Madame.

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois, allons nous en disner. [Exeunt
Enter the King of France, the Dauphin, Duke of Britain, the Constable of France, and others.

Fr. K. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the River Some.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my Lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all.

And give our Vineyards to a Barbarous People.

Dan. O Diew vivants! shall a few Sprays of us,

The

The emptying of our Father's Luxury,
Our Syens, put in Wild and Savage Stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the Clouds,
And over-look their Grafters?

Brit. Normans, but Bastard Normans, Norman Bastards.
Mort de ma vie, if thus they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my Dukedom,
To buy a slobbry and a dirty Farm
In that hook-shotten Isle of *Albion*.

Con. Dieu de Batailles! Where have they this Mettle?
Is not their Climate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in despight, the Sun looks pale,
Killing their Fruit with Frowns? Can sodden Water,
A Drench for Sur-reyn'd Jades, their Barly-broth,
Dococt their cold Blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick Blood spirited with Wine,
Seem frosty? Oh! for the Honour of our Land,
Let us not hang like roping Isicles
Upon our Houses Thatch, whiles a more frosty People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich Fields:
Poor we may call them, in their Native Lords.

Dau. By Faith and Honour,
Our Madams mock at us, and plainly say,
Our Mettle is bred out, and they will give
Their Bodies to the Lust of *English* Youth,
To New-store *France* with Bastard Warriors.

Brit. They bid us to the *English* Dancing Schools,
And teach *Lavalta's* high, and swift *Curranto's*,
Saying, our Grace is only in our Heels,
And that we are most lofty Run-aways,

Fr. King. Whereis *Montjoy*, the Herald? speed him hence;
Let him greet *England* with our sharp Defiance.
Up Princes, and with Spirit of Honour edg'd,
More sharper than your Swords, hie to the Field -
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of *France*;
You Duke of *Orleans*, *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanfon, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgundy*,
Jaques Chatillion, *Rambures*, *Vandemont*,
Beaumont, *Grandpree*, *Rouffie*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loys, *Lestrale*, *Benciquall*, and *Charatoy*,

High

High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
 For your great Seats, now quit you of great shames:
 Bar *Harry England*, that sweeps through our Land
 With Penons painted in the Blood of *Harfleur*:
 Rush on his Host, as doth the melted Snow
 Upon the Vallies, whose low Vassal Seat
 The *Alps* doth spit, and void his rheum upon.
 Go down upon him, you have Power enough,
 And in a Captive Chariot, into *Roan*
 Bring him our Prisoner.

Con. This becomes the Great.

Sorry am I his Numbers are so few,
 His Soldiers sick, and famisht in their March:
 For I am sure, when he shall see our Army,
 He'll drop his Heart into the sink of Fear,
 And for Atchievement, offer us his Ransom.

F. King. Therefore Lord Constable, haste on *Mountjoy*,
 And let him say to *England*, that we send,
 To know what willing Ransom he will give.
 Prince *Dauphin*, you shall stay with us in *Roan*.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your Majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
 Now forth Lord Constable and Princes all;
 And quickly bring us word of *England's* Fall. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gower and Fluellen.

(Bridge?)

Gow. How now, Captain *Fluellen*, come you from the
Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent Services com-
 mitted at the Bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of *Exeter* safe?

Flu. The Duke of *Exeter* is as magnanimous as *Agamem-
 non*, and a Man that I love and honour with my Soul, and my
 Heart, and my Duty, and my Life, and my Living, and my
 uttermost Power. He is not, God be praised and blessed,
 any hurt in the World, but keeps the Bridge most valiantly,
 with excellent Discipline. There is an ancient Lieutenant
 there at the Bridge, I think in my very Conscience he is as
 Valiant a Man as *Mark Anthony*, and he is a Man of no Esti-
 mation in the World, but I did see him do as gallant Service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd Ancient *Pistol*.

Gow.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Here is the Man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours: The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. I, I praise God, and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. *Bardolph*, a Soldier firm and sound of Heart, and of buxom Volour, hath by cruel Fate, and giddy Fortune's furious fickle Wheel, that Goddess blind, that stands upon the rolling restless Stone——

Flu. By your Patience, ancient *Pistol*: Fortune is painted blind, with a Muffler before her Eyes, to signifie to you, that Fortune is blind; and she is painted also with a Wheel, to signifie to you, which is the Moral of it, that she is turning and inconstant, and mutability, and variation; and her Foot, look you, is fixed upon a Spherical Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles; in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent Moral.

Pist. Fortune is *Bardolph's* Foe, and frowns on him; for he hath stoln a *Pax*, and Hanged must a be; Damned Death; let Gallows gape for Dog, let man go free, and let not Hemp his Wind-pipe suffocate; but *Exeter* hath given the Doom of Death for *Pax* of little Price. Therefore go speak, the Duke will hear thy voice; and let not *Bardolph's* vital Thread be cut with edge of Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speak Captain for his Life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient *Pistol*, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then rejoyce therefore.

Flu. Certainly Ancient, it is not a thing to rejoyce at; for if, look you, he were my Brother, I would desire the Duke to use his good Pleasure, and put him to Execution; for Discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die, and be damn'd, and *Figo* for they Friendship?

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The Fig of *Spain*.

[Exit Pist.]

Flu. Very good.

Gow.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Rascal, I remember him now; a Bawd, a Cut-purse,

Flu. I'll assure you, a utt'ed as prave words at the Pridge as you shall see in a Summers Day; but it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why 'tis a Gull, a Fool, a Rogue, that now and then goes to the Wars, to grace himself at his return into *London*, under the form of a Soldier; and such Fellows are perfect in the Great Commanders Names, and they will learn you by rote where Services were done; at such and such a Sconce, at such a Breach, at such a Convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what terms the Enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the Phrase of War, which they trick up with new-tuned Oaths; and what a Beard of the Generals Cut, and a horrid Sute of the Camp, will do among foaming Bottles, and Ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on; but you must learn to know such slanders of the Age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain *Gower*; I do perceive he is not the Man that he would gladly make shew to the World he is; if I find a hole in his Coat, I will tell him my mind; hear you, the King is coming, and I must speak with him from the Pridge.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his poor Soldiers.

Flu. God pless your Majesty.

K. Henry. How now *Fluellen*, cam'st thou from the Bridge?

Flu. I, so please your Majesty: The Duke of *Exeter* has very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the *French* is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave Passages; marry, th' athversary was have possession of the Pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of *Exeter* is Master of the Pridge: I can tell your Majesty, the Duke is a prave Man.

K. Henry. What Men have you lost, *Fluellen*?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great; marry for my part, I think the Duke hath lost never a Man, but one that is like to be executed for Robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Majesty know
the

the Man: His Face is all Bubukles, and Whelks, and Knobs, and flames a Fire, and his Lips blows at his Nose, and it is like a Coal of Fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red, but his Nose is executed, and his Fire's out.

K. Henry. We would have all such Offenders so cut off, and we give expresse charge, that in our Marches through the Country, there be nothing compell'd from the Villages; nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful Language; for when Lenity and Cruelty play for a Kingdom, the gentler Gamester is the soonest Winner.

Tucket sounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. You know me by my Habit.

K. Henry. Well then, I know thee; what shall I know of thee?

Mount. My Master's Mind.

K. Henry. Unfold it.

Mount. Thus says my King: Say thou to Harry of England, though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: Advantage is a better Soldier than Rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuk'd him at *Harfleur*, but that we thought not good to bruise an Injury, 'till it were full ripe. Now we speak upon our Cue, and our Voice is imperial: England shall repent his Folly, see his Weakness, and admire our Sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his Ransom, which must proportion the Losses we have born, the Subjects we have lost, the Disgrace we have digested; which in weight to re-answer, his Pettiness would bow under. For our Losses, his Exchequer is too poor; for th' effusion of our Blood, the Muster of his Kingdom too faint a Number; and for our Disgrace, his own Person kneeling at our Feet, but a weak and worthless Satisfaction. To this add Defiance, and tell him for conclusion, he hath betray'd his Followers, whose Condemnation is pronounc'd. So far my King and Master; so much my Office.

K. Henry. What is thy Name? I know thy Quality.

Mount. Mountjoy.

K. Henry. Thou do'st thy Office fairly. Turn thee back, And tell thy King. I do not seek him now, But could be willing to march on to Calais,

Without

Without Impeachment; for to say the sooth,
 Though 'tis no Wisdom to confess so much,
 Unto an Enemy of Craft and Vantage,
 My People are with Sicknes much enfeebled,
 My Numbers lessen'd; and those few I have,
 Almost no better than so many *French*;
 Who when they were in health, I tell thee, Herald,
 I thought, upon one pair of *English* Legs
 Did march three *Frenchmen*. Yet forgive me, God,
 That I do brag thus; this your Air of *France*
 Hath blown that Vice in me; I must repent.
 Go therefore tell thy Master, here I am;
 My Ransom is this frail and worthless Trunk;
 My Army but a weak and sickly Guard:
 Yet God before, tell him we will come on,
 Though *France* himself, and such another Neighbour
 Stand in our way. There's for thy Labour, *Mounsjoy*.
 Go bid thy Master well advise himself,
 If we may pass, we will; if we be hindred,
 We shall your tawny Ground with your red Blood
 Discolour; and so *Mounsjoy* fare you well.
 The sum of all our Answer is but this;
 We would not seek a Battle, as we are,
 Nor as we are, we say, we will not shun it:
 So tell your Master.

Mount. I shall deliver so: Thanks to your Highness. [*Exit.*]

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Henry. We are in God's hand, Brother, not in theirs:
 March to the Bridge, it now draws toward Night,
 Beyond the River we'll encamp our selves,
 And on to morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*]
Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambures, Orleans,
Dauphin, with others.

Con. Tut, I have the best Armour of the World; would
 it were day.

Orl. You have an excellent Armour; but let my Horse
 have his due.

Con. It is the best Horse of *Europe*.

Orl. Will it never be Morning?

Dan.

Dan. My Lord of Orleans, and my Lord High Constable, you talk of Horse and Armour?

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any Prince in the World.

Dan. What a long Night is this? I will not change my Horse with any that treads but on four Pasterns; ch'ha; he bounds from the Earth, as if his Entrails were hairs; *Le Cheval volant*, the *Pegasus*, *qu'il a les narines de feu*. When I bestride him, I soar, I am a Hawk; he trots the Air; the Earth sings, when he touches it; the basest Horn of his Hoof is more Musical than the Pipe of *Hermes*.

Orl. He's of the colour of a Nutmeg.

Dan. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beast for *Persæus*; he is pure Air and Fire; and the dull Elements of Earth and Water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his Rider amounts him; he is indeed a Horse, and all other Jades you may call Beasts.

Con. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent Horse,

Dan. It is the Prince of Palfreys, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his Countenance enforces Homage.

Orl. No more, Cousin.

Dan. Nay, the Man hath no wit, that cannot from the rising of the Lark to the lodging of the Lamb, vary deserved praise on my Palfrey; it is a Theme as fluent as the Sea: Turn the Sands into eloquent Tongues, and my Horse is argument for them all; 'tis a subject for a Sovereign to reason on, and for a Sovereign's Sovereign to ride on; and for the World, familiar to us, and unknown, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a Sonnet in his praise and began thus, *Wonder of Nature* —

Orl. I have heard a Sonnet begin so to ones Mistress.

Dan. Then did they imitate that, which I compos'd to my Courser, for my Horse is my Mistress.

Orl. Your Mistress bears well.

Dan. Me well, which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular Mistress.

Con.

Con. Nay, for methought Yesterday your Mistress shrewdly shook your Back.

Dau. So perhaps did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O then belike she was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Horse off, and in your strait Stroffers.

Con. You have good Judgment in Horfemanship.

Dau. Be warn'd by me then; they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul Bogs; I had rather have my Horse to my Mistress.

Con. I had as lieve have my Mistress a Jade.

Dau. I tell thee Constable, my Mistress wears his own Hair.

Con. I could make as true a Boast as that, if I had a Sow to my Mistress.

Dau. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, & la truie lavée au boubier*; thou mak'st use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my Horse for my Mistress, or any such Proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My Lord Constable, the Armour that I saw in your Tent to Night, are those Stars or Suns upon it?

Con. Stars, my Lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my Sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away.

Con. Ev'n as your Horse bears your praises, who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert. Will it never be day? I will trot to morrow a Mile, and my way shall be paved with *English* Faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be fac'd out of my way; but I would it were Morning, for I would fain be about the Ears of the *English*.

Ram. Who will go to Hazard with me for twenty Prisoners?

Con. You must first go your self to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis Mid-night, I'll go arm my self.

[Exit.
Orl.]

Orl. The Dauphin longs for Morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the *English*.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white Hand of my Lady, he's a gallant Prince.

Con. Swear by her Foot, that she may tread out the Oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active Gentleman of *France*.

Con. Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm. that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to morrow; he will keep that good Name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry he told me so himself, and he said he car'd not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden Virtue in him.

Con. By my Faith, Sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his Lacquey; 'tis a hooded Valour, and when it appears, it will abate.

Orl. Ill-will never said well.

Con. I will cap that Proverb with, *There is Flattery in Friendship*.

Orl. And I will take up that with, *Give the Devil his due*.

Con. Well plac'd; there stands your Friend for the Devil; have at the very Eye of that Proverb with, *A Fox of the Devil*.

Orl. You are the better at Proverbs, by how much a *Fool's Bolt is soon shot*.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were over-shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord high Constable, the *English* lye within fifteen hundred Paces of your Tents.

Con. Who hath measur'd the Ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpree.

Con.

Con. A valiant and most expert Gentleman. Would it were day. Alas poor *Harry of England*; he longs not for the Dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish Fellow is this King of *England*, to mope with his fat-brain'd Followers so far out of his Knowledge.

Con. If the *English* had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their Heads had any intellectual Armour, they could never wear such heavy Head-pieces.

Ram. That Island of *England* breeds very valiant Creatures; their Mastiffs are of unmatchable Courage.

Orl. Foolish Curs, that run winking into the Mouth of a *Russian* Bear, and have their Heads crush'd like rotten Apples; you may as well say, that's a valiant Flea, that dare eat his Breakfast on the Lip of a Lion.

Con. Just, just; and the Men do sympathize with the Mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their Wits with their Wives; and then give them great Meals of Beef, and Iron and Steel; they will eat like Wolves, and fight like Devils.

Orl. Ay, but these *English* are shrewdly out of Beef.

Con. Then shall we find to morrow, they have only Stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two a Clock; but let me see, by ten We shall have each a hundred *Englishmen*. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

NOW entertain Conjecture of a time,
When creeping Murmur and the poring Dark
Fills the wide Vessel of the Universe.
From Camp to Camp, through the foul Womb of Night,
The Hum of either Army stilly sounds,

That

That the fixt Centinels almost receive
The secret Whispers of each others Watch.
Fire answers Fire, and through their paly Flames
Each Battel sees the others umber'd face.
Steed threatens Steed, in high and boastful Neighs
Piercing the Night's dull Ear; and from the Tents,
The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
With busie Hammers closing Rivets up,
Give dreadful Note of Preparation.
The Country Cocks do crow, the Clocks do towl;
And the third Hour of droufie Morning nam'd,
Proud of their Numbers, and secure in Soul,
The confident and over-lusty *French*,
Do the low-rated *English* play at Dice:
And chide the cruple-tardy-gated Night,
Who like a foul and ugly Witch do's limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned *English*,
Like Sacrifices, by their watchful Fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The Mornings Danger: And their Gesture sad,
Investing lank-lean Cheeks, and War-worn Coats,
Presented them unto the gazing Moon
So many horrid Ghosts. O now who will behold
The Royal Captain of this ruin'd Band
Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent,
Let him cry, Praise and Glory on his Head:
For forth he goes, and visits all his Host,
Bids them good morrow with a modest Smile,
And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Country-men.
Upon his Royal Face there is no Note,
How dread an Army hath enreounded him;
Nor doth he Dedicate one jot of Colour
Unto the weary and all-watched Night:
But freshly looks, and over-bears Attaint,
With chearful Semblance, and sweet Majesty:
That every Wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks Comfort from his Looks.
A Largess universal, like the Sun,
His liberal Eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold Fear, that mean and gentle all

Behold,

Behold, as may Unworthiness define,
 A little touch of *Harry* in the Night.
 And so our Scene must to the Battel fly:
 Where, O for pity, we shall much disgrace,
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils
 (Right-ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous)
 The Name of *Agincourt*. Yet sit and see,
 Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries be. [Exit.

Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Gloucester.

K. Henry. Glo'ster. 'tis true that we are in great danger,
 The greater therefore should our Courage be.
 Good morrow, Brother *Bedford*: God Almighty,
 There is some Soul of Goodness in things Evil,
 Would Men observingly distil it out.
 For our bad Neighbour makes us early Stirrers,
 Which is both Healthful, and good Husbandry.
 Besides, they are our outward Consciences,
 And Preachers to us all; admonishing,
 That we should dress us fairly for our end.
 Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
 And make a Moral of the Devil himself.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir *Thomas Erpingham*:
 A good soft Pillow for that good white Head
 Were better, than a churlish Turf of *France*.

Erping. Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
 Since I may say, now lye I like a King.

K. Henry. 'Tis good for Men to love their present Pain,
 Upon Example, to the Spirit is eased:
 And when the Mind is quickened, out of doubt
 The Organs, though Defunct and Dead before,
 Break up their drowsie Grave, and newly move
 With casted slough, and fresh celerity.
 Lend me thy Cloak, Sir *Thomas*: Brothers both,
 Commend me to the Princes in our Camp:
 Do my good-morrow to them, and anon
 Desire them all to my Pavillion.

Glo. We shall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?

K. Henry. No, my good Knight:

Go with my Brothers to my Lords of England:
I and my Bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other Company.

Erping. The Lord in Heav'n blefs thee, noble Harry.

[*Exeunt.*]

K. Henry. God a mercy, old Heart, thou speak'st cheer-
fully.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. *Qui va la?*

K. Henry. A Friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me, art thou Officer, or art thou base,
common and popular?

K. Henry. I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant Pike?

K. Henry. Even so: What are you?

Pist. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.

K. Henry. Then you are a better than the King.

Pist. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a Lad
of Life, an Imp of Fame, of Parents good, of Fist most
valiant: I kiss his dirty Shooe, and from Heart-string I
love the lovely Bully. What is thy Name?

K. Henry. *Harry le Roy.*

Pist. *Le Roy!* a Cornish Name: Art thou of Cornish Crew?

K. Henry. No, I am a *Welchman.*

Pist. Know'st thou *Fluellen?*

K. Henry. Yes.

Pist. Tell him I'll knock his Leek about his Pate upon
St. David's Day.

K. Henry. Do not you wear your Dagger in your Cap
that Day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his Friend?

K. Henry. And his Kinsman too.

Pist. The *Figo* for thee then.

K. Henry. I thank you: God be with you.

Pist. My Name is *Pistol* call'd.

[*Exit.*]

K. Henry. It sorts well with your Fierceness.

[*Manet King Henry.*]

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Captain *Fluellen.*

Flu.

Flu. So, in the Name of Jesu Christ, speak fewer: It is the greatest Admiration in the universal World, when the true and auncient Prerogatives and Laws of the Wars is not kept: If you would take the Pains but to examine the Wars of *Pompey* the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, nor pibble babble in *Pompey's* Camp: I warrant you, you shall find the Ceremonies of the Wars, and the Cares of it, and the Forms of it, and the Sobriety of it, and the Modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the Enemy is loud, you hear him all Night.

Flu. If the Enemy is an Ass, and a Fool, and a prating Coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an Ass, and a Fool, and a prating Coxcomb, in your own Conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt.*]

K. Henry. Tho' it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much Care and Valour in this *Welchman*.

Enter three Soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother *John Bates*, is not that the Morning, which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be; but we have no great Cause to desire the Approach of Day.

Williams. We see yonder the Beginning of the Day, but I think we shall never see the End of it. Who goes there?

K. Henry. A Friend,

Will. Under what Captain serve you?

K. Henry. Under Sir *John Erpingham*.

Will. A good old Commander, and a most kind Gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our Estate?

K. Henry. Even as Men wrack'd upon a Sand, that look to be wash'd off the next Tide.

Bates. He hath not told his Thought to the King?

K. Henry. No; nor is it meet he should: For though I speak it to you, I think the King is but a Man, as I am:

The

The Violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the Element shews to him, as it doth to me; all his Senses have but human Conditions. His Ceremonies laid by, in his Nakedness he appears but a Man; and tho' his Affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop they stoop with the like Wing; therefore, when he sees reason of Fears, as we do, his Fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are; yet, in reason, no Man should possess him with any appearance of Fear; lest he, by shewing it, should dishearten his Army.

Bates. He may shew what outward Courage he will; but, I believe, as cold a Night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the *Thames* up to the Neck, and so I would he were, and I by him, at all Adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Henry. By my troth, I will speak my Conscience of the King; I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor Mens Lives saved.

K. Henry. I dare say, you love him not so ill to wish him here alone; howsoever, you speak this to feel other Mens Minds. Methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the King's Company; his Cause being just, and his Quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after, for we know enough, if we know we are the King's Subjects: If his Cause be wrong, our Obedience to the King wipes the Crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the Cause be not good, the King himself hath a heavy Reckoning to make, when all those Legs, and Arms, and Heads chop'd off in a Battel, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all, *We dy'd at such a Place*; some Swearing, some crying for a Surgeon; some upon their Wives left poor behind them; some upon the Debts they owe; some upon their Children rawly left: I am afraid there are few die well that die in Battel; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing when Blood is their Argument? Now, if these Men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it, whom to disobey, were against all proportion of Subjection.

K. Henry. So, if a Son, that is by his Father sent about Merchandize, do sinfully miscarry upon the Sea, the imputation of his Wickedness, by your Rule, should be imposed upon his Father that sent him; or, if a Servant under his Master's Command, transporting a sum of Mony, be assail'd by Robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd Iniquities; you may call the business of the Master the Author of the Servant's Damnation; but this is not so: The King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his Soldiers, the Father of his Son, nor the Master of his Servant; for they purpose not their Death, when they purpose their Services. Besides, there is no King, be his Cause never so spotless, if it come to the Arbitrement of Swords, can try it out with all unspotted Soldiers: Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived Murther; some, of be-guiling Virgins with the broken Seals of Perjury; some, making the Wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle Bosom of Peace with Pillage and Robbery. Now, if these Men have defeated the Law, and out-run Native Punishment; though they can out-strip Men, they have no Wings to fly from God. War is his Beadle, War is his Vengeance; so that here Men are punish'd, for before breach of the King's Laws, in now the King's Quarrel; where they feared the Death, they have born Life away, and where they would be safe they perish. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their Damnation, than he was before guilty of those Impieties, for the which they are now visited. Every Subject's Duty is the King's, but every Subject's Soul is his own. Therefore should every Soldier in the Wars do as every sick Man in his Bed, wash every Moth out of his Conscience: And dying so, Death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained; and in him that escapes it were not Sin to think that making God so free an offer, he let him out-live that day to see his Greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every Man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own Head, the King is not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Henry.

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K. Henry. I my self heard the King say, he would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight chearfully; but when our Throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Henry. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then; that's a perilous shot out of an Elder-Gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a Monarch; you may as well go about to turn the Sun to Ice, with fanning in his Face with a Peacock's Feather: You'll never trust his Word after! Come, 'tis a foolish Saying.

K. Henry. Your Reproof is something too round, I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a Quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Henry. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Henry. Give me any Gage of thine, and I will wear it in my Bonnet: Then if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrel.

Will. Here's my Glove; give me another of thine.

K. Henry. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my Cap; if ever thou come to me, and say, after to morrow, This is my Glove, by this Hand I will give thee a Box on the Ear.

K. Henry. If ever I live to see it I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

K. Henry. Well, I will do it, tho' I take thee in the King's Company.

Will. Keep thy Word: Fare thee well.

Bates. Be Friends, you *English* Fools, be Friends; we have *French* Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

K. Henry. Indeed, the *French* may lay twenty *French* Crowns to one, they will beat us, for they bear them on their Shoulders; but it is no *English* Treason to cut *French* Crowns, and to morrow the King himself will be a Clipper. Upon the King! let us our Lives, our Souls, Our Debts, our careful Wives, our Children, and

Our Sins, lay on the King; he must bear all. 1
 O hard Condition, twin-born with Greatness,
 Subject to the breath of every Fool, whose Sense
 No more can feel, but his own wringing.
 What infinite heart-ease must Kings neglect,
 That private Men enjoy?
 And what have Kings that Privates have not too,
 Save Ceremony, save general Ceremony?
 And what art thou, thou Idol Ceremony?
 What kind of God art thou? that suffer'st more
 Of mortal Grievs than do thy Worshippers.
 What are thy Rents? What are thy comings in?
 O Ceremony, shew me but thy worth:
 What! is thy Soul of Adoration?
 Art thou ought else but Place, Degree, and Form,
 Creating awe and fear in other Men?
 Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
 Than they in fearing.
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of Homage sweet,
 But poison'd Flattery? O be sick, great Greatness,
 And bid thy Ceremony give thee cure.
 Think'st thou the fiery Feaver will go out
 With Titles blown from Adulation?
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
 Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggars knee,
 Command the health of it? No, thou proud Dream,
 Thou play'st so subtilly with a King's Repose,
 I am a King that find thee; and I know,
 'Tis not the Balm, the Scepter, and the Ball,
 The Sword, the Mace, the Crown Imperial,
 The enter-tissued Robe of Gold and Pearl,
 The farsed Title running 'fore the King,
 The Throne he sits on; nor the Tide of Pomp,
 That beats upon the high shoar of this World:
 No, not all these thrice gorgeous Ceremonies,
 Not all these, laid in Bed Majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched Slave:
 Who, with a Body fill'd, and vacant Mind,
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful Bread,
 Never sees horrid Night, the Child of Hell:

But

But like a Lacquey, from the Rise to Set,
Sweats in the Eye of *Phœbus*; and all Night
Sleeps in *Elysium*; next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help *Hyperion* to his Horse,
And follows so the ever-running Year
With profitable Labour to his Grave:
And, but for Ceremony, such a Wretch,
Winding up days with Toil, and Nights with Sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King.
The Slave, a Member of the Country's Peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,
What Watch the King keeps to maintain the Peace;
Whose hours the Peasant best advantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your Camp to find you.

K. Henry. Good old Knight, collect them all together;
At my Tent: I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my Lord.

[Exit.

K. Henry. O God of Battels steel my Soldiers Hearts,
Possess them not with Fear: Take from them now
The Sense of Reck'ning of th'opposed Numbers:
Pluck their Hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, think not upon the Fault
My Father made, in compassing the Crown:
I *Richard's* Body have interred new,
And on it have bestowed more contrite Tears
Than from it issued forced drops of Blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their Wither'd Hands hold up
Toward Heaven, to pardon Blood:
And I have built two Chauntries,
Where the sad and solemn Priests sing still
For *Richard's* Soul. More will I do;
Tho' all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my Penitence comes after all,
Imploring Pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. My Liege.

K. Henry. My Brother *Glo'ster's* Voice?

I know thy Errand, I will go with thee:

The Day my Friend, and all things stay for me. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, and Beaumont.

Orl. The Sun doth gild our Armour, up, my Lords.

Dau. *Monte Cheval:* My Horse, *Valet Lacquay:* Ha!

Orl. Oh brave Spirit!

Dau. *Voyer les Cieux & la terre.*

Orl. *Rien puis le air & feu.*

Dau. *Cien, Cousin Orleans.*

Enter Constable.

Now my Lord Constable!

Con. Hark how our Steeds for present Service neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make Incision in their Hides,
That their hot Blood may spin in *English* Eyes,
And dout them with superfluous Courage: Ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our Horses Blood?
How shall we then behold their natural Tears?

Enter Messenger.

Mes. The *English* are embattell'd, you *French* Peers.

Con. To Horse, you gallant Princes, streight to Horse.
Do but behold yond poor and starved Band,
And your fair shew shall suck away their Souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of Men.
There is not work enough for all our Hands,
Scarce Blood enough in all their sickly Veins,
To give each naked Curtie-ax a stain,
That our *French* Gallants shall to day draw out,
And sheath for lack of Sport. Let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our Valour will o'er-turn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exception, Lords,
That our superfluous Lacqueys and our Peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our Squares of Battel, were enow
To purge this Field of such a hilding Foe,
Tho' we upon this Mountain's Basis by
Took stand, for idle Speculation:
But that our Honours must not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do;
And all is done; then let the Trumpets sound
The Tucket Sonuance, and the Note to mount:

For

For our approach shall so much dare the Field,
That *England* shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter Grandpree.

Gran. Why do you stay so long, my Lords of *France*?
Yond Island Carrions, desperate of their Bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the Morning Field:
Their ragged Curtains poorly are let loose,
And our Air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big *Mars* seems bankrupt in their beggar'd Host,
And faintly through a rusty Bever peeps.
The Horsemen sit like fixed Candlesticks,
With Torch-staves in their Hand; and their poor Jades
Lob down their Heads, drooping the Hide and Hips:
The Gum down roping from their pale-dead Eyes,
And in their pale dull Mouths the Jymold Bitt
Lyes foul with chaw'd Grass, still and motionless;
And their Executors, the knavish Crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their Hour.
Description cannot suit it self in Words,
To demonstrate the Life of such a Battel,
In life so liveless as it shews it self.

Con. They have said their Prayers,
And they stay for Death.

Dau. Shall we go send them Dinners, and fresh Sutes,
And give their fasting Horses Provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my Guard: On, to the Field;
I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come away,
The Sun is high, and we out-wear the Day. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham with all the
Host, Salisbury and Westmorland.*

Glo. Where is the King?

Bed. The King himself is rode to view their Battel.

West. Of fighting Men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one, besides they are all fresh.

Sal. God's Arm strike with us, 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you Princes all; I'll to my Charge:
If we no more meet 'till we meet in Heaven,

Then joyfully, my Noble Lord of *Bedford*,
My dear Lord *Glo'ster*, and my good Lord *Exeter*,
And my kind Kinsman, Warriors all adieu.

Bed. Farewel, good *Salisbury*, and good luck go with thee:
And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art fam'd of the firm truth of Valour.

Exe. Farewel, kind Lord: Fight valiantly to day. [*Exit Sal.*]

Bed. He is as full of Valour as of Kindness,
Princely in both.

Enter King Henry.

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those Men in *England*,
That do no work to Day.

K. Henry. What's he that wishes so?
My Cousin *Westmorland*? No, my fair Cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our Country loss; and if to live,
The fewer Men the greater share of Honour.
God's will, I pray thee wish not one Man more.
By *Jove*, I am not covetous for Gold,
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost:
It yemas me not, if Men my Garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a Sin to covet Honour,
I am the most offending Soul alive.
No, faith, my Coz, wish not a Man from *England*:
God's Peace, I would not lose so great an Honour,
As one Man more methinks would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more:
Rather proclaim it (*Westmorland*) through my Host,
That he which hath no Stomach to this Fight,
Let him depart, his Passport shall be made,
And Crowns for Convoy put into his Purse:
We would not die in that Man's Company
That fears his Fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the Feast of *Crispian*:
He that out-lives this Day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the Name of *Crispian*:
He that shall see this Day, and live old Age,

Will

Will yearly on the Vigil feast his Neighbours,
And say to morrow is Saint *Crispian*:
Then will he strip his Sleeve, and shew his Scars:
Old Men forget; yet all shall not be forgot,
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that Day. Then shall our Names,
Familiar in his Mouth as household Words,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glo'ster,
Be in their flowing Cups freshly remembered.
This Story shall the good Man teach his Son:
And *Crispine Crispian* shall ne'er go by,
From this Day to the ending of the World,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of Brothers:
For he to Day that sheds his Blood with me,
Shall be my Brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This Day shall gentle his Condition.
And Gentlemen in *England* now a-bed
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here;
And hold their Manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks,
That fought with us upon St. *Crispian's* day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My Sovereign Lord, bestow your self with speed:
The *French* are bravely in their Battels set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Henry. All things are ready, if our Minds be so.

West. Perish the Man whose Mind is backward now.

K. Henry. Thou dost not wish more help from *England*,
Coz?

West. God's will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this Royal Battel.

K. Henry. Why now thou hast unwish'd five thousand Men:
Which likes me better than to wish us one.
You know your Places: God be with you all.

A Tucket sounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. Once more I come to know of thee, King *Harry*,
If for thy Ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured Overthrow:
For certainly thou art so near the Gulf,

Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
 The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind
 Thy Followers of Repentance; that their Souls
 May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
 From off these Fields; where, Wretches, their poor Bodies
 Must lye and fester.

K. Henry. Who hath sent thee now?

Mount. The Constable of *France*.

K. Henry. I pray thee bear my former Answer back.
 Bid them atchieve me, and then sell my Bones.
 Good God! why should they mock poor Fellows thus?
 The Man that once did sell the Lion's Skin
 While the Beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
 And many of our Bodies shall, no doubt,
 Find native Graves; upon the which, I trust,
 Shall witness live in Brass of this Day's work.
 And those that leave their valiant Bones in *France*,
 Dying like Men, tho' buried in your Dunghils,
 They shall be fam'd; for there the Sun shall greet them,
 And draw their Honours recking up to Heaven,
 Leaving their earthly Parts to choak your Clime,
 The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in *France*.
 Mark then abounding Valour in our *English*:
 That being dead, like to the Bullets grating,
 Break out into a second course of Mischief,
 Killing in relapse of Mortality.
 Let me speak proudly; tell the Constable,
 We are but Warriors for the working Day;
 Our Gayness and our Gilt are all be-smirch'd
 With rainy marching in the painful Field.
 There's not a piece of Feather in our Host;
 Good Argument, I hope, we will not flye:
 And time hath worn us into slovenry.
 But, by the Mass, our Hearts are in the trim;
 And my poor Soldiers tell me, yet ere Night
 They'll be in fresher Robes, or they will pluck
 The gay new Coats o'er the *French* Soldiers Heads;
 And turn them out of Service. If they do this,
 And if God please they shall, my Ransom then
 Will soon be levied.

Herald,

Herald, save thou thy labour :

Come thou no more for Ransom, gentle Herald,
They shall have none, I swear, but these my Joins:
Which if they have, as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Mon. I shall, King *Harry*: And so fare thee well.
Thou never shalt hear Herald any more. [Exit.

K. Henry. I fear thou wilt once more come again for a Ransom.

Enter York.

York. My Lord, most humbly on my Knee I beg
The leading of the Vaward.

K. Henry. Take it, brave *York*.

Now Soldiers, march away;
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the Day. [Exeunt.

Alarm. Excursion.. Enter Pistol, French Soldier, and Boy.

Pist. Yield, Cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je pense que vous estes le Gentil-homme de bone qualite.*

Pist. Quality calmy censure me, Art thou a Gentleman?
What is thy Name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. O *Seigneur Dieu!*

Pist. O *Signieur Dewe* should be a Gentleman: Perpend
my words, O *Signieur Dewe*, and mark: O *Signieur Dewe*,
thou diest on point of Fox, except, O *Signeur*, thou do give
to me egregious Ransom.

Fr. Sol. O *prennez misericorde, ayez pitie de moy.*

Pist. *Moy* shall not serve, I will have forty *Moys*; for I
will fetch thy rym out at thy Throat, in drops of Crimson
Blood.

Fr. Sol. *Est-il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?*

Pist. Brass, Cur? thou damned and luxurious Mountain
Goat, offer'st me Brass?

Fr. Sol. O *pardonnez moy.*

Pist. Say'st thou me *Fr?* is that a *Ton* of *Moys*?
Come hither, Boy, ask me this Slave in *French*, what is his
Name.

Boy. *Ecoute, comment estes vous appelle?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says his Name is *M^r. Fer.*

Pist.

Pist. Mr. Fer! I'll fer him, and ferk him, and ferret him : Discufs the same in *French* unto him.

Boy. I do not know the *French* for fer, and ferret, and ferk.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his Throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, Monsieur?*

Boy. Il me commande de vous dire que vous vous teniez prest, car ce soldat icy est disposée tout a cette heure de couper vostre gorge.

Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge parmafoy pesant, unless thou give me Crowns, brave Crowns, or mangled shalt thou be by this my Sword.

Fr. Sol. O je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner, je suis Gentilhomme de bonne maison, garde ma vie, & Je vous donneray deux cents escus.

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his Life, he is a Gentleman of a good House, and for his Ransom he will give you two hundred Crowns.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the Crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. Petit Monsieur que dit-il?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son Jurement, de pardonner aucun prisonnier: neant moins pour les escus que vout l'ay promettez, il est content de vous donner la liberté de franchise.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux je voux donne milles remerciemens, & je me estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un Chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, & tres estimée Seigneur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me, Boy.

Boy. He gives you upon his knees a thousand thanks, and esteems himself happy, that he hath fal'n into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy Seigneur of England.

Pist. As I suck Blood, I will some mercy shew. Follow me.

Boy. Suivez le grand Capitain.

I did never know so woful a Voice issue from so empty a Heart; but the Song is true, The empty Vessel makes the greatest sound. *Bardolf* and *Nim* had ten times more Valour

lour than this roaring Devil i'th' old Play, that every one may pair his Nails with a wooden Dagger, and they are both Hang'd, and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the Lackies, with the luggage of our Camp, the *French* might have a good Prey of us, if he knew of it, for there is none to Guard it but Boys. [Exit.]

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin and Rambures.

Con. O Diable!

Orla. O Seigneur! *le jour est perdu, toute est perdu.*

Dau. *Mort de ma vie*, all is confounded, all,

Reproach, and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our Plumes.

[A short Alarm.]

O *meschante Fortune*, do not run away.

Con. Why, all our Ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame, let's stab our selves:

Be these the Wretches that we play'd at Dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we sent to for his Ransom?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let us fly in once more back again,

And he that will not follow *Bourbon* now,

Let him go hence, and with his Cap in hand,

Like a base Pander, hold the Chamber-door,

Whilst by a base Slave, no gentler than my Dog,

His fairest Daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, Friend us now,

Let us on heaps go offer up our Lives.

Orl. We are enow yet living in the Field,

To smother up the *English* in our Throngs

If any Order might be thought upon.

Bour. The Devil take Order now, I'll to the throng;

Let Life be short, else Shame will be too long. [Exeunt.]

Alarm. Enter the King and his Train, with Prisoners.

K. Henry. Well have we done, thrice valiant Countrymen,

But all's not done, yet keep the *French* the Field.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your Majesty.

K. Henry. Lives he, good Uncle; thrice within this hour

I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting:

From Helmet to the Spur all Blood he was.

Exe.

Exe. In which array, brave Soldier, doth he lye
 Larding the Plain; and by his bloody side,
 (Yoak-fellow to his Honour-owing wounds)
 The Noble Earl of *Suffolk* also lyes.
Suffolk first dyed, and *York* all hagled over
 Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteept,
 And takes him by the Beard, kisses the gashes,
 That bloodily did yawn upon his Face,
 He cries aloud: Tarry, my Cousin *Suffolk*,
 My Soul shall thine keep company to Heaven:
 Tarry, sweet Soul, for mine, then fly a-breast:
 As in this glorious and well-foughten Field
 We kept together in our Chevalry.
 Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up;
 He smil'd me in the Face, raught me his Hand,
 And with a feeble gripe, says, Dear my Lord,
 Commend my Service to my Sovereign;
 So did he turn, and over *Suffolk's* Neck
 He threw his wounded Arm, and kist his Lips,
 And so espous'd to Death, with Blood he seal'd
 A Testament of Noble-ending Love:
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
 Those waters from me, which I would have stop'd,
 But I had not so much of Man in me,
 And all my Mother came into mine Eyes,
 And gave me up to Tears.

K. Henry. I blame you not,
 For hearing this I must perforce compound
 With mixtful Eyes, or they will issue too.
 But heark, what new Alarum is this same?
 The *French* have re-inforc'd their scatter'd Men:
 Then every Soldier kill his Prisoners.
 Give the word through.

[*Alarm.*][*Exeunt.*]

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. **K**ill the poyes and the luggage, 'tis expressly against the Law of Arms, 'tis as arrant a piece of Knavery, mark you now, as can be offer'd in your Conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a Boy left alive, and the Cowardly Rascals that ran away from the Battel ha' done this Slaughter; besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the King's Tent, wherefore the King most worthily hath caus'd every Soldier to cut his Prisoner's Throat. O 'tis a gallant King.

Flu. I, he was porn at *Monmouth*, Captain *Gower*; what call you the Town's Name, where *Alexander* the pig was born?

Gow. *Alexander* the Great.

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous are all one reckonings, save the Phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think *Alexander* the Great was born in *Macedon*, his Father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in *Macedon*, where *Alexander* is porn: I tell you Captain, if you look in the Maps of the Orld, I warrant that you shall find in the comparisons between *Macedon* and *Monmouth*, that the Situations, look you, is both alike. There is a River in *Macedon*, there is also more-over a River at *Monmouth*, it is call'd *Wye* at *Monmouth*; but it is out of my prains, what is the Name of the other River, but 'tis all one, 'tis as like as my Fingers to my Fingers, and there is Salmens in both. If you mark *Alexander's* Life well, *Harry* of *Monmouth's* Life is come after it indifferent well, for there is Figures in all things. *Alexander*, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths,

wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did in his Ales and his Angers, look you, kill his best Friend *Clytus*.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill'd any of his Friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the Tales out of my Mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the Figures, and Comparisons of it; as *Alexander* kill'd his Friend *Clytus*, being in his Ales and his Cups; so also *Harry Monmouth* being in his right wits, and his good judgments, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly Doublet; he was full of jest, and gypes, and knaverics, and mocks, I have forgot his Name.

Gow. Sir *John Falstaff*.

Flu. That is he: I'll tell you, there is good Men porn at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Here comes his Majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Bourbon with Prisoners; Lords and Attendants. Flourish.

K. Henry. I was not angry since I came to France, Until this instant. Take a Trumpet, Herald, Ride thou unto the Horsemen on yond Hill: It they will fight with us, bid them come down, Or void the Field; they do offend our sight. If they'll do neither, we will come to them, And make them sker away, as swift as stones Enforced from the old *Assyrian* Slings: Besides, we'll cut the Throats of those we have, And not a Man of them that we shall take, Shall taste our Mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Mountjoy.

Exe. Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege.

Glo. His Eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Henry. How now, what means their Herald? Know'st thou not,

That I have fin'd these Bones of mine for Ransom? Com'st thou again for Ransom?

Mount. No, great King:

I come to thee for charitable License,

That

That we may wander o'er this bloody Field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them :
To sort our Nobles from our common Men;
For many of our Princes, woe the while,
Lye drown'd and soak'd in mercenary Blood :
So do our vulgar drench their peasant Limbs
In blood of Princes, and with wounded Steeds
Fret fet-lock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead Masters,
Killing them twice. O give us leave, great King,
To view the Field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead Bodies.

K. Henry. I tell thee truly, Herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your Horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the Field.

Mount. The day is yours.

K. Henry. Praised be God, and not our strength for it:
What is this Castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mount. They call it *Agincourt*.

K. Henry. Then call we this the Field of *Agincourt*,
Fought on the day of *Crispin Crispianus*.

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous Memory, an't please
your Majesty, and your great Uncle *Edward* the Plack
Prince of *Wales*, as I have read in the Chronicles, fought
a most prave pattle here in *France*.

K. Henry. They did, *Fluellen*.

Flu. Your Majesty says very true: If your Majesties is re-
membred of it, the *Welchmen* did good service in a Garden
where Leeks did grow, wearing Leeks in their *Mounmouth*
Caps, which your Majesty know to this hour is an honoura-
ble Padge of the service; and I do believe your Majesty
takes no scorn to wear the Leek upon *St. Tavis's* day.

K. Henry. I wear it for a memorable Honour:
For I am *Welch*, you know, good Countryman.

Flu. All the Water in *Wye* cannot wash your Majesties
Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God
pleas, and preserve it, as long as it pleases his Grace, and
his Majesty too.

K. Henry. Thanks, good my Countryman.

Flu:

Flu. By Jeshu, I am your Majesties Countryman, I care not who know it: I will confes it to all the Orld, I need not to be ashamed of your Majesty, praised be God, so long as your Majesty is an honest Man.

K. Henry. God keep me so.

Enter William.

Our Heralds go with him,
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our Parts. Call yonder Fellow hither.

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the King.

K. Henry. Soldier, why wear'st thou that Glove in thy Cap?

Will. And't please your Majesty, 'tis the Gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Henry. An *Englisman*?

Will. An't please your Majesty, a Rascal that swagger'd with me last Night; who if alive, and ever dare to challenge this Glove, I have sworn to take him a box o'th' ear; or if I can see my Glove in his Cap, which he swore as he was a Soldier he would wear, (if alive) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Henry. What think you, Captain *Fluellen*, is it fit this Soldier keep his Oath?

Flu. He is a Craven and a Villain else, and't please your Majesty, in my Conscience.

K. Henry. It may be, his Enemy is a Gentleman of great Sort, quite from the answer of his Degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Gentleman as the Devil is, as *Lucifer* and *Belzebub* himself, it is necessary, look your Grace, that he keep his Vow and his Oath: If he be perjur'd, see you now, his Reputation is as arrant a Villain and a Jack sawce, as ever his black shoo trod upon God's Ground, and his Earth, in my Conscience, Law.

K. Henry. Then keep thy Vow, Sirrah, when thou meet'st the Fellow.

Will. So I will my Liege, as I live.

K. Henry. Who serv'st thou under?

Will. Under Captain *Gower*, my Liege.

Flu. *Gower* is a good Captain, and is good knowledge and literated in the Wars.

K. Henry. Call him hither to me, Soldier.

Will.

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Will. I will, my Liege.

[*Exit.*

K. Henry. Here *Fluellen*, wear thou this Favour for me, and stick it in thy Cap; when *Alanfon* and my self were down together, I pluck'd this Glove from his Helm; if any Man challenge this, he is a Friend to *Alanfon*, and an Enemy to our Persons; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou do'st me love.

Flu. Your Grace does me as great Honours, as can be desir'd in the Hearts of his Subjects: I would fain see the Man, that has but two Legs, that shall find himself agriev'd at this Glove; that is all; but I would fain see it once, and please God of his Grace that I might see;

K. Henry. Know'st thou *Gower*?

Flu. He is my dear Friend, and please you:

K. Henry. Pray thee go seek him, and bring him to my Tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

[*Exit.*

K. Henry. My Lord of *Warwick*, and my Brother *Glo'ster*, Follow *Fluellen* closely at the Heels,

The Glove which I have given him for a Favour

May haply purchase him a Box o'th' Ear.

It is the Soldier's; I by bargain should

Wear it my self. Follow, good Cousin *Warwick*:

If that the Soldier strike him, as I judge

By this blunt bearing, he will keep his Word;

Some sudden mischief may arise of it:

For I do know *Fluellen* valiant,

And touch'd with Choler hot as Gunpowder,

And quickly will return an Injury.

Follow, and see there be not harm between them.

Go you with me, Uncle of *Exeter*.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's Will, and his Pleasure, Captain, I beseech you now, come apace to the King: There is more good toward you peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this Glove?

Flu. Know the Glove? I know the Glove is a Glove.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it. [*Strikes him.*

Flu.

Flu. 'Sbud, an arrant Traitor as any's in the Universal World, in *France*, or in *England*.

Gower. How now, Sir? you Villain.

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain *Gower*, I will give Treason his payment into Plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traitor.

Flu. That's a Lie in thy Throat. I charge you in his Majesty's Name apprehend him, he's a Friend of the Duke *Alanfon's*.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

War. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of *Warwick*, here is, praised be God for it, a most contagious Treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a Summer's Day. Here is his Majesty.

Enter King Henry and Exeter.

K. Henry. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, here is a Villain and a Traitor, that, look your Grace, ha's struck the Glove which your Majesty is take out of the Helmet of *Alanfon*.

Will. My Liege, this was my Glove, here is the Fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change, promis'd to wear it in his Cap; I promis'd to strike him, if he did; I met this Man with my Glove in his Cap, and I have been as good as my Word.

Flu. Your Majesty hear now, saving your Majesty's Manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowlie Knave it is; I hope your Majesty is pear me Testimony and Witness, and will avouchment, that this is the Glove of *Alanfon*, that your Majesty is give me, in your Conscience now.

K. Henry. Give me thy Glove, Soldier; Look, here is the fellow of it:

'Twas I indeed thou promisedst to strike,
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. And please your Majesty, let his Neck answer for it, if there is any Marshal Law in the World.

K. Henry. How canst thou make me Satisfaction?

Will. All Offences, my Lord, come from the Heart; never came any from mine, that might offend your Majesty.

K. Henry.

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K. Henry. It was our self thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Majesty came not like your self; you appear'd to me but as a common Man; witness the Night, your Garments, your Lowliness; and what your Highness suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you take it for your Fault, and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore I beseech your Highness pardon me.

K. Henry. Here, Uncle *Exeter*, fill this Glove with Crowns, And give it to this Fellow. Keep it Fellow, And wear it for an Honour in thy Cap, 'Till I do challenge it. Give him the Crowns: And, Captain, you must needs be Friends with him.

Flu. By this Day, and this Light, the Fellow has mettle enough in his Body; hold, there is twelve-pence for you, and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls and prabbles, and quarrels and dissentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your Mony.

Flu. It is with a good Will; I can tell you it will serve you to mend your Shooes; come, wherefore should you be so pashful; your Shooes is not so good; 'tis a good Silling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herald.

K. Henry. Now Herald, are the dead numbred?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd *French*.

K. Henry. What Prisoners of good sort are taken, Uncle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, Nephew to the King;

John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouchiquald:

Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,

Full fifteen hundred, besides common Men.

K. Henry. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand *French* That in the Field lye slain; of Princes in this number, And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead One hundred twenty six; added to these, Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen, Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which, Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights; So that in these ten thousand they have lost, There are but sixteen hundred Mercenaries:

The

The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,
 And Gentlemen of Blood and Quality.
 The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead:
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France;
Faques of Chatilion, Admiral of France,
 The Master of the Cross-Bows; Lord *Rambures*,
 Great Master of France, the brave Sir *Guichard Dauphin*,
John Duke of Alençon, *Anthonio* Duke of Brabant,
 The Brother to the Duke of Burgundy,
 And *Edward* Duke of Barr: Of lusty Earls,
Grandpree and *Roussie*, *Faulconbridge* and *Foyes*,
Beaumont and *Marle*, *Vaudemont* and *Lestrade*.
 Here was a Royal Fellowship of Death.
 Where is the Number of our English dead?
Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of *Suffolk*,
 Sir *Richard Ketley*, *Davy Gam* Esquire;
 None else of Name; and of all other Men,
 But five and twenty.

O God, thy Arm was here:
 And not to us, but to thy Arm alone,
 Ascribe we all. When, without stratagem,
 But in plain shock, and even play of Battel,
 Was ever known so great and little Loss?
 On one part and on th' other, take it, God,
 For it is none's but thine.

Exe. 'Tis wonderful.

K. Henry. Come, go we in Procession to the Village:
 And be it death proclaimed through our Host,
 To boast of this, or take that Praise from God,
 Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, and please your Majesty, to tell
 how many is kill'd?

K. Henry. Yes, Captain; but with this acknowledgment,
 That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my Conscience, he did us great Good.

K. Henry. Do we all holy Rights;
 Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*.
 The dead with charity enclos'd in Clay:
 And then to *Calais*, and to *England* then,
 Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy Men. [Exeunt.

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

Vouchsafe to those that have not read the Story,
That I may prompt them; and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th'excuse
Of Time, of Numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper Life
But here presented. Now we bear the King
Toward *Calais*: Grant him there; and there being seen,
Heave him away upon your winged Thoughts,
Athwart the Sea: Behold the *English* beach
Pales in the Flood, with Men, with Wives, and Boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd Sea;
Which like a mighty Whiffler 'fore the King
Seems to prepare his way; So let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to *London*:
So swift a pace hath Thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon *Black-Heath*:
Where that his Lords desire him, to have born
His bruised Helmet, and his bended Sword
Before him, through the City; he forbids it;
Being free from Vainness, and self-glorious Pride:
Giving full Trophy, Signal, and Ostent,
Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
In the quick Forge and working-house of Thought;
How *London* doth pour out her Citizens,
The Mayor, and all his Brethren in best sort
Like to the Senators of th'antique *Rome*,
With the *Plebeians* swarming at their Heels,
Go forth and fetch their conqu'ring *Caesar* in:
As by a lower, but loving likelihood,
Were now the General of our gracious Empress,
As in good time he may, from *Ireland* coming,
Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword;
How many would the peaceful City quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more cause,
Did they this *Harry*. Now in *London* place him.

As

'As yet the Lamentation of the *French*
 Invites the King of *England's* stay at home:
 The Emperor's coming in behalf of *France*,
 To order Peace between them; and omit
 All the occurrences, what ever chanc'd,
 'Till *Harry's* back return again to *France*:
 There must we bring him; and my self have play'd
 The *Interim*, by remembring you 'tis past.
 Then brook Abridgement, and your Eyes advance,
 After your Thoughts, straight back again to *France*. [*Exit.*

Enter Fluellen and Gower:

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your Leek to day? *St. David's Day* is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why, and wherefore in all things; I will tell you asse a Friend, Captain *Gower*; the rascally, scald, beggarly, lowfie, praggling Knave *Pistol*, which, you and your self, and all the World know to be no petter than a Fellow, look you now, of no merits; he is come to me, and prings me Pread and Salt yestern-day, look you, and bid me eat my Leek; it was in a place were I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my Cap 'till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my Desires.

Enter Pistol.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a Turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his Swelling, nor his Turkey-cocks. God plesse you aunchient *Pistol*: You scurvy lousie Knave, God plesse you.

Pist. Ha! art thou *Bedlam*? Dost thou thirst, base *Trojan*, to have me fold up *Parcas* fatal Web? Hence, I am qualmish at the smell of Leek.

Flu. I pefeech you heartily, scurvy lowfie Knave, at my Desires, and my Requests, and my Petitions, to eat, look you, this Leek, becaufe, look you, you do not love it, nor your Affections, and your Appetites, and your Digestions does not agree with it; I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you, [*Strikes him.*
 Will you be so good, scald Knave, as eat it?

Pist.

Pist. Base *Trojan*, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald Knave, when God's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your Vi-
tuals; come, there is Sawce for it. You call'd me yester-
day Mountain-Squire, but I will make you to day a Squire
of low degree. I pray you fall to; if you can mock a
Leek, you can eat a Leek.

Gow. Enough, Captain, you have astonish'd him.

Flu. I say I will make him eat some part of my Leek,
or I will peat his Pate four days: Pite, I pray you, it is
good for your green Wound, and your ploody Coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes certainly, and out of doubt, and out of que-
stion too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this Leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat,
and eat---I swear---

Flu. Eat, I pray you; will you have some more Sawce
to your Leek: There is not enough Leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy Cudgel, thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scald Knave, heartily. Nay, pray
you throw none away, the Skin is good for your proken
Coxcomb: When you take occasions to see Leeks here-
after I pray you mock at 'em, that's all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, Leeks is good; hold you, there is a Groat to
heal your Pate.

Pist. Me a Groat?

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I
have another Leek in my Pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy Groat in earnest of Revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels,
you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but
Cudgels; God pe wi' you, and keep you, and heal your Pate.

[Exit.]

Pist. All Hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knave: Will
you mock at an ancient Tradition, began upon an honoura-
ble Respect, and worn as a memorable Trophy of predecea-
sed Valour, and dare not avouch in your Deeds any of your
Words. I have seen you gleeking and galling at this Gentle-

man twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak *English* in the native Garb, he could not therefore handle an *English* Cudgel; you find it otherwise, and henceforth let a *Welsh* Correction teach you a good *English* Condition, fare ye well. [Exit.]

Pist. Doth Fortune play the Huswife with me now? News have I that my *Dol* is dead i'th' Spittle, of a malady of *France*, and there my rendezvous is quite cut off: Old I do wax, and from my weary Limbs Honour is Cudgell'd. Well, Bawd I'll turn, and something lean to Cut-purse of quick Hand: To *England* will I steal, and there I'll steal; And patches will I get unto these cudgel'd Scars, And swear I got them in the *Gallia* Wars. [Exit.]

Enter at one Door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen Isabel, the Duke of Burgundy, and other French.

K. Henry. Peace to this Meeting; wherefore we are met: Unto our Brother *France*, and to our Sister, Health and fair time of Day; Joy and good Wishes To our most fair and Princely Cousin *Katharine*; And as a Branch and Member of this Royalty, By whom this great Assembly is contriv'd, We do salute you Duke of *Burgundy*. And Princes *French* and Peers, Health to you all.

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your Face, Most worthy Brother *England*, fairly met. So are you Princes *English*, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the Issue, Brother *England*, Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting, As we are now glad to behold your Eyes: Your Eyes, which hitherto have born in them Against the *French*, that met them in their bent, The fatal Balls of murdering Basilisks: The venom of such Looks we fairly hope Have lost their quality, and that this day Shall change all Grievs and Quarrels into Love.

K. Henry. To cry *Amen* to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You *English* Princes all, I do salute you.

Burg. My Duty to you both, on equal Love; Great Kings of *France* and *England*. That I have labour'd With

With all my Wits, my Pains, and strong Endeavours,
 To bring your most Imperial Majesties
 Unto this Bar and Royal Interview,
 Your Mightinesses on both parts best can witness,
 Since then my Office hath so far prevail'd,
 That Face to Face, and Royal Eye to Eye,
 You have congregated: Let it not disgrace me,
 If I demand before this Royal view,
 What Rub, or what Impediment there is,
 Why that the naked, poor and mangled Peace,
 Dear nurse of Arts, Plenties, and joyful Births,
 Should not, in this best Garden of the World,
 Our fertile *France*, put up her lovely Visage?
 Alas, she hath from *France* too long been chac'd,
 And all her Husbandry doth lie on heaps,
 Corrupting in its own Fertility.
 Her Vine, the merry chearer of the Heart,
 Unpruned dies; her Hedges even pleach'd,
 Like Prisoners wildly over-grown with Hair,
 Put forth disorder'd Twigs: Her fallow Leas,
 The Darnel, Hemlock, and rank Fumitory,
 Doth root upon, while that the Culter rusts,
 That should deracinate such Savagery:
 The even Mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
 The freckled Cowslip, Burnet, and green Clover,
 Wanting the Sythe, all uncorrected, rank,
 Conceive by Idleness, and nothing teems,
 But hateful Docks, rough Thistles, Kecksies, Burs,
 Losing both Beauty and Utility;
 And all our Vineyards, Fallows, Meads and Hedges,
 Defective in their Natures, grow to wildness,
 Even so our Houses, and our Selves, and Children,
 Have lost, or do not learn, for want of Time,
 The Sciences that should become our Country;
 But grow like Savages, (as Soldiers will,
 That nothing do but meditate on Blood)
 To Swearing, and stern Looks, diffus'd Attire,
 And every thing that seems unnatural.
 Which to reduce into our former Favour,
 You are assembled; and my Speech intreats,

That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace
Should not expel these Inconveniences,
And bless us with her former Qualities.

K. Henry. If, Duke of *Burgundy*, you would the Peace,
Whose want gives growth to th' Imperfections
Which you have cited; you must buy that Peace
With full accord to all our just Demands,
Whose Tenures and particular Effects
You have enschedul'd briefly in your Hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them; to the which, as yet,
There is no Answer made.

K. Henry. Well then; the Peace, which you before so urg'd,
Lyes in his Answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursolary Eye
O'er-glanc'd the Articles; Pleaseth your Grace
To appoint some of your Council presently
To sit with us, once more with better heed
To re-survey them; we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory Answer.

K. Henry. Brother, we shall. Go, Uncle *Exeter*,
And Brother *Clarence*, and Brother *Gloucester*,
Warwick and *Huntington*, go with the King,
And take with you free Power to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your Wisdoms best
Shall see Advantageable for our Dignity,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,
And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair Sister,
Go with the Princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious Brother, I will go with them;
Haply a Woman's Voice may do some good,
When Articles too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

K. Henry. Yet leave our Cousin *Katharine* here with us,
She is our capital Demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our Articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave. [Exeunt.

Manent King Henry, Katharine and a Lady.

K. Henry. Fair *Katharine*, most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a Soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a Lady's Ear,
And plead his Love-suit to her gentle Heart?

Kath.

Kath. Your Majesty shall mock at me, I cannot speak your *England*.

K. Henry. O fair *Katharina*, if you will love me soundly with your *French Heart*, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your *English Tongue*. Do you like me, *Kate*?

Kath. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is like me.

K. Henry. An Angel is like you, *Kate*, and you are like an Angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il, que je suis semblable à les Anges?*

Lady. *Ouy verament (sauf vostre Grace) ainsi dit-il.*

K. Henry. I said so, dear *Katharina*, and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont plein de tromperies.

K. Henry. What says she, fair One? that Tongues of Men are full of Deceits?

Lady. *Ouy*, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princess.

K. Henry. The Princess is the better *English Woman*; i'faith *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy Understanding. I am glad thou canst speak no better *English*. for if thou could'st, thou woul'st find me such a plain King. that thou woul'st think, I had sold my Farm to buy my Crown. I know no ways to mince it in Love but directly to say, I love you; then if you urge me farther, than to say, Do you in faith? I wear out my suit: Give me your answer i'faith do, and so clap Hands, and a Bargain; how say you, *Lady*?

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand well.

K. Henry. Marry, if you would put me to Verses, or to Dance for your sake, *Kate*, why you undid me; for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a *Lady* at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my Back; under the correction of Bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my Love, or bound my Horse for her Favours, I could lay on like a Butcher, and sit like a Jack-an-Apes, never off. But before God, *Kate*, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my Eloquence, nor I have no cunning in Protestation; only down-

right Oaths, which I never use till urg'd, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a Fellow of this Temper, *Kate*, whose Face is not worth Sun-burning; that never looks in his Glass, for love of any thing he sees there; let thine Eye be thy Cook. I speak thee plain Soldier; if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall dye, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, No: yet I love thee too: And while thou liv'st, dear *Kate*, take a Fellow of plain and uncoined Constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: For these Fellows of infinite Tongue, that can Rhime themselves into Ladies Favors, they do always reason themselves out again. What? a Speaker is but a Prater, a Rhime is but a Ballad; a good Leg will fall, a straight Back will stoop, a black Beard will turn white, a curl'd Pate will grow bald, a fair Face will wither, a full Eye will wax hollow; but a good Heart, *Kate*, is the Sun and the Moon, or rather the Sun, and not the Moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would'st have such a one, take me; and take me, take a Soldier; take a Soldier, take a King: And what say'st thou then to my Love? speak my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible that I should love the Enemy of France?

K. Harry. No, it is not possible that you should love the Enemy of France, *Kate*; but in loving me, you should love the Friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a Village of it; I will have it all mine; and *Kate* when France is mine, and I am yours; then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell what is that.

K. Henry. No, *Kate*? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my Tongue, like a new Married Wife about her Husband's Neck, hardly to be shook off: *Je quand sur la possession de France, Et quand vous avez la possession de moy, (Let me see, what then? Saint Dennis be my speed) Donc vostre est France, Et vous estes mienne.* It is as easie for me, *Kate*, to conquer the Kingdom, as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath.

Kath. Sans vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez, il est melieur quel Anglois le quel je parle.

K. Henry. No faith is't not, *Kate*; but thy speaking of my Tongue, and I thine, most truly falsly, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, *Kate*, dost thou understand thus much *English*? Can'st thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Henry. Can any of your Neighbours tell, *Kate*? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night, when you come into your Closet, you'll question this Gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to her dispraisethose parts in me, that you love with your Heart; but, good *Kate*, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle Princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, *Kate*, as I have-saving Faith within me tells me, thou shalt; I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good Soldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I between Saint Dennis and St. George, compound a Boy, half *French*, half *English*, that shall go to *Constantinople*, and take the Turk by the Beard. Shall we not? what say'st thou, my fair Flower-de-Luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Henry. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise; do but now promise, *Kate*, you will endeavour for your *French* part of such a Boy; and for my *English* moiety, take the word of a King, and a Batchelor. How answer you, *La plus belle Katherine du monde mon tres chere & divine deesse*.

Kath. Your Majesty ave faulse *French* enough to deceive de most sage Damoisel dat is *en France*.

K. Henry. Now fie upon my false *French*; by mine Honour, in true *English*, I love thee, *Kate*; by which Honour I dare not swear thou lovest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me, that thou do'st notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my Visage. Now bestrew my Father's Ambition, he was thinking of Civil Wars, when he got me, therefore was I created with a stubborn outside; with an aspect of Iron, that when I come to woo Ladies, I fright them; but in faith, *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill layer up of

Beauty, can do no more spoil upon my Face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, most fair *Katherine*, will you have me? Put off your Maiden Blushes, avouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Looks of an Empress, take me by the Hand, and say, *Harry of England*, I am thine; which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine Ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, *England* is thine, *Ireland* is thine, *France* is thine, and *Henry Plantagenet* is thine; who, though I speak it before his Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King, thou shalt find the best King of Good-fellows. Come, your Answer in broken Musick; for thy Voice is Musick, and thy *English* broken: Therefore Queen of all, *Katherine*, break thy mind to me in broken *English*, wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please le roy mon pere.

K. Henry. Nay, it will please him well, *Kate*; it shall please him, *Kate*.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Henry. Upon that I kiss your Hand, and I call you my Queen.

Kath. *Laissez mon Seigneur, laissez, laissez, may soy: Je ne veux point que vous abaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant le main d'une vostre, Seigneur, indignie serviteur, excusez moy. Je vous supplie mon tres-puissant Seigneur.*

K. Henry. Then I will kiss your Lips, *Kate*.

Kath. *Les Dames and Damoisels pour estre baisée devant leur nopces il n'e't pas le Coutume de France.*

K. Henry. Madam, my Interpreter, what says she?

Lady. Dat it is not be de fashion pour le Ladies of *France*; I cannot tell what is *buisse* en *English*.

K. Henry. To kiss.

Lady. Your Majesty entendre better que moy.

K. Henry. Is it not a fashion for the Maids in *France* to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Lady. Ouy verayment.

K. Henry. O *Kate*, nice Customs curt'sie to great Kings. Dear *Kate*, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak List of a Country's fashion; we are the makers of Manners, *Kate*; and

and the liberty that follows our Places, stops the mouth of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for the upholding the nice fashion of your Country, in denying me a kiss; therefore patiently, and yielding. [*Kissing her*] You have Witchcraft in your Lips, *Kate*; there is more Eloquence in a Sugar touch of them, than in the Tongues of the *French* Council; and they should sooner persuade *Harry* of *England*, than a general Petition of Monarchs. Here comes your Father.

Enter the French Power, and the English Lords.

Burg. God save your Majesty, my Royal Cousin, teach you our Princess *English*?

K. Henry. I would have her learn, my fair Cousin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good *English*.

Burg. Is she apt?

K. Henry. Our Tongue is rough, *Coz*, and my condition is not smooth; so that having neither the Voice nor the Heart of Hatred about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of Love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Burg. Pardon the frankness of my Mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a Circle: if conjure up Love in her in his true likeness he must appear naked, and blind. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet ros'd over with the Virgin Crimson of Modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind Boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my Lord, a hard Condition for a Maid to consign to.

K. Henry. Yet they do wink and yield as Love is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Henry. Then, good my Lord, teach your Cousin to consent to winking.

Burg. I will wink on her to consent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning; Maids well Summer'd, and warm kept, are like Flies at *Bartholomew* tyde, blind, though they have their Eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Henry. This Moral ties me over to time, and a hot

Summer; and so I shall catch the Flie, your Cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Burg. As love is, my Lord, before it loves.

K. Henry. It is so; and you may, some of you, thank Love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair *French* City for one fair *French* Maid, that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes my Lord, you see them perspectively; the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are all girdled with Maiden Walls, that War hath never entred.

K. Henry. Shall *Kate* be my Wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Henry. I am content, so the Maiden Cities you talk of may wait on her; so the Maid that stood in the Way for my Wish, shall shew me the way to my Will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of Reason.

K. Henry. Is't so, my Lords of *England*?

West. The King hath granted every Article:
His Daughter first; and then in sequel all,
According to their firm proposed Nature.

Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this:

Where your Majesty demands, That the King of *France* having occasion to write for matter of Grant, shall name your Highness in this form, and with this addition, in *French*:
Nostre tres cher filz Henry Roy d'Angleterre, Heretier de France; and thus in *Latin*: *Præclarissimus Filius noster Henricus Rex Anglia & Hæres Francia.*

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, Brother, so deny'd,
But your Request shall make me let it pass.

K. Henry. I pray you then, in Love and dear Alliance,
Let that one Article rank with the rest,
And thereupon give me your Daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair Son, and from her Blood raise up
Issue to me, that the contending Kingdoms
Of *France* and *England*, whose very shoars look pale,
With envy of each others happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this dear Conjunction
Plant Neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet Bosoms; that never War advance
His bleeding Sword 'twixt *England* and fair *France*.

Lords. Amen.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Now welcome, *Kate*; and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her, as my Sovereign Queen. [*Flourish.*]

Q. Isa. God, the best Maker of all Marriages,
Combine your Hearts in one, your Realms in one,
As Man and Wife being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your Kingdoms such a Spousal,
That never may ill Office, or fell Jealousie,
Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage,
Thrust in between the Passion of these Kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate League:
That *English* may as *French*, *French Englishmen*,
Receive each other. God speak this Amen.

All. Amen.

K. Henry. Prepare we for our Marriage; on which Day,
My Lord of *Burgundy* we'll take your Oath,
And all the Peers, for surety of our Leagues.
Then shall I swear to *Kate*, and you to me,
And may our Oaths well kept and prosp'rous be. [*Exeunt.*]

Sonnet. Enter Chorus.

Thus far with rough and all-unable Pen,
Our bending Author hath pursu'd the Story,
In little room confining Mighty Men,
Mangling by starts the full Course of their Glory.
Small time, but in that small, most greatly lived,
This Star of *England*. Fortune made his Sword;
By which, the World's best Garden he atchieved,
And of it left his Son Imperial Lord.
Henry the Sixth, in Infant Bands crown'd King
Of *France* and *England*, did this King succeed:
Whose State so many had the managing,
That they lost *France*, and made his *England* bleed:
Which oft our Stage hath shown; and for her sake,
In your fair Minds left this acceptance take.

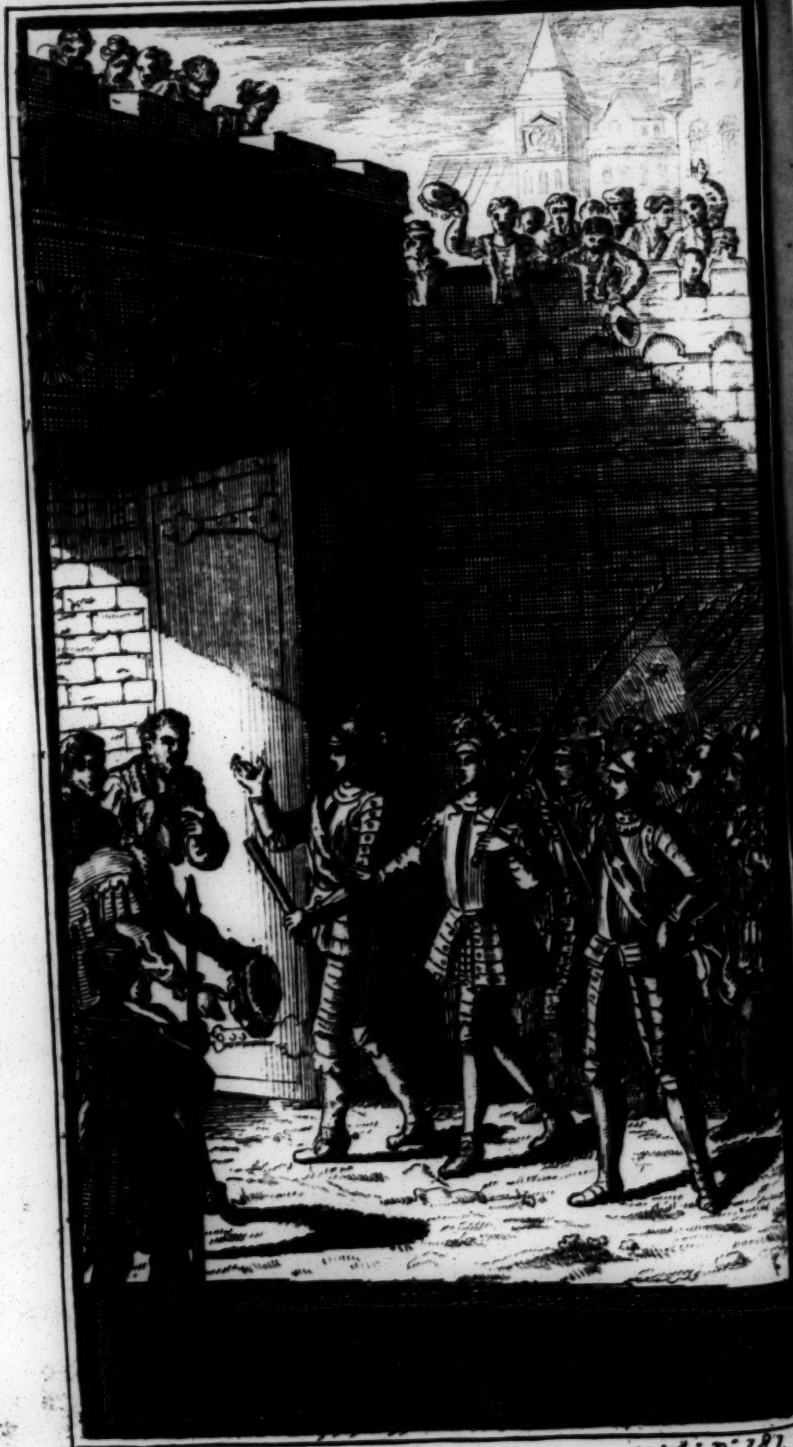


King Henry V.

A. Henry. Now welcome, Kate, and part me with thee.
That part I kiss her, as my sovereign Queen.
O, the God the best Master of all, that makes
Concord in hearts in one, your Kingdoms
As this and this long time, we are in love.
So do these things your King's love with a love.
That never may be parted, till the day
Which God shall give the God of blessed memory.
That in between the bottom of their Kingdoms
To make divorce of their hearts, I pray.
That English may as soon be parted, as the English
Roots can other. Goodnight, my Queen.
All yours.
A. Henry. Prayers we for our Kingdoms, as we should.
My Lord of Burgundy, will you be gone?
And all the French, as they are, to our language.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me.
And may our Oaths well kept, and words made true.
Sweet, fare you well.
Thus far with words and all, I pray.
Our bending. Adieu, my Queen, the night.
In this room, my Queen, I pray.
My Queen, I pray, the night, the night.
Sweet, fare you well, my Queen, the night.
This star of England, Fortune made the night.
By which the world's all Garden is made true.
And of it, let his son, my Queen, the night.
Henry the sixth, in his heart, my Queen, the night.
Of France and England, did this, my Queen, the night.
Which some to name, and the night, my Queen, the night.
That they, my Queen, and the night, my Queen, the night.
Which off our, my Queen, the night, my Queen, the night.
In your heart, my Queen, the night, my Queen, the night.



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THE
FIRST PART
OF
King *HENRY VI.*



Printed in the YEAR MDCC XIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry VI.

*Duke of Gloucester, Uncle to the King, and Protector.
Duke of Bedford, Uncle to the King, and Regent of France.
Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, and Uncle likewise
to the King.*

Duke of Exeter.

Duke of Somerset.

Earl of Warwick.

Earl of Salisbury.

Earl of Suffolk.

Lord Talbot.

Young Talbot, his Son.

Richard Plantagenet, afterwards Duke of York.

Mortimer, Earl of March.

Woodville, Lieutenant of the Tower.

Lord Mayor of London.

Vernon, of the White Rose, or York Faction.

Basset, of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction.

Charles, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.

Reignier, Duke of Anjou, and Titular King of Naples,

Duke of Burgundy.

Duke of Alençon.

Bastard of Orleans.

An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.

*Margaret, Daughter to Reignier, and afterwards Queen to
King Henry.*

*Joan la Pucelle, a Maid pretending to be inspir'd from Heaven,
and setting up for the Championess of France.*

Countess of Auvergne.

*Lords, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants,
both on the English and French.*

*The SCENE is partly in England, and
partly in France.*



The First P A R T of
King H E N R Y VI.

A C T I S C E N E I.

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloucester, Protector; the Duke of Exeter, and the Earl of Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset.

B E D F O R D.



U N G be the Heavens with black, yield
Day to Night;
Comets importing change of Times
and States,
Brandish your Crystal Tresses in the
Sky,
And with them scourge the bad re-
volting Stars,

That have consented unto Henry's Death:
King Henry the Fifth, too Famous to live long,
England ne'er lost a King of so much Worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a King until his time;
Virtue he had, deserving to Command.

H E

His brandish'd Sword did blind Men with his Beams,
 His Arms spread wider than a Dragon's Wings;
 His sparkling Eyes, repleat with awful Fire,
 More dazled and drove back his Enemies,
 Than mid-day Sun fierce bent against their Faces.
 What should I say? his Deeds exceed all Speech:
 He ne'er lift up his Hand but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in Black, why mourn we not in Blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
 Upon a wooden Coffin we attend;
 And Death's dishonourable Victory,
 We with our stately Presence glorifie,
 Like Captives bound to a Triumphant Car.
 What? shall we curse the Planets of Mishap,
 That plotted thus our Glory's overthrow?
 Or shall we think the subtle-witted *French*,
 Conjurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
 By Magick Verse have thus contriv'd his End?

Win. He was a King, blest of the King of Kings.
 Unto the *French*, the dreadful Judgment-day
 So dreadful will not be, as was his fight.
 The Battels of the Lord of Hosts he fought;
 The Churches Prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The Church? Where is it?
 Had not Church-men pray'd,
 His thread of Life had not so soon decay'd.
 None do you like, but an effeminate Prince,
 Whom like a School-boy you may over-aw.

Win. *Glo'ster*, whate'er we like, thou art Protector,
 And lookest to command the Prince and Realm;
 Thy Wife is proud, she holdeth thee in awe,
 More than God or Religious Church-men may.

Glo. Name not Religion, for thou lov'st the Flesh,
 And ne'er throughout the Year to Church thou go'st,
 Except it be to pray against thy Foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these Jars, and rest your Minds in peace:
 Let's to the Altar: Heralds wait on us;
 Instead of Gold, we'll offer up our Arms,
 Since Arms avail not, now that *Henry's* dead.
 Posterity await for wretched Years,

When

When at their Mothers moist Eyes Babes shall suck,
Our Isle be made a nourish of salt Tears,
And none but Women left to 'wail the dead.
Henry the Fifth, thy Ghost I invoke;
Prosper this Realm, keep it from Civil Broils,
Combat with adverse Planets in the Heavens;
A far more glorious Star thy Soul will make,
Than *Julius Caesar*, or bright——

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Honourable Lords, health to you all;
Sad Tidings bring I to you out of *France*,
Of Loss, of Slaughter, and Discomfiture;
Guyenne, Champaign, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guyfors, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, Man, before dead *Henry's* Course?
Speak softly, or the loss of those great Towns
Will make him burst his Lead, and rise from Death.

Glo. Is *Paris* lost, and is *Rome* yielded up?
If *Henry* were recall'd to Life again,
These News would cause him once more yield the Ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? What Treachery was us'd?

Mess. No Treachery, but want of Men and Mony.

Amongst the Soldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain several Factions;
And whilst a Field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your Generals.
One would have lingring Wars with little Cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth Wings:
A third Man thinks, without expence at all,
By guileful fair Words, Peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, *English* Nobility,
Let not Sloth dim your Honours, new begot;
Crop'd are the Flower-de-Luces in your Arms
Of *England's* Coat, one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our Tears wanting to this Funeral,
These Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.

Bed. Me they concern, Regent I am of *France*;
Give me my steeld Coat. I'll fight for *France*.
Away with these disgraceful wailing Robes;

Wounds

Wounds will I lend the *French*, instead of Eyes,
To weep their intermissive Miseries.

Enter to them another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Lords, view these Letters, full of bad Mischance;
France is revolted from the *English* quite,
Except some petty Towns of no import:
The Dauphin *Charles* is crowned King in *Rheims*;
The Bastard of *Orleans* with him is join'd:
Reignier, Duke of *Anjou*, doth his Part,
The Duke of *Alençon* fieth to his side. [Exit.]

Exe. The Dauphin crowned King? all fly to him?
O, whither shall we fly from this Reproach?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our Enemies Throats.
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. *Gloster*, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An Army have I muster'd in my Thoughts,
Wherewith already *France* is over-run.

Enter a Third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My Gracious Lords, to add to your Laments
Wherewith you now bedew King *Henry's* Head,
I must inform you of a dismal Fight
Betwixt the stout Lord *Talbot* and the *French*.

Win. What! wherein *Talbot* overcame, is't so?

3 *Mess.* O no; wherein Lord *Talbot* was o'erthrown;
The Circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of *August* last, this dreadful Lord,
Retiring from the Siege of *Orleans*,
Having scarce full six thousand in his Troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the *French*
Was round encompassed, and set upon;
No leisure had he to enrank his Men;
He wanted Pikes to set before his Archers;
Instead whereof, sharp Stakes pluck'd out of Hedges
They pitched in the Ground confusedly,
To keep the Horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the Fight continued;
Where valiant *Talbot*, above human Thought,
Enacted Wonders with his Sword and Lance;
Hundreds he sent to Hell, and none durst stand him:
Here, there, and every where enrag'd he flew.

The

The French exclaim'd, the Devil was in Arms,
All the whole Army stood agaz'd on him.
His Soldiers spying his undaunted Spirit,
A *Talbot!* a *Talbot!* cry'd out amain.
And rush'd into the Bowels of the Battel.
Here, had the Conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir *John Falstaff* had not play'd the Coward,
He being in the Vaward, plac'd behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general Wrack and Massacre;
Enclosed were they with their Enemies.
A base *Walloon*, to win the Dauphin's Grace,
Thrust *Talbot* with a Spear into the Back,
Whom all *France*, with their Chief assembled Strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the Face.

Bed. Is *Talbot* slain then? I will slay my self,
For living idly here in pomp and ease,
Whist such a worthy Leader, wanting Aid,
Unto his dastard Foe-men is betray'd,

3 *Mess.* O no, he lives, but is took Prisoner,
And Lord *Scales* with him, and Lord *Hungerford*;
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took likewise.

Bed. His Ransom there is none but I shall pay.
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his Throne,
His Crown shall be the Ransom of my Friend:
Four of their Lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewel, my Masters, to my Task will I,
Bonfires in *France* forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great *St. George's* Feast withal.
Ten thousand Soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody Deeds shall make all *Europe* quake.

3 *Mess.* So you had need, for *Orleans* is besieg'd,
The *English* Army is grown weak and faint:
The Earl of *Salisbury* craveth Supply,
And hardly keeps his Men from Mutiny.
Since they so few, watch such a Multitude.

Exe. Remember, Lords, your Oaths to *Henry* sworn:
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in Obedience to your Yoak.

Bed.

The First Part of

Bed. I do remember it, and here take leave,
To go about my Preparation. [Exit Bedford]

Glo. I'll to the *Tower* with all the haste I can,
To view the Artillery and Munition,
And then I will proclaim young *Henry King*.
[Exit Gloucester]

Exe. To *Elsam* will I, where the young King is,
Being ordain'd his special Governor,
And for his Safety there I'll best devise. [Exit]

Win. Each hath his Place and Function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains:
But long I will not be Jack out of Office,
The King from *Elsam* I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest stern of publick Weal. [Exit]

*Enter Charles, Alençon, and Reignier, marching with a
Drum and Soldiers.*

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the Heav'ns,
So in the Earth, to this Day is not known.
Late did he shine upon the *English* side:
Now we are Victors, upon us he smiles.
What Towns of any moment, but we have?
At pleasure here we lye, near *Orleans*:
Otherwhiles, the famish'd *English*, like pale Ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one Hour in a Month.

Alen. They want their Porridge, and their fat Bull-Beeves.
Either they must be dieted like Mules,
And have their Provender ty'd to their Mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned Mice.
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd *Salisbury*,
And he may well in fretting spend his Gall,
Nor Men, nor Mony hath he to make War.

Char. Sound, sound Alarum, we will rush on them,
Now for the Honour of the forlorn *French*:
Him I forgive my Death that killeth me;
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly. [Exeunt]

*[Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the English, with
great Loss.]*

Enter

King HENRY VI.

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Enter Charles, Alençon, and Reigner.

Char. Who ever saw the like? What Men have I?
Dogs, Cowards, Dastards: I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my Enemies.

Reig. *Salisbury* is a desperate Homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his Life:
Two other Lords, like Lions wanting Food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry Prey.

Alen. *Froissard*, a Countryman of ours, records,
England all *Olivers* and *Rowlands* bred,
During the time *Edward* the Third did Reign:
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but *Sampsons* and *Goliasses*
It sendeth forth to Skirmish; one to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd Rascals, who would e'er suppose
They had such Courage and Audacity?

Char. Let's leave this Town,
For they are hair-brain'd Slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth
The Walls they'll tear down, than forsake the Siege;

Reig. I think by some odd Gimmals or Device
Their Arms are set, like Clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do:
By my Consent, we'll even let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have News for him.

Dau. Bastard of *Orleans*, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your Looks are sad, your Chear appal'd.
Hath the late Overthrow wrought this Offence?
Be not dismay'd, for Succour is at hand:
A holy Maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a Vision sent to her from Heav'n,
Ordained is to raise this tedious Siege,
And drive the *English* forth the bounds of *France*:
The Spirit of deep Prophecie she hath,
Exceeding the nine *Sibyls* of old *Rome*:
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.

Speak,

Enter

Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my Words,
For they are certain and infallible.

Dau. Go, call her in; but first, to try her Skill,
Reignier stand thou as Dauphin in my Place;
Question her proudly, let thy Looks be stern,
By this means shall we sound what Skill she hath.

Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Reig. Fair Maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous Feats?

Pucel. *Reignier*, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind,
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart:

Stand back, you Lords, and give us leave a while.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first Dash.

Pucel. Dauphin, I am by Birth a Shepherd's Daughter,
My Wit untrain'd in any kind of Art:

Heav'n and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible Estate.

Lo, whilst I waited on my tender Lambs,
And to Suns parching heat display'd my Cheeks,
God's Mother deigned to appear to me.

And in a Vision full of Majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base Vocation,
And free my Country from Calamity:
Her Aid she promis'd, and assur'd Success.

In compleat Glory she reveal'd her self;
And whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear Rays which she infus'd on me,
That Beauty am I blest with, which you see.

Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:

My Courage try by Combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my Sex.
Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike Mate.

Dau. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms:
Only this proof I'll of thy Valour make,
In single Combat thou shalt buckle with me;
And if thou vanquishest, thy Words are true,

Otherwise I renounce all Confidence.

Pucel. I am prepar'd; here is my keen-edg'd Sword,
Deck'd with fine Flower-de-Luces on each side,
The which at *Tourain* in *St. Katherine's* Church-yard,
Out of a great deal of old Iron, I chose forth.

Dau. Then come a God's Name, I fear no Woman.

Pucel. And while I live, I'll ne'er fly no Man.

Here they Fight, and Joan de Pucelle overcomes.

Dau. Stay, stay thy Hands, thou art an *Amazon*,
And fightest with the Sword of *Deborn*.

Pucel. Christ's Mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Dau. Who e'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy desire,
My Heart and Hands thou hast at once subdu'd,
Excellent *Pucelle*, if thy Name be so,
Let me thy Servant, and not Sovereign be,
'Tis the *French* Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Pucel. I must not yield to any rights of Love,
For my Profession's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy Foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a *Récompence*.

Dau. Mean time look gracious on thy prostrate Thrall.

Reig. My Lord, methinks, is very long in talk

Alen. Doubtless he shrives this Woman to her Smock,
Else ne'er could he so long protract his Speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor Men do know:
These Women are shrewd tempters with their Tongues.

Reig. My Lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over *Orleans*, or no?

Pucel. Why no, I say; distrustful Reerents.
Fight 'till the last gasp; for I'll be your guard.

Dau. What she says I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.

Pucel. Assign'd I am to be the *English* Scourge.
This Night the Siege assuredly I'll raise:

Expect *Saint Martin's* Summer, *Halcyon* days,

Since I have entred thus into these Wars,

Glory is like a Circle in the Water;

Which never ceaseth to enlarge it self

'Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

With

With *Henry's* death, the *English* Circle ends,
Dispersed are the Glories it included:

Now am I like that proud insulting Ship,
Which *Cesar* and his Fortune bore at once.

Dau. Was *Mahomet* inspired with a Dove?
Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.

Helen, the Mother of great *Constantine*,
Nor yet *St. Philip's* Daughters were like thee.
Bright Star of *Venus*, fall'n down on the Earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alon. Leave off delays, and let us raise the Siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our Honours,
Drive them from *Orleans*, and be immortaliz'd.

Dau. Presently we'll try: Come, let's away about it,
No Prophet will I trust, if she proves false. [Exeunt.

Enter Gloucester, with his Serving-Men.

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day:
Since *Henry's* Death, I fear there is Conveyance:
Where be these Warders, that they wait not here?
Open the Gates. 'Tis *Gloucester* that calls.

1 *Ward.* Who's there, that knocks so imperiously?

1 *Man.* It is the Noble Duke of *Glo'ster*.

2 *Ward.* Who e'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 *Man.* Villains, answer you so the Lord Protector?

1 *Ward.* The Lord protect him, so we answer him,
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo. Who willed you? or whose Will stands but mine?
There's none Protector of the Realm, but I.

Break up the Gates, I'll be your warrantize;

Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill Grooms?

*Gloucester's Men rush at the Tower Gates, and Woodville
the Lieutenant speaks within.*

Wood. What noise is this? What Traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose Voice I hear?
Open the Gates, here's *Glo'ster* that would enter.

Wood. Have patience, Noble Duke, I may not open,
The Cardinal of *Winchester* forbids;
From him I have express Commandment,
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Glo.

Glo. Faint-hearted *Woodvile*, prizest him 'fore me?
 Arrogant *Winchester*, the haughty Prelate,
 Whom *Henry* our late Sovereign ne'er could brook?
 Thou art no Friend to God or to the King:
 Open the Gate, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

Serv. Open the Gates to the Lord Protector,
 Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.
Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates, Winchester
and his Men in Tawny Coats.

Win. How now ambitious Umpire, what means this?

Glo. Piel'd Priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping Proditor,
 And not Protector of the King or Realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest Conspirator,
 Thou that contrived'st to murder our dead Lord,
 Thou that giv'st Whores Indulgencies to Sin,
 I'll canvas thee in thy broad Cardinal's Hat,
 If thou proceed in this thy Insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
 This be *Damascus*, be thou cursed *Cain*,
 To slay thy Brother *Abel*, if thou wilt.

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
 Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Child's bearing Cloth,
 I'll use, to carry thee out of this Place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st, I beard thee to thy Face.

Glo. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my Face?
 Draw Men, for all this privileged Place,
 Blue Coats to Tawny Coats. Priest, beware thy Beard,
 I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly.
 Under my Feet I'll stamp thy Cardinal's Hat:
 In spite of Pope, or Dignities of Church,
 Here by the Cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. *Glo'ster*, thou wilt answer this before the Pope.

Glo. *Winchester* Goof, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.
 Now beat them hence, why do you let them stay?
 Thee I'll chase hence, thou Wolf in Sheep's array.
 Out Tawny Coats, out Scarlet Hypocrite.

The First Part of

Here Gloucester's Men beat out the Cardinal's, and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London, and his Officers.

Mayor. Fie, Lords, that you being supream Magistrates, Thus contumeliously should break the Peace.

Glo. Peace, Mayor, for thou know'st little of my Wrongs: Here's *Beauford*, that regards not God nor King, Hath here distrain'd the *Tower* to his use.

Win. Here's *Glo'ster* too, a Foe to Citizens, One that still motions War, and never Peace, O'er-charging your free Purfes with large Fines; That seeks to overthrow Religion, Because he is Protector of the Realm; And would have Armour here out of the *Tower*, To Crown himself King, and suppress the Prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with Words, but Blows.

[Here they skirmish again.]

Mayor. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous Strife, But to make open Proclamation.

Come, Officer, as loud as e'er thou can'st; cry;

All manner of Men assembled here in Arms this Day, against God's Peace and the King's, we Charge and Command you, in his Highness Name, to repair to your several dwelling Places, and not to wear, handle, or use any Sword, Weapon or Dagger henceforward, upon pain of Death.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no Breaker of the Law: But we shall meet, and break our Minds at large.

Win. *Glo'ster*, we'll meet to thy dear Cost be sure; Thy Heart-blood I will have for this day's Work.

Mayor. I'll call for Clubs, if you will not away: This Cardinal is more haughty than the Devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell: Thou dost but what thou may'st.

Win. Abominable *Glo'ster*, guard thy Head, For I intend to have it ere be long.

[Exeunt.]

Mayor. See the Coast clear'd, and then we will depart. Good God that Nobles should such Stomachs bear, I my self fight not once in forty year.

[Exeunt.]

Enter the Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Boy.

M. Gun. Sirra, thou know'st how *Orleans* is besieg'd, And how the *English* have the Suburbs won.

Boy. Father, I know, and oft have shot at them, How e'er unfortunate I miss'd my Aim.

M. Gun.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Bethou rul'd by me:
 Chief Master-Gunner am I of this Town,
 Something I must do to procure me Grace:
 The Prince's espials have informed me,
 How the *English*, in the Suburbs close intrench'd,
 Went through a secret Grate of Iron Bars,
 In yonder Tower, to over-peer the City,
 And thence discover, how with most Advantage
 They may vex us with Shot, or with Assault.
 To intercept this Inconvenience,
 A piece of Ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd,
 And fully even these three Days have I watch'd,
 If I could see them. Now, Boy, do thou watch,
 For I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word,
 And thou shalt find me at the Governor's. [Exit.

Boy. Father, I warrant you, take you no care,
 I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter Salisbury and Talbot, on the Turrets, with others.

Sal. Talbot, my Life, my Joy, again return'd?
 How wert thou handled, being Prisoner?
 Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?
 Discourse I prethee on this Turret's top.

Tal. The Earl of *Bedford* had a Prisoner,
 Call'd the brave Lord *Ponton de Santraile*,
 For him was I exchange'd, and ransomed.
 But with a baser Man of Arms by far,
 Once in Contempt they would have barter'd me:
 Which I disdain'd, scorn'd, and craved Death,
 Rather than I would be so pil'd esteem'd;
 In fine, redeem'd I was, as I desir'd.
 But O, the treacherous *Falstaff* wounds my Heart,
 Whom with my bare Fists I would execute,
 If I now had him brought into my Power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With Scoffs, and Scorns, and contumelious Taunts,
 In open Market place produc'd they me,
 To be a publick Spectacle to all:
 Here said they, is the Terror of the *French*,
 The Scare-crow that affrights our Children so.

Then broke I from the Officers that led me,
 And with my Nails digg'd Stones out of the Ground,
 To hurl at the beholders of my Shame.
 My grisly Countenance made others fly,
 None durst come near, for fear of sudden Death.
 In Iron Walls they deem'd me not secure:
 So great fear of my Name 'mongst them was spread,
 That they suppos'd I could rend Bars of Steel,
 And spurn in pieces Posts of Adamant.
 Wherefore a guard of chosen Shot I had;
 They walk'd about me every Minute while;
 And if I did but stir out of my Bed,
 Ready they were to shoot me to the Heart.

Enter Boy with a Linstock.

Sal. I grieve to hear what Torments you endur'd,
 But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
 Now it is Supper time in *Orleans*:
 Here, through this Grate, I can count every one,
 And view the *Frenchmen* how they fortifie:
 Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee:
 Sir *Thomas Gargrave*, and Sir *William Glansdale*,
 Let me have your express Opinions,
 Where is best place to make our Batt'ry next?

Gar. I think at the North Gate, for there stand, Lords.

Glan. And I here, at the Bulwark of the Bridge.

Tal. For ought I see, this City must be famish'd,
 Or with light Skirmishes enfeebled.

[Here they shoot, and Salisbury falls down.]

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched Sinners.

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful Man.

Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath crost us?
 Speak, *Salisbury*; at least, if thou canst, speak:
 How far'st thou, Mirror of all Martial Men?
 One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheeks side struck off?
 Accursed Tower, accursed fatal Hand
 That hath contriv'd this woful Tragedy.
 In thirteen Battels, *Salisbury* o'ercame:
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the Wars,
 Whilst any Trump did sound, or Drum struck up,
 His Sword did ne'er leave striking in the Field.

Yet

Yet liv'st thou, *Salisbury*? though thy Speech doth fail,
One Eye thou hast to look to Heaven for Grace.
The Sun with one Eye vieweth all the World.
Heaven be thou Gracious to none alive,
If *Salisbury* wants Mercy at thy Hands.
Bear hence his Body, I will help to bury it.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any Life?
Speak unto *Talbot*, nay, look up to him.
Salisbury, cheer thy Spirit with this Comfort,
Thou shalt not die whiles——

He beckons with his Hand, and smiles on me:
As who should say, *When I am dead and gone,*
Remember to avenge me on the French.
Plantagenet I will, and, *Nero*-like, will
Play on the Lute, beholding the Towns burn:
Wretched shall *France* be only in my Name.

[*Here an Alarm, and it Thunders and Lightens.*]

What stir is this? What Tumult's in the Heavens?
Whence cometh this Alarum, and the Noise?

Enter a Messenger,

Mess. My Lord, my Lord, the *French* have gather'd head.
The *Dauphin*, with one *Joan la Pucelle* join'd,
A holy Prophetess, new risen up,
Is come with a great Power, to raise the Siege.

[*Here Salisbury lifteth himself up, and groans.*]

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying *Salisbury* doth groa
It irks his Heart he cannot be reveng'd.

Frenchmen, I'll be a *Salisbury* to you.

Puzel or *Pussel*, *Dolphin* or *Dog-fish*,

Your Hearts I'll stamp out with my Horses heels,

And make a Quagmire of your mingled Brains.

Convey me *Salisbury* into his Tent,

And then we'll try, what these dastard *Frenchmen* dare.

Alarum.

[*Exit.*]

Here an Alarum again; and Talbot pursueth the Dauphin,
and driveth him: Then enter Joan la Pucelle, driving
Englishmen before her. Then enter Talbot.

Tal. Where is my Strength, my Valour, and my Force?
Our *English* Troops retire, I cannot stay them.
A Woman clad in Armour chafeth them.

Enter Pucelle.

Here, here she comes. I'll have a bout with thee;
 Devil, or Devil's Dam, I'll conjure thee:
 Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,
 And straightway give thy Soul to him thou serv'st.

Pucel. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.

[They fight.]

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer Hell so to prevail?
 My Breast I'll burst with straining of my Courage,
 And from my Shoulders crack my Arms asunder,
 But I will chastise this high-minded Strumpet.

[They fight again.]

Pucel. Talbot farewell, thy hour is not yet come,
 I must go Victual Orleans forthwith,

A short Alarum: Then enter the Town with Soldiers.

O'ertake me if thou canst, I scorn thy strength.
 Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved Men,
 Help Salisbury to make his Testament,
 This Day is ours, as many more shall be. *[Exit Pucelle.]*

Tal. My Thoughts are whirled like a Potter's Wheel.
 I know not where I am, nor what I do:
 A Witch by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
 Drives back our Troops, and conquers as she lists:
 So Bees with smook, and Doves with noisom stench,
 Are from their Hives and Houses driven away.
 They call'd us, for our fierceness, English Dogs,
 Now like the Whelps, we crying run away.

[A short Alarum.]

Hark Country men, either renew the fight,
 Or tear the Lions out of England's Coat;
 Renounce your Soil, give Sheep in Lions stead:
 Sheep run not half so treacherous from the Wolf,
 Or Horse or Oxen from the Leopard,
 As you fly from your oft-subdued Slaves.

[Alarum. Here another Skirmish.]

It will not be, retire into your Trenches:
 You all consented unto Salisbury's Death,
 For none would strike a stroke in his Revenge.
Pucelle is entred into Orleans,
 In spite of us, or ought that we could do.

O would I were to die with *Salisbury*.

The shame hereof will make me hide my Head.

[Exit Talbot.

[Alarum, Retreat, Flourish.

Enter on the Wall, *Pucelle*, *Dauphin*, *Reignier*, *Alençon*,
and Soldiers.

Pucel. Advance our waving Colours on the Walls,
Rescu'd is *Orleans* from the *English* Wolves:

Thus *Jean la Pucelle* hath perform'd her Word.

Dau. Divineſt Creature, bright *Aſtrea's* Daughter,
How ſhall I honour thee for this Succeſs!

Thy Promiſes are like *Adonis* Garden,
That one Day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.

France, Triumph in thy glorious Prophetes,
Recover'd is the Town of *Orleans*;

More bleſſed hap did ne'er beſal our State.

Reig. Why ring not out the Bells aloud,
Throughout the Town?

Dauphin, command the Citizens make Bonfires,
And feaſt and banquet in the open Streets,
To celebrate the Joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All *France* will be repleat with Mirth and Joy,
When they ſhall hear how we have play'd the Men.

Dau. 'Tis *Joan*, not we, by whom the Day is won:
For which, I will divide my Crown with her,
And all the Priests and Fryers in my Realm,
Shall in Proceſſion ſing her endleſs Praise.

A ſtatelier Pyramid to her I'll rear,
Than *Rhodope's* or *Memphis* ever was.
In memory of her when ſhe is dead,
Her Aſhes, in an Urn more gracious
Than the Rich-jewel'd Coffers of *Darius*,
Transported ſhall be, at high Feſtivals,
Before the Kings and Queens of *France*.

No longer on Saint *Dennis* will we cry,
But *Joan la Pucelle* ſhall be *France's* Saint.
Come in, and let us Banquet Royally,
After this golden Day of Victory.

[Flouriſh. Exeunt.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter a Serjeant of a Band, with two Centinels.

Ser. **S**irs take your places and be vigilant:
If any Noise or Soldier you perceive
Near to the Wall, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the Court of Guard.

Cent. Serjeant, you shall. Thus are poor Servitors
(When others sleep upon their quiet Beds)
Constrain'd to watch in Darkness, Rain, and Cold.

*Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling
Ladders. Their Drums beating a Dead March.*

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach, the Regions of *Artois*,
Walloon, and *Picardy*, are Friends to us:
This happy Night, the *Frenchmen* are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banquetted.
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by Art, and baleful Sorcery.

Bed. Coward of *France*, how much he wrongs his Fame,
Despairing of his own Arms fortitude,
To join with Witches, and the help of Hell.

Bur. Traitors have never other Company.
But what's that *Pucel*, whom they term so pure?

Tal. A Maid, they say.

Bed. A Maid? And be so Martial?

Bur. Pray God, she prove not Masculine ere long,
If underneath the Standard of the *French*
She carry Armeur, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with Spirits,
God is our Fortrefs, in whose Conquering Name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty Bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave *Talbot*, we will follow thee.

Tal. Not all together: Better far I guess,
That we do make our Entrance several ways:
That if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their Force.

Bed.

Bed. Agreed; I'll to yond corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And here will *Talbot* mount, or make his Grave.
Now *Salisbury* for thee and for the right
Of *English Henry*, shall this Night appear
How much in duty, I am bound to both.

Cent. Arm, Arm, the Enemy doth make assault.

[*Cry. St. George! A Talbot!*

*The French leap o'er the Walls in their Shirts. Enter several
ways, Bastard, Alençon, Reignier, half ready, and half
unready.*

Alen. How now, my Lords? what all unready so?

Bast. Unready? I and glad we scap'd so well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our Beds,
Hearing Alarums at our Chamber Doors.

Alen. Of all Exploits since first I follow'd Arms,
Ne'er heard I of a Warlike Enterprize
More venturous, or desperate than this.

Bast. I think this *Talbot* be a Fiend of Hell.

Reig. If not of Hell, the Heavens sure favour him.

Alen. Here cometh *Charles*, I marvel how he sped.

Enter Charles and Joan.

Bast. Tut, holy *Joan* was his defensive Guard.

Cha. Is this thy Cunning, thou deceitful Dame?

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Pucel. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his Friend?
At all times will you have my Power alike?
Sleeping or Waking, must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident Soldiers, had your Watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have falln.

Char. Duke of *Alençon*, this was your Default.
That being Captain of the Watch to Night,
Did look no better to that weighty Charge.

Alen. Had all our Quarters been as safely kept,
As that, whereof I had the Government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my Lord.

Char. And for my self, most part of all this Night
Within her Quarter, and mine own Precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the Centinels.

Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

Pucel. Question, my Lord, no further of the case,
How, or which way; 'tis sure they found some place
But weakly Guarded, where the Breach was made:
And now there rests no other shift, but this
To gather our Soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new Plat-forms to endamage them. [Exit.

Alarum. Enter a Soldier, crying, a Talbot! a Talbot!
they fly, leaving their Cloaths behind.

Sol. I'll be so bold to take what they have left:
The Cry of Talbot serves me for a Sword,
For I have loaden me with many Spoils,
Using no other Weapon but his Name. [Exit,

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy.

Bed. The Day begins to break, and Night is fled,
Whose pitchy Mantle over-vail'd the Earth.
Here sound Retreat, and cease our hot Pursuit. [Retreat.

Tal. Bring forth the Body of old Salisbury,
And here advance it in the Market place,
The middle Centre of this cursed Town.
Now have I pay'd my Vow unto his Soul,
For every drop of Blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen dy'd to Night.
And that hereafter Ages may behold
What Ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within the chiefest Temple I'll erect
A Tomb, wherein his Corps shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the Sack of Orleans,
The treacherous manner of his mournful Death,
And what a terrour he had been to France.
But, Lords, in all our bloody Massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dauphin's Grace,
His new-come Champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false Confederates.

Bed

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsie Beds,
They did amongst the Troops of armed Men,
Leap o'er the Walls for refuge in the Field.

Bur. My self, as far as I could well discern,
For Smoak and dusty Vapours of the Night, I
Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin and his Trull,
When Arm in Arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving Turtle Doves,
That could not live asunder Day or Night,
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the Power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my Lords; which of this Princely Train
Call ye the Warlike *Talbot*, for his Acts
So much applauded through the Realm of *France*?

Tal. Here is the *Talbot*, who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous Lady, Countess of *Auvergne*,
With Modesty admiring thy Renown,
By me intreats, great Lord, thou would'st vouchsafe
To visit her poor Castle where she lyes;
That she may boast she hath beheld the Man,
Whose Glory fills the World with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then I see our Wars
Will turn into a peaceful Comick Sport,
When Ladies crave to be encountred with.
You may not, my Lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a World of Men
Could not prevail with all their Oratory,
Yet hath a Woman's kindness over-rul'd:
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your Honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly 'tis more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, Unbidden Guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this Lady's courtesie.
Come hither, Captain, you perceive my Mind. [*Whispers.*

Capt. I do, my Lord, and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Countess of Auvergne.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge,
And when you have done so, bring the Keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*]

Count. The Plot is laid, if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this Exploit,
As *Scythian Tomyris* by *Cyrus* Death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful Knight,
And his Atchievements of no less account:
Fain would mine Eyes be witness with mine Ears,
To give their Censure of these rare Reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madam, according as your Ladyship desir'd,
By Message crav'd, so is Lord *Talbot* come.

Count. And he is welcome; what? is this the Man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the Scourge of France?
Is this the *Talbot*, so much fear'd abroad?
That with his Name the Mothers still their Babes?
I see Report is fabulous and false.

I thought I should have seen some *Hercules*,
A second *Hector*, for his grim Aspect,
And large proportion of his strong knit Limbs.
Alas! this is a Child, a silly Dwarf;
It cannot be, this weak and writhled Shrimp
Should strike such terror to his Enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But since your Ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now?
Go ask him, whither he goes?

Mess. Stay, my Lord *Talbot*, for my Lady craves,
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, *Talbot's* here.

Enter Porter with Keys.

Count. If thou be he; then art thou Prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner? to whom?

Count. To me, Blood-thirsty Lord:
And for that cause I train'd thee to my House.

Long

Long time thy Shadow hath been thrall to me;
For in my Gallery thy Picture hangs:
But now the Substance shall endure the like,
And I will chain these Legs and Arms of thine,
That hast by Tyranny these many Years
Wasted our Country, slain our Citizens,
And sent our Sons and Husbands Captivate:

Tal. Ha, ha, ha.

Count. Laughst thou Wretch?
Thy Mirth shall turn to Moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your Ladyship so fond,
To think, that you have ought but *Talbot's Shadow*,
Whereon to practise your Severity.

Count. Why? art not thou the Man?

Tal. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I Substance too,

Tal. No, no, I am but Shadow of my self:
You are deceiv'd, my Substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part,
And least Proportion of Humanity:
I tell you, Madam, were the whole Frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your Roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I shew you presently.

Winds his Horn, Drums strike up, a Peal of Ordnance:

Enter Soldiers.

How say you, Madam? are you now persuaded,
That *Talbot* is but Shadow of himself?
These are his Substance, Sinews, Arms, and Strength,
With which he yoaiketh your Rebellious Necks,
Razeth your Cities, and subverts your Towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuse;
I find thou art no less than Fame hath bruied,
And more than may be gathered by thy Shape.
Let my Presumption not provoke thy Wrath,
For I am sorry, that with Reverence

I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair Lady, nor misconstrue
The Mind of *Talbot*, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his Body.
What you have done, hath not offended me :
Nor other Satisfaction do I crave,
But only with your Patience, that we may
Taste of your Wine, and see what Cates you have,
For Soldiers Stomachs always serve them well.

Coun. With all my Heart, and think me honoured,
To feast so great a Warrior in my House [Exeunt.
Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset, Suffolk,
and others.

Plan. Great Lords and Gentlemen,
What means this silence?

Dare no Man answer in a Case of Truth?

Suf. Within the Temple Hall we were too loud,
The Garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the Truth :
Or else was wrangling *Somerset* in th' Error?

Suf. Faith I have been a Truant in the Law,
And never yet could frame my Will to it,
And therefore frame the Law unto my Will.

Som. Judge you, my Lord of *Warwick*, then between us.

War. Between two Hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two Dogs which hath the deeper Mouth,
Between two Blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two Horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two Girls, which hath the merriest Eye,
I have perhaps some shallow Spirit of judgment,
But in these nice sharp Quillets of the Law,
Good-faith, I am no wiser than a Daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance :
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any pur-blind Eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side, it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind Man's Eye.

Plan. Since you are Tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your Thoughts:

Let

Let him that is a true-born Gentleman,
And stands upon the Honour of his Birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this Briar pluck a white Rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer,
But dare maintain the Party of the Truth,
Pluck a red Rose from off this Thorn with me.

War. I love no Colours; and without all colour
Of base insinuating Flattery,
I pluck this white Rose with *Plantagenet*.

Suf. I pluck this red Rose with young *Somerſet*,
And ſay withal, I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay. Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more,
'Till you conclude, that he upon whoſe ſide
The feweſt Roſes are crop'd from the Tree,
Shall yield the other in the right Opinion.

Som. Good Maſter *Vernon*, it is well objected;
If I have feweſt, I ſubſcribe in ſilence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then for the truth, and plainneſs of the Caſe,
I pluck this pale and maiden Bloſſom here,
Giving my Verdict on the white Roſe ſide.

Som. Prick not your Finger as you pluck it off,
Leſt bleeding, you do paint the white Roſe Red,
And fall on my ſide ſo againſt your will.

Ver. If I, my Lord, for my Opinion bleed,
Opinion ſhall be Surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the ſide where ſtill I am.

Som. Well, well, come on, who elſe?

Lawyer. Unleſs my Study and my Books be falſe,
The Argument you held, was wrong in you; [*To Somerſet.*
In ſign whereof, I pluck a white Roſe too.

Plan. Now *Somerſet*, where is your Argument?

Som. Here in my Scabbard, meditating that,
Shall dye your white Roſe in a bloody Red.

Plan. Mean time your Cheeks do counterfeit our Roſes,
For pale they look with fear, as witneſſing
The truth on our ſide.

Som. No *Plantagenet*.

'Tis not for fear, but anger, that thy Cheeks

Bluſh

Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our Roses,
And yet thy Tongue will not confess thy Error.

Plan. Hath not thy Rose a Canker, *Somerſet*?

Som. Hath not thy Rose a Thorn, *Plantagenet*?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing to maintain his truth,
Whiles thy consuming Canker eats his falſhood.

Som. Well, I'll find Friends to wear my bleeding Roses,
That ſhall maintain what I have ſaid is true,
Where falſe *Plantagenet* dare not be ſeen,

Plan. Now by this Maiden Bloſſom in my Hand,
I ſcorn thee and thy faſhion, peeviſh Boy.

Suf. Turn not thy ſcorns this way, *Plantagenet*.

Plan. Proud *Pool*, I will, and ſcorn both him and thee.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy Throat.

Som. Away, away, good *William de la Pool*,
We grace the Yeoman, by converſing with him.

War. Now by God's will thou wrong'ſt him, *Somerſet*:
His Grandfather was *Lyonel Duke of Clarence*,
Third Son to the third *Edward King of England*:
Spring-Creſtleſs Yeomen from ſo deep a Root?

Plan. He bears him on the Place's Priviledge,
Or durſt not for his craven Heart ſay thus.

Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of Ground in Chriſtendom.

Was not thy Father, *Richard*, Earl of *Cambridge*,
For Treason executed in our late King's Days?

And by his Treason, ſtand'ſt not thou attainted,
Corrupted and exempt from antient Gentry?

His Trefpaſs yet lives guilty in thy Blood,
And 'till thou be reſtor'd, thou art a Yeoman.

Plan. My Father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to die for Treason, but no Traitor;
And that I'll prove on better Men than *Somerſet*,
Were growing time once ripened to my Will.

For your Partaker *Pool*, and you your ſelf,

I'll note you in my Book of Memory,

To ſcourage you for this Apprehenſion;

Look to it well, and ſay you are well warn'd.

Som. Ah, thou ſhalt find us ready for thee ſtill;
And know us by theſe Colours, for thy Foes:

For these, my Friends in spight of thee shall wear.

Plan. And by my Soul, this pale and angry Rose,
As Cognizance of my Blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my Faction wear,
Until it wither with me to my Grave,
Or flourish to the height of my Degree.

Suf. Go forward, and be choak'd with thy Ambition:
And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [Exit:]

Som. Have with thee, *Pool* : Farewel, ambitious *Richard*. [Exit:]

Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!

War. This blot, that they object against your House,
Shall be wip'd out in the next Parliament,
Call'd for the Truce of *Winchester* and *Gloucester* :
And if thou be not then created *York*,
I will not live to be accounted *Warwick*.
Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud *Somerſet*, and *William Pool*,
Will I upon thy party wear this Rose.

And here I prophesie ; this Brawl to day,
Grown to this Faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall send between the red Rose and the white,
A thousand Souls to death and deadly Night.

Plan. Good Master *Vernon*, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a Flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Lawyer. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle Sir.

Come, let us four to dinner ; I dare say,
This Quarrel will drink Blood another day. [Exeunt:]

Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chair, and Sailors.

Mor. Kind Keepers of my weak decaying Age,
Let dying *Mortimer* here rest himself.

Even like a Man new haled from the Wrack,
So fare my Limbs with long Imprisonment :
And these gray Locks the Pursuivants of Death,
Nestor-like aged, in an Age of Care,
Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*.

These Eyes, like Lamps, whose wasting Oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their Exigent.

Weak

Weak Shoulders, over-born with burthening Grief,
 And pithless Arms like to a withered Vine,
 That droops his sapless Branches to the Ground,
 Yet are these Feet whose strengthless stay is numb,
 (Unable to support this Lump of Clay)
 Swift-winged with desire to get a Grave,
 As witting I no other comfort have.

But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come?

Keeper. *Richard Plantagenet*, my Lord, will come,
 We sent unto the Temple, to his Chamber,
 And answer was return'd, that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my Soul then shall be satisfied,
 Poor Gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.
 Since *Henry Monmouth* first began to Reign,
 Before whose Glory I was great in Arms,
 This loathsome sequestration have I had;
 And even since then, hath *Richard* been obscur'd,
 Depriv'd of Honour and Inheritance.
 But now the Arbitrator of Despairs,
 Just Death, kind Umpire of Mens Miseries,
 With sweet Enlargement doth dismiss me hence :
 I would his Troubles likewise were expir'd,
 That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

Keeper. My Lord, your loving Nephew now is come.

Mor. *Richard Plantagenet*, my Friend, is he come?

Plan. I, noble Uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
 Your Nephew, late despis'd *Richard*, comes.

Mor. Direct mine Arms, I may embrace his Neck,
 And in his Bosom spend my later gasp.
 Oh tell me when my Lips do touch his Cheeks,
 That I may kindly give one fainting Kiss :
 And now declare, sweet Stem from *York's* great Stock,
 Why didst thou say of late thou wert despis'd?

Plan. First, lean thine aged Back against mine Arm,
 And in that ease I'll tell thee my Disease.
 This day in Argument upon a Case,
 Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerfet* and me:
 Amongst which terms, he us'd his lavish Tongue,
 And did upbraid me with my Father's Death;

Which

Which Obloquy set Bars before my Tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.

Therefore, good Uncle, for my Father's sake,
In honour of a true *Plantagenet*,
And for Alliance sake, declare the Cause,
My Father, Earl of *Cambridge*, lost his Head.

Mor. This Cause, fair Nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring Youth,
Within a loathsome Dungeon, there to pine,
Was curst Instrument of his Decease.

Plan. Discover more at large, what Cause that was,
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

Mor. I will, if that my fading Breath permit,
And Death approach not, ere my Tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his Cousin *Richard*, *Edward's* Son,
The first begotten, and the lawful Heir
Of *Edward* King, the third of that Descent.
During whose Reign, the *Piercies* of the North,
Finding his Usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my Advancement to the Throne,
The Reason mov'd these warlike Lords to this,
Was, for that, young King *Richard* thus remov'd,
Leaving no Heir begotten of his Body,
I was the next by Birth and Parentage:
For by my Mother I derived am
From *Lyonel* Duke of *Clarence*, the third Son
To King *Edward* the Third; whereas he,
From *John* of *Gaunt* doth bring his Pedigree,
Being but the fourth of that Heroick Line.
But mark; as in this haughty great Attempt,
They laboured to Plant the rightful Heir,
I lost my Liberty, and they their Lives.
Long after this, when *Henry* the Fifth,
Succeeding his Father *Bullingbroke*, did Reign;
Thy Father, Earl of *Cambridge*, then deriv'd
From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of *York*,
Marrying my Sister, that thy Mother was;
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an Army, weening to redeem,

And

And have install'd me in the Diadem:
 But as the rest, so fell that noble Earl,
 And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
 In whom the Title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my Lord, your Honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest, that I no Issue have,
 And that my fainting Words do warrant Death:
 Thou art my Heir; the rest, I wish thee gather:
 But yet be wary in thy studious Care.

Plan. Thy grave Admonishments prevail with me:
 But yet, methinks, my Father's Execution
 Was nothing less than bloody Tyranny.

Mor. With silence, Nephew, be thou politick:
 Strong fixed is the House of *Lancaster*,
 And like a Mountain, not to be remov'd.
 But now thy Uncle is removing hence,
 As Princes do their Courts, when they are cloy'd
 With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O Uncle, would some part of my young Years
 Might but redeem the Passage of your Age.

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me, as that slaughter doth,
 Which giveth many Wounds, when one will kill.
 Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my Good;
 Only give order for my Funeral.

And so farewell, and fair be all thy Hopes;
 And prosperous be thy Life in Peace and War. [Dies.]

Plan. And Peace, no War, befall thy parting Soul.
 In Prison hast thou spent a Pilgrimage,
 And like a Hermite over-past thy Days.
 Well, I will lock his Counsel in my Breast,
 And what I do imagine, let that rest.
 Keepers convey him hence, and I my self
 Will see his Burial better than his Life.
 Here dies the dusky Torch of *Mortimer*,
 Choak'd with Ambition of the meaner sort.
 And for those Wrongs, those bitter Injuries,
 Which *Somerſet* hath offer'd to my House,
 I doubt not, but with Honour to redress.
 And therefore haste I to the Parliament,

Either

Either to be restored to my Blood,
Or make my Will th' advantage of my Good.

[Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Gloucester, Winchester, Warwick, Somerset, Suffolk, and Richard Plantagenet. Gloucester offers to put up a Bill: Winchester snatches it, and tears it.

Win. COM'st thou with deep premeditated Lines?
With written Pamphlets, studiously devis'd?

Humphrey of Glo'ster, if thou canst accuse,
Or ought intend'st to lay unto my Charge,
Do it without invention, suddenly,
As I with sudden, and extemporal Speech,
Purpose to answer what thou canst object. [tience;

Glo. Presumptuous Priest, this place commands my Pa-
Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd me.

Think not, although in Writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous Crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the Method of my Pen.

No, Prelate, such is thy audacious Wickedness,
Thy leud, pestiferous, and dissentious Pranks,
As very Infants prattle of thy Pride.

Thou art a most pernicious Usurer,
Froward by Nature, Enemy to Peace,
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A Man of thy Profession, and Degree.

And for thy Treachery, what's more manifest?
In that thou laid'st a Trap to take my Life,
As well at *London Bridge*, as at the *Tower*.

Beside, I fear me, if thy Thoughts were sifted,
The King, thy Sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious Malice of thy swelling Heart.

Win. *Glo'ster*, I do defie thee. Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were Covetous, Ambitious, or Perverse,

As he will have me; how am I so poor?
 Or how haps it, I seek not to advance
 Or raise my self? But keep my wonted Calling.
 And for Dissention, who preferreth Peace
 More than I do? except I be provok'd.
 No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,
 It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke:
 It is because no one should sway but he,
 No one, but he, should be about the King;
 And that engenders Thunder in his Breast,
 And makes him roar these Accusations forth.
 But he shall know, I am as good——

Glo. As good?

Thou Bastard of my Grandfather.

Win. Ay, Lordly Sir; for what are you, I pray,
 But one imperious in another's Throne?

Glo. Am not I Protector, sawcy Priest?

Win. And am not I a Prelate of the Church?

Glo. Yet, as an Out-law in a Castle keeps,
 And useth it, to patronage his Theft.

Win. Unreverent *Glocester*.

Glo. Thou art Reverend,
 Touching thy spiritual Function, not thy Life.

Win. Rome shall remedy this.

War. Roam thither then.

My Lord, it were your Duty to forbear.

Som. Ay, see the Bishop be not over-born:
 Methinks my Lord should be Religious,
 And know the Office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks his Lordship should be humbler,
 It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy State is touch'd so near.

War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
 Is not his Grace Protector to the King?

Rich. *Plantagenet* I see must hold his Tongue,
 Left it be said, Speak, Sirrah, when you should,
 Must your bold Verdict enter talk with Lords?
 Else would I have a fling at *Winchester*.

K. Henry. Uncles of *Glo'ster* and of *Winchester*,
 The special Watchmen of our *English* Weal,

I would prevail, if Prayers might prevail,
To join your Hearts in Love and Amity.
Oh, what a Scandal is it to our Crown,
That two such Noble Peers as ye should jar!
Believe me, Lords, my tender Years can tell,
Civil Diffention is a viperous Worm,
That gnaws the Bowels of the Common-wealth.

[*A noise within; Down with the Tawny Coats.*

K. Henry. What Tumult's this?

War. An Uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Bishop's Men.

[*A noise again, Stones, Stones.*

Enter Mayor.

Mayor Oh, my good Lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pity the City of London, pity us:
The Bishop, and the Duke of Glo'ster's Men,
Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,
Have fill'd their Pockets full of peble Stones;
And banding themselves in contrary Parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's Pate,
That many have their giddy Brains knock'd out:
Our Windows are broke down in every Street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our Shops.

Enter in Skirmish with bloody Pates.

K. Henry. We charge you on Allegiance to our selves,
To hold your slaughtering Hands, and keep the Peace:
Pray, Uncle Glo'ster, mitigate this Strife.

1 Serv. Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, we'll fall to it
with our Teeth.

2 Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

[*Skirmish again.*

Glo. You of my Household leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3 Serv. My Lord, we know your Grace to be a Man
Just, and upright; and for your Royal Birth,
Inferior to none, but to his Majesty:
And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,
So kind a Father of the Common-Weal,
To be disgraced by an Ink-horn Mate,
We, and our Wives and Children, all will fight,

And

And have our Bodies slaughter'd by thy Foes.

1 Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our Nails
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead. [*Begin again.*]

Glo. Stay, stay, I say,

And if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me perswade you to forbear a while.

K. Henry. O how this Discord doth afflict my Soul!
Can you, my Lord of *Winchester*, behold
My Sighs and Tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a Peace,
If Holy Church-Men take delight in Broils?

War. Yield my Lord Protector, yield *Winchester*;
Except you mean with obstinate Repulse
To slay your Sovereign, and destroy the Realm.
You see what Mischief, and what Murther too,
Hath been enacted through your Enmity:
Then be at Peace, except ye thirst for Blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the King commands me stoop,
Or I would see his Heart out, ere the Priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my Lord of *Winchester*, the Duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented Fury,
And by his smoothed Brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so Stern and Tragical?

Glo. Here, *Winchester*, I offer thee my Hand.

K. Henry. Fie, Uncle *Beauford*, I have heard you preach;
That Malice was a great and grievous Sin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach?
But prove a chief Offender in the same.

War. Sweet King; the Bishop hath a kindly gird:
For Shame, my Lord of *Winchester*, relent;
What, shall a Child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, Duke of *Glo'ster*, I will yield to thee,
Love for thy Love, and Hand for Hand I give.

Glo. Ay, but I fear me with a hollow Heart.
See here, my Friends and loving Countrymen,
This Token serveth for a Flag of Truce,
Betwixt our selves, and all our Followers:

So help me God, as I dissemble not.

Win. So help me God, as I intend it not.

K. Henry. Oh, loving Uncle, kind Duke of *Glo'ster*,
How joyful am I made by this Contract!

Away, my Masters, trouble us no more,
But join in Friendship, as your Lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content, I'll to the Surgeon's.

2 *Serv.* And so will I.

3 *Serv.* And I will see what Physick the Tavern affords.

[*Exeunt.*]

War. Accept this Scrowl, most gracious Sovereign,
Which in the Right of *Richard Plantagenet*,
We do exhibit to your Majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my Lord of *Warwick*; for, sweet Prince,
And if your Grace mark every Circumstance,
You have great reason to do *Richard* right,
Especially for those Occasions
At *Eltham* Place I told your Majesty.

K. Henry. And those Occasions, Uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving Lords, our pleasure is,
That *Richard* be restored to his Blood.

War. Let *Richard* be restored to his Blood,
So shall his Father's Wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth *Winchester*.

K. Henry. If *Richard* will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole Inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the House of *York*,
From whence you spring, by lineal Descent.

Rich. Thy humble Servant vows Obedience,
And humble Service 'till the point of Death.

K. Henry. Stoop then, and set your Knee against my Foot.
And in requerdon of that Duty done,
I gird thee with the valiant Sword of *York*.
Rise, *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet*,
And rise created Princely Duke of *York*.

Rich. And so thrive *Richard*, as thy Foes may fall,
And as my Duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one Thought against your Majesty.

All. Welcome, high Prince, the mighty Duke of *York*.

Som. Perish, base Prince, ignoble Duke of *York*. [*Aside.*]

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K

Glo.

Glo. Now will it best avail your Majesty,
To cross the Seas, and to be crown'd in *France*:
The presence of a King engenders Love,
Amongst his Subjects and his loyal Friends,
As it disanimates his Enemies.

K. Henry. When *Glo'ster* says the word, King *Henry* goes,
For Friendly Counsel cuts off many Foes.

Glo. Your Ships already are in readiness. [Exit.

Manet Exeter.

Exe. Ay, we may march in *England* or in *France*,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue;
This late Dissention grown betwixt the Peers,
Furns under feigned ashes of forg'd Love,
And will at last break out into a Flame,
As fester'd Members rot but by degrees,
'Till Bones, and Flesh, and Sinews fall away;
So will this base and envious Discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal Prophecy
Which in the time of *Henry* nam'd the Fifth,
Was in the Mouth of every sucking Babe,
That *Henry* born at *Monmouth* should win all,
And *Henry* born at *Windfor* should lose all:
Which is so plain, that *Exeter* doth wish,
His days may finish ere that hapless time.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

*Enter Joan la Pucelle disguis'd, and four Soldiers with
Sacks upon their Backs.*

Pucel. These are the City Gates, the Gates of *Roan*,
Through which our Policy must make a Breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your Words,
Talk like the Vulgar sort of Market-men,
That come to gather Money for their Corn.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we find the slothful Watch but weak,
I'll by a Sign give notice to our Friends,
That *Charles* the Dauphin may encounter them.

Sol. Our Sacks shall be a means to sack the City,
And we be Lords and Rulers over *Roan*.

Therefore

Therefore we'll knock.

[Knocks.]

Watch. *Quà va là?*

Pucel. *Paisans pauvres gens de France.*

Poor Market Folks that come to sell their Corn.

Watch. Enter, go in, the Market Bell is rung.

Pucel. Now Roan, I'll shake thy Bulwarks to the Ground,

[Exeunt.]

Enter Dauphin, Bastard, and Alençon.

Dau. St. Dennis bless this happy Stratagem,
And once again we'll sleep secure in Roan.

Bast. Here entred Pucelle and her Practisants:
Now she is there, how will she specifie,
Where is the best and safest Passage in?

Reig. By thrusting out a Torch from yonder Tower,
Which once discern'd, shews that her meaning is,
No way to that (for weakness) which she entred.

Enter Joan la Pucelle on the top, thrusting out a Torch burning.

Pucel. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,
That joineth Roan unto her Countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbonites.

Bast. See noble Charles, the Beacon of our Friend,
The burning Torch in yonder Turret stands.

Dau. Now shines it like a Comet of Revenge,
A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.

Reig. Defer no time, delays have dangerous Ends,
Enter, and cry, The Dauphin, presently,
And then do execution on the Watch.

[An Alarm, Talbot in an Excursion.]

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy Tears,
If Talbot but survive thy Treachery.

Pucelle that Witch, that damned Sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish Mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the Pride of France

[Exit.]

An Alarm: Excursions, Bedford brought in sick in a Chair.

Enter Talbot and Burgundy without; within Joan la Pucelle, Dauphin, Bastard and Reignier on the Walls.

Pucel. Good morrow, Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread
I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate.

'Twas full of Darnel, do you like the taste?

The First Part of

Burg. Scoff on, vile Fiend, and shameless Curtizan,
I trust ere long to choak thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the Harvest of that Corn.

Dau. Your Grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.

Bed. Oh let not Words, but Deeds, revenge this Treason.

Pucel. What will you do, good gray Beard?
Break a Lance, and run a Tilt at Death
Within a Chair.

Tal. Foul Fiend of *France*, and Hag of all despight,
Incompas'd with thy lustful Paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,
And twit with Cowardise a Man half dead?
Damsel I'll have a Bout with you again,
Or else let *Talbot* perish with his Shame.

Pucel. Are you so hot, Sir: Yet *Pucelle* hold thy Peace,
If *Talbot* do but Thunder, Rain will follow.

[*They whisper together in Counsel.*]

God speed the Parliament; who shall be the Speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the Field?

Pucel. Belike your Lordship takes us then for Fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing *Hecate*,
But unto thee *Alençon*, and the rest.

Will ye, like Soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen. Seignior, no.

Tal. Seignior, hang: Base Muleteers of *France*,
Like Peasant Foot-boys do they keep the Walls,
And dare not take up Arms, like Gentlemen.

Pucel. Captains away, let's get us from the Walls,
For *Talbot* means no goodness by his Looks.

God be wi'you, my Lord; we came, Sir, but to tell you,
That we are here.

[*Exeunt from the Walls.*]

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else Reproach be *Talbot's* greatest Fame.

Vow *Burgundy*, by Honour of thy House,
Prick'd on by publick Wrongs sustain'd in *France*,
Either to get the Town again, or die.

And I, as sure as *English Henry* lives,
And as his Father here was Conqueror,
As sure as in this late betrayed Town,

Great

Great *Coxurdalion's* Heart was buried;
So sure I swear to get the Town or die.

Burg. My Vows are equal partners with thy Vows.

Tal. But ere we go, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of *Bedford*: Come, my Lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for Sicknefs, and for crazy Age.

Bed. Lord *Talbot*, do not so dishonour me:
Here I will sit, before the Walls of *Roan*,
And will be partner of your Weal or Wo.

Burg. Courageous *Bedford*, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence: For once I read,
That stout *Pendragon*, in his Litter sick,
Came to the Field, and vanquished his Foes,
Methinks I should revive the Soldiers Hearts,
Because I ever found them as my self.

Tal. Undaunted Spirit in a dying Breast,
Then be it so: Heavens keep old *Bedford* safe.
And now no more ado, brave *Burgundy*,
But gather we our Forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting Enemy.

[Exit

*An Alarm: Excursions: Enter Sir John Falstaff, and
a Captain.*

Cap. Whither away, Sir *John Falstaff*, in such haste?

Fal. Whither away? to save my self by flight,
We are like to have the Overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord *Talbot*?

Fal. Ay, all the *Talbots* in the World to save my Life.

[Exit.

Cap. Cowardly Knight, ill Fortune follow thee. [Exit.

Retreat: Excursions. Pucelle, Alençon, and Dauphin fly.

Bed. Now, quiet Soul, depart when Heaven please.

For I have seen our Enemies overthrow.

What is the trust or strength of foolish Man?

They that of late were daring with their Scoffs,

Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[Dies, and is carried off in his Chair.

An Alarm: Enter Talbot, Burgundy, and the rest.

Tal. Lost, and recovered in a day again,
This is a double Honour, *Burgundy*;

Yet Heavens have Glory for this Victory.

Burg. Warlike and Martial *Talbot*, *Burgundy*
Inshrines thee in his Heart, and there erects
Thy Noble Deeds, as Valour's Monuments.

Tal. Thanks, gentle Duke; but where is *Pucelle* now?
I think her old Familiar is asleep.

Now where's the Bastard's braves, and *Charles* his glikes?
What, all amort? *Roan* hangs her Head for Grief,

That such a valiant Company are fled.

Now we will take some Order in the Town;

Placing therein some expert Officers,

And then depart to *Paris* to the King.

For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lye.

Burg. What wills Lord *Talbot*, pleaseth *Burgundy*.

Tal. But yet before we go, let's not forget
The Noble Duke of *Bedford*, late deceas'd,
But see his Exequies fulfill'd in *Roan*.

A braver Soldier never couched Launce,

A gentler Heart did never sway in Court.

But Kings and mightiest Potentates must die,

For that's the end of Human Misery.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Dauphin, Bastard, Alençon, and Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. Dismay not, Princes, at this Accident,
Nor grieve that *Roan* is so recovered.

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,

For things that are not to be remedy'd.

Let frantick *Talbot* triumph for a while,

And like a Peacock sweep along his Tail,

We'll pull his Plumes, and take away his Train,

If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Dau. We have been guided by thee hitherto,

And of thy Cunning had no diffidence.

One sudden Foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy Wit for secret Policies,

And we will make thee famous through the World.

Alen. We'll set thy Statue in some Holy Place,

And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed Saint.

Employ

Employ thee then, sweet Virgin, for our good.

Pucel. Then thus it must be, this doth *Joan* devise:
By fair Persuasions, mixt with sugar'd Words,
We will entice the Duke of *Burgundy*
To leave the *Talbot*, and to follow us.

Dan. Ay, marry, Sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for *Henry's* Warriors;
Nor shall that Nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our Provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from *France*,
And not have Title of an Earldom here.

Pucel. Your Honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.

[*Drum beats afar off.*]

Hark, by the sound of Drum you may perceive
Their Powers are marching unto *Paris* ward.

[*Here beat an English March.*]

There goes the *Talbot* with his Colours spread,
And all the Troops of *English* after him. [*French March.*]
Now in the Rereward comes the Duke and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a Parley, we will talk with him.

[*Trumpets sound a Parley.*]

Enter the Duke of Burgundy marching.

Dan. A Parley with the Duke of *Burgundy*.

Burg. Who craves a Parley with the *Burgundy*?

Pucel. The Princely *Charles* of *France*, thy Country-
man.

Burg. What say'st thou, *Charles*? for I am marching
hence.

Dan. Speak, *Pucelle*, and enchant him with thy Words.

Pucel. Brave *Burgundy*, undoubted hope of *France*,
Stay, let thy humble Hand-maid speak to thee.

Burg. Speak on, but be not over-tedious.

Pucel. Look on thy Country, look on fertile *France*,
And see the Cities and the Towns defac'd,
By wasting Ruin of the cruel Foe,
As looks the Mother on her lowly Babe,
When Death doth close his tender-dying Eyes;
See, see the pining Malady of *France*:

Behold the Wounds, the most unnatural Wounds,
Which thou thy self hast given her woful Breast.
Oh, turn thy edged Sword another way,
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help:
One drop of Blood drawn from thy Country's Bosom;
Should grieve thee more than streams of common Gore;
Return thee therefore with a flood of Tears,
And wash away thy Country's stained Spots.

Burg. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her Words,
Or Nature makes me suddenly relent.

Pucel. Besides, all *French* and *France* exclaims on thee
Doubting thy Birth and lawful Progeny.

Whom join'st thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,
That will not trust thee but for Profits sake?

When *Talbot* hath set footing once in *France*,
And fashion'd thee that Instrument of Ill,

Who then but *English Henry* will be Lord,
And thou be thrust out like a Fugitive?

Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof; :

Was not the Duke of *Orleans* thy Foe?

And was he not in *England* Prisoner?

But when they heard he was thine Enemy,

They set him free, without his Ransom paid,

In spite of *Burgundy* and all his Friends.

See then, thou fight'st against thy Countrymen,

And join'st with them will be thy Slaughter-men.

Come, come, return, return thou wandering Lord,

Charles and the rest will take thee in their Arms.

Burg. I am vanquished. These haughty Words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring Cannon-shot,

And made me almost yield upon my Knees.

Forgive me Country, and sweet Countrymen;

And, Lords, accept this hearty kind Embrace.

My Forces, and my Power of Men are yours.

So farewell *Talbot*, I'll no longer trust thee.

Pucel. Done like a *Frenchman*: Turn, and turn again.

Dau. Welcome, brave Duke, thy Friendship makes us
fresh.

Bas. And doth beget new Courage in our Breasts.

Allen. *Pucelle* hath bravely play'd her part in this,

And

And doth deserve a Coronet of Gold.

Dan. Now let us on, my Lords, and join our Powers,
And seek how we may prejudice the Foe. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Exeter : To them Talbot with his Soldiers.

Tal. My gracious Prince, and honourable Peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this Realm,
I have a while given Truce unto my Wars,
To do my Duty to my Sovereign.
In sign whereof this Arm, that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience, fifty Fortresses,
Twelve Cities, and seven walled Towns of strength,
Beside five hundred Prisoners of Esteem;
Lets fall his Sword before your Highness Feet:
And with submissive Loyalty of Heart
Ascribes the Glory of his Conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your Grace.

K. Henry. Is this the fam'd Lord Talbot, Uncle Gloucester,
That hath so long been Resident in France?

Glo. Yes, if it please your Majesty, my Liege.

K. Henry. Welcome, brave Captain, and victorious Lord.
When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I do remember how my Father said,
A stouter Champion never handled Sword.
Long since we were resolved of your Truth,
Your faithful Service, and your toil in War:
Yet never have you tasted our Reward,
Or been requerdon'd with so much as Thanks,
Because 'till now we never saw your Face;
Therefore stand up, and for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury,
And in our Coronation take your place.. [Exit.]

Manens Vernon and Bassett.

Ver. Now, Sir, to you that were so hot at Sea,
Disgracing of these Colours that I wear,
In honour of my Noble Lord of York,
Darest thou maintain the former Words thou spak'st?

Baf. Yes, Sir, as well as you dare patronage,
The envious barking of your sawcy Tongue,
Against the Duke of *Somerſet*.

Ver. Sirrah, thy Lord I honour as he is.

Baf. Why, what is he? As good a Man as *York*.

Ver. Hark ye; not ſo: In witneſs take you that.

[*Strikes him.*]

Baf. Villain, thou knoweſt the Law of Arms is ſuch
That whoſo draws a Sword, 'tis preſent Death,
Or elſe this Blow ſhould broach thy deareſt Blood.
But I'll unto his Majeſty, and crave,
I may have liberty to venge this Wrong,
When thou ſhalt ſee, I'll meet thee to thy Coſt.

Ver. Well, Miſcreant, I'll be there as ſoon as you,
And after meet you, ſooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, Wincheſter, York, Suffolk,
Somerſet, Warwick, Talbot, and Exeter, Governor of Paris.*

Glo. **L**ord Biſhop, ſet the Crown upon his Head.

Win. God ſave King *Henry*, of that Name the Sixth.

Glo. Now Governor of *Paris* take your Oath,
That you cleſt no other King but him;
Eſteem none Friends, but ſuch as are his Friends,
And none your Foes, but ſuch as ſhall pretend
Malicious practices againſt his State.
This ſhall ye do, ſo help you righteous God.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. My gracious Sovereign, as I rode from *Calais*,
To haſte unto your Coronation;
A Letter was deliver'd to my Hands,
Writ to your Grace, from the Duke of *Burgundy*.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of *Burgundy*, and thee:
I vow'd, baſe Knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the Garter from thy Craven's Leg,
Which I have done; becauſe, unworthily,

Thou

Thou wast installed in that high Degree.
 Pardon my Princely Henry, and the rest;
 This Dastard, at the Battel of *Poictiers*,
 When, but in all, I was six thousand strong,
 And that the *French* were almost ten to one,
 Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
 Like to a trusty Squire, did run away.
 In which Assault we lost twelve hundred Men.
 My self, and divers Gentlemen beside,
 Were there surpriz'd, and taken Prisoners.
 Then judge, great Lords, if I have done amiss;
 Or, whether that such Cowards ought to wear
 This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this Fact was infamous,
 And ill beseeming any common Man;
 Much more a Knight, a Captain, and a Leader.

Tal. When first this Order was ordain'd, my Lords,
 Knights of the Garter were of Noble Birth;
 Valiant, and Virtuous, full of haughty Courage,
 Such as were grown to Credit by the Wars:
 Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Distress,
 But always resolute in most Extreame.
 He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
 Doth but usurp the sacred Name of Knight,
 Prophaning this most Honourable Order,
 And should, if I were worthy to be Judge,
 Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-born Swain,
 That doth presume to boast of Gentle Blood.

K. Henry. Stain to thy Countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom;
 Be packing therefore, thou that wast a Knight;
 Henceforth we banish thee on pain of Death. [*Exit Falstaff.*
 And now, my Lord Protector, view the Letter,
 Sent from our Uncle, Duke of *Burgundy*.

Glo. What means his Grace that he hath chang'd his style?
 No more but plain and bluntly, *To the King* [*Reading.*
 Hath he forgot he is his Sovereign?
 Or doth this churlish Superscription
 Portend some Alteration in good will?
 What's here? *I have upon especial Cause,* [*Reads.*
Mov'd with Compassion of my Country's Wrack,

Together

*Together with the pitiful Complaints
Of such as your Oppression feeds upon,
Forsaken your pernicious Faction.*

And joy'n'd with Charles, the rightful King of France.

O monstrous Treachery! can this be so?

That in Alliance, Amity, and Oaths.

There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Henry. What! doth my Uncle *Burgundy* revolt?

Glo. He doth, my Lord, and is become our Foe.

K. Henry. Is that the worst this Letter doth contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my Lord, he writes.

K. Henry. Why then, Lord *Talbot* there shall talk with him,
And give him Chastisement for this Abuse.

How say you, my Lord, are you not content?

Tal. Content, my Liege? Yes: But that I am prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. Henry. Then gather strength, and march unto him
Let him perceive how ill we brook his Treason, [streight:
And what Offence it is to flout his Friends.

Tal. I go, my Lord, in Heart desiring still
You may behold Confusion of your Foes. [Exit *Talbot*.

Enter Vernon and Bassett.

Ver. Grant me the Combat, gracious Sovereign.

Bas. And me, my Lord, grant me the Combat too.

York. This is my Servant, hear him Noble Prince.

Som. And this is mine, sweet *Henry*, favour him.

K. Henry. Be patient, Lords, and give them leave to speak.
Say, Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?

And wherefore crave you Combat? or with whom?

Ver. With him, my Lord, for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.

K. Henry. What is the wrong whereon you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the Sea, from *England* into *France*,
This Fellow here with sharp and carping Tongue,
Upbraided me about the Rose I wear;
Saying, the sanguine Colour of the Leaves
Did represent my Master's blushing Cheeks:
When stubbornly he did repugn the Truth,
About a certain question in the Law,

Argu'd

Argu'd betwixt the Duke of York and him;
 With other vile and ignominious Terms.
 In Confutation of which rude Reproach,
 And in defence of my Lord's Worthiness,
 I crave the benefit of Law of Arms.

Ver. And that is my Petition, Noble Lord;
 For though he seem, with forged quaint Conceit,
 To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
 Yet know my Lord, I was provok'd by him,
 And he first took Exceptions at this Badge,
 Pronouncing that the paleness of this Flower,
 Bewray'd the faintness of my Master's Heart.

York. Will not this Malice, *Somerſet*, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out,
 Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it. [Men!

K. Henry. Good Lord! What madness rules in Brain-sick
 When for so slight and frivolous a Cause,
 Such factious Emulations shall arise!

Good Cousins both of York and *Somerſet*,
 Quiet your selves, and be at peace.

York. Let this Dissention first be try'd by fight,
 And then your Highness shall command a Peace.

Som. The Quarrel toucheth none but us alone,
 Betwixt our selves let us decide it then.

York. There is my Pledge, accept it, *Somerſet*.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable Lord.

Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your Strife,
 And perish ye with your audacious Prate;
 Presumptuous Vassals, are you not ashamed
 With this immodest clamorous Outrage,
 To trouble and disturb the King and Us?
 And you, my Lords, methinks you do not well
 To bear with their perverse Objections:
 Much less to take occasion from their Mouths,
 To raise a Mutiny betwixt your selves:
 Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his Highness:
 Good my Lords, be Friends.

K. Henry. Come hither you that would be Combatants:
 Hence.

Henceforth I charge you, as you love our Favour,
 Quite to forget this Quarrel, and the Cause.
 And you, my Lords, remember where we are,
 In *France*, amongst a fickle wavering Nation:
 If they perceive Dissention in our Looks,
 And that within our selves we disagree;
 How will their grudging Stomachs be provok'd
 To wilful Disobedience, and Rebell?
 Beside, what Infamy will there arise,
 When Foreign Princes shall be certified,
 That for a Toy, a thing of no regard,
 King *Henry's* Peers, and chief Nobility,
 Destroy'd themselves, and lost the Realm of *France*?
 O think upon the Conquest of my Father,
 My tender Years, and let us not forego
 That for a trifle, that was bought with Blood.
 Let me be Umpire in this doubtful Strife:
 I see no Reason, if I wear this Rose,
 That any one should therefore be suspicious
 I more encline to *Somerset* than *York*:
 Both are my Kinsmen, and I love them both.
 As well they may upbraid me with my Crown,
 Because, forsooth, the King of *Scots* is crown'd.
 But your Discretions better can persuade,
 Than I am able to instruct or teach:
 And therefore as we hither came in Peace,
 So let us still continue Peace and Love.
 Cousin of *York*, we institute your Grace
 To be our Regent in these parts of *France*:
 And good my Lord of *Somerset*, unite
 Your Troops of Horsemen, with his Bands of Foot;
 And like true Subjects, Sons of your Progenitors,
 Go chearfully together, and digest
 Your angry Choler on your Enemies.
 Our self, my Lord Protector, and the rest,
 After some respite will return to *Calais*;
 From thence to *England*, where I hope ere long
 To be presented by your Victories,
 With *Charles*, *Alençon*, and that traiterous rout. [Exeunt.
Margent

Manet York, Warwick, Exeter, and Vernon.

War. My Lord of York, I promise you the King
Prettily, methought, did play the Orator.

York. And so he did, but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the Badge of *Somerſes*.

War. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare preſume, ſweet Prince, he thought no harm.

York. And if I wiſh he did.—But let it reſt,
Other Affairs muſt now be managed.

[*Exeunt*]

Flouriſh. *Manet* Exeter.

Exe. Well didſt thou *Richard* to ſuppreſs thy Voice:

For had the Paſſions of thy Heart burſt out,
I fear we ſhould have ſeen decypher'd there
More rancorous ſpight, more furious raging Broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or ſuppos'd:

But howſoe'er, no ſimple Man that ſees

This jarring diſcord of Nobility,

This ſhouldering of each other in the Court,

This factious bandying of their Favourites,

But that he doth preſage ſome ill event.

'Tis much, when Scepters are in Childrens Hands;

But more, when Envy breeds unkind Diviſion:

Then comes the Ruin, there begins Confuſion.

[*Exit*]

Enter Talbot with Trumpets and Drum before Bourdeaux.

Tal. Go to the Gates of *Bourdeaux*, Trumpeter,
Summon their General unto the Wall.

[*Sounds*]

Enter General aloft.

Engliſh *John Talbot*, Captains, calls you forth,

Servant in Arms to *Harry* King of *England*,

And thus he would: Open your City Gates,

Be humbled to us, call my Sovereign yours,

And do him Homage as Obedient Subjects,

And I'll withdraw me, and my Bloody Power,

But if you frown upon this proffer'd Peace,

You tempt the fury of my three Attendants,

Lean Famine, quartering Steel, and climbing Fire,

Who in a moment even with the Earth

Shall lay your ſtately, and Air-braving Towers,

If you forſake the Offer of their Love.

Cap.

Cap. Thou ominous and fearful Owl of Death,
 Our Nation's Terror, and their bloody Scourge,
 The period of thy Tyranny approacheth.
 On us thou canst not enter but by Death:
 For I protest we are well fortified,
 And strong enough to issue out and fight.
 If thou retire, the Dauphin well appointed,
 Stands with the Snares of War to tangle thee.
 On either hand thee, there are Squadrons pitch'd,
 To wall thee from the liberty of Flight;
 And no way canst thou turn thee for Redress,
 But Death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
 And pale destruction meets thee in the Face:
 Ten thousand *French* have ta'en the Sacrament,
 To rive their dangerous Artillery
 Upon no Christian Soul, but *English Talbot*:
 Lo there thou stand'st a breathing valiant Man,
 Of an invincible unconquer'd Spirit:
 This is the latest Glory of thy Praise,
 That I thy Enemy dew thee withal;
 For ere the Glass, that now begins to run,
 Finish the process of his sandy Hour,
 These Eyes that see thee now well coloured,
 Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

[*Drum a far off.*]

Hark, hark, the Dauphin's Drum, a warning Bell,
 Sings heavy Musick to thy timorous Soul,
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Exit.*]

Tal. He fables not, I hear the Enemy:
 Out some light Horsemen, and peruse their Wings.
 O negligent and heedless Discipline,
 How are we park'd and bounded in a Pale?
 A little Herd of *England's* timorous Deer,
 Maz'd with a yelping kennel of *French* Curs.
 If we be *English* Deer, be then in Blood,
 Not Rascal-like to fall down with a pinch,
 But rather moody, mad, and desperate Stags,
 Turn on the bloody Hounds, with Heads of Steel,
 And make the Cowards stand aloof at Bay:
 Sell every Man his Life as dear as mine,

And

'And they shall find dear Deer of us, my Friends.
God and St. George, Talbot and England's Right,
Prosper our Colours in this dangerous fight. [Exeunt.

*Enter a Messenger that meets York. Enter York with
Trumpet, and many Soldiers.*

York. Are not the speedy Scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty Army of the Dauphin?

Mess. They are return'd, my Lord, and give it out,
That he is march'd to *Bourdeaux* with his Power
To fight with *Talbot*; as he march'd along,
By your Espyals were discovered
Two mightier Troops, than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him, and made their march for *Bourdeaux*:

York. A plague upon that Villain *Somerfet*,
That thus delays my promised Supply
Of Horsemen that were levied for this Siege.
Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my Aid,
And I am lowted by a Traitor Villain,
And cannot help the Noble Chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity:
If he miscarry, farewell Wars in *France*.

Enter a second Messenger.

2 Mess. Thou Princely Leader of our *English* Strength,
Never so needful on the Earth of *France*,
Spur to the Rescue of the Noble *Talbot*,
Who is now girdled with a waste of Iron,
And hem'd about with grim Destruction:
To *Bourdeaux*, warlike Duke, to *Bourdeaux*, York,
Else farewell *Talbot*, *France*, and *England's* Honour.

York. O God! that *Somerfet*, who in proud Heart
Doth stop my Cornets, were in *Talbot's* place,
So should we save a valiant Gentleman,
By forfeiting a Traitor and a Coward:
Mad ire, and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That thus we dye, while remiss Traitors sleep.

Mess. O send some Succour to the distress'd Lord:

York. He dyes, we lose; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, *France* smiles: We lose, they daily get:
All long of this vile Traitor *Somerfet*.

Mess.

Mess. Then God take mercy on brave *Talbot's* Soul,
And on his Son, young *John*, who two hours since,
I met in Travel towards his warlike Father;
This seven years did not *Talbot* see his Son,
And now they meet, where both their lives are done.

York. Alas! What Joy shall Noble *Talbot* have,
To bid his young Son welcome to his Grave!
Away, Vexation almost stops my Breath,
That sundred Friends greet in the hour of Death.
Lucy farewell, no more my Fortune can,
But curse the Cause, I cannot aid the Man.
Maine, Bloys, Poitiers, and *Tours* are won away,
Long all of *Somerſet*, and his delay.

[Exit.

Mess. Thus while the Vulture of Sedition,
Feeds in the Bosom of such great Commanders,
Sleeping neglectiō doth betray to loss,
The Conquests of our scarce cold Conqueror,
That ever-living Man of Memory.

Henry the Fifth. Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, Honours, Lands, and all, hurry to loss.

[Exit.

Enter Somerſet with his Army.

Som. It is too late, I cannot send them now:
This Expedition was by *York* and *Talbot*
Too rashly plotted. All our general force
Might with a Sally of the very Town
Be buckled with; the over-daring *Talbot*
Hath sullied all his gloss of former Honour
By this unheedful, desperate, wild Adventure:
York set him on to fight, and dye in shame,
That *Talbot* dead, great *York* might bear the Name.

Capt. Here is Sir *William Lucy*, who with me,
Set from our o'er-matched Forces forth for aid.

Som. How now, Sir *William*, whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither my Lord? from Bought and Sold *L. Talbot*,
Who ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble *York* and *Somerſet*,
To beat assailing Death from his weak Legions;
And whiles the Honourable Captain there
Drops bloody Sweat from his War-wearied Limbs,
And in advantage lingring looks for Rescue,

You,

You, his false Hopes, the trust of *England's* Honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless Emulation:
Let not your private Discord keep away
The levied Succours that shall lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble Gentleman,
Yields up his Life unto a World of odds.
Orleans the Bastard, *Charles*, and *Burgundy*,
Alençon, *Reignier*, compass him about,
And *Talbot* perisheth by your Default.

Som. *York* set him on, *York* should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And *York* as fast upon your Grace exclaims,
Swearing that you with-hold his levied Host,
Collected for this Expedition.

Som. *York* lies: He might have sent, and had the Horse:
I owe him little Duty, and less Love,
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending,

Lucy. The Fraud of *England*, not the Force of *France*,
Hath now entrapt the Noble-minded *Talbot*:
Never to *England* shall he bear his Life,
But dies betray'd to Fortune by your Strife.

Som. Come, go, I will dispatch the Horsemen straight:
Within six Hours, they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes Rescue, he's ta'en, or slain,
For fly he could not, if he would have fled:
And fly would *Talbot* never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave *Talbot* then adieu.

Lucy. His Fame lives in the World, his Shame in you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Talbot and his Son.

Tal. O young *John Talbot*, I did send for thee,
To tutor thee in Stratagems of War,
That *Talbot's* Name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless Age, and weak unable Limbs,
Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chair.
But O malignant and ill-boarding Stars,
Now art thou come unto a Feast of Death,
A terrible and unavoyded danger,
Therefore, dear Boy, mount on thy swiftest Horse,
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight. Come, dally not, be gone.

John.

John. Is my Name *Talbot*? and am I your Son?
 And shall I fly? O! if you love my Mother,
 Dishonour not her Honourable Name,
 To make a Bastard and a Slave of me.
 The World will say, he is not *Talbot's* Blood,
 That basely fled, when Noble *Talbot* stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my Death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so, will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay, and, Father, do you fly:
 Your loss is great, so your Regard should be;
 My Worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
 Upon my Death, the *French* can little boast;
 In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
 Flight cannot stain the Honour you have won,
 But mine it will, that no Exploit have done,
 You fled for Vantage, every one will swear:
 But if I bow, they'll say it was for Fear.
 There is no hope that ever I will stay,
 If the first hour I shrink and run away.
 Here on my Knee I beg Mortality,
 Rather than Life, preserv'd with Infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy Mother's Hopes lye in one Tomb?

John. Ay, rather then I'll shame my Mother's Womb.

Tal. Upon my Blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the Foe.

Tal. Part of thy Father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst Renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned Name; shall slight abuse it?

Tal. Thy Father's Charge shall clear thee from the stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If Dearth be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my Followers here to fight and die?
 My Age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my Youth be guilty of such blame?
 No more can I be severed from your side,
 Than can your self your self in twain divide:
 Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
 For live I will not; if my Father die,

Tal.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair Son,
Born to eclipse thy Life this Afternoon:
Come, side by side, together live and die,
And Soul with Soul from France to Heav'n fly. [Exeunt.

*Alarum: Excursions, wherein Talbot's Son is hemm'd
about, and Talbot rescues him.*

Tal. St. George, and Victory, fight Soldiers, fight:
The Regent hath with Talbot broke his Word,
And left us to the rage of France's Sword.
Where is John Talbot? Pause, and take thy Breath,
I gave thee Life, and rescu'd thee from Death.

John. O twice my Father, twice am I thy Son:
The Life thou gav'st me first, was lost and done,
'Till with thy warlike Sword, despight of Fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's Crest thy Sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy Father's Heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd Victory. Then Leaden Age,
Quicken'd with youthful Spleen, and warlike Rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the Pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The ireful Bastard Orleans, that drew Blood
From thee, my Boy, and had the Maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,
And interchanging Blows, I quickly shed
Some of his Bastard Blood, and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base
And mis-begotten Blood, I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure Blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave Boy.
Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong Rescue. Speak, thy Father's Care,
Art not thou weary, John? How do'st thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the Battel, Boy, and fly?
Now thou art seal'd the Son of Chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my Death when I am dead,
The help of one stands me in little stead.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our Lives in one small Boat.
If I to day die not with Frenchmens Rage,

To

To morrow I shall die with mickle Age.
 By me they nothing gain, and if I stay,
 'Tis but the shortning of my Life one Day.
 In thee thy Mother dies, our Household's Name,
 My Death's Revenge, thy Youth, and *England's* Fame,
 All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
 All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The Sword of *Orleans* hath not made me smart,
 These Words of yours draw Life-blood from my Heart.
 On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
 To save a paltry Life, and slay bright Fame,
 Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* fly,
 The Coward Horse that bears me, fall and die;
 And like me to the Peasant Boys of *France*,
 To be Shame's Scorn, and Subject of Mischance.
 Surely, by all the Glory you have won,
 And if I fly, I am not *Talbot's* Son:
 Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot,
 If Son to *Talbot*, die at *Talbot's* Foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desp'rate Sire of *Cress*,
 Thou *Icarus*, thy Life to me is sweet:
 If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Father's side,
 And commendable prov'd let's die in Pride. [Exeunt.]

Alarum. Excursions. Enter old Talbot led.

Tal. Where is my other Life? mine own is gone.
 O! where's young *Talbot*? where is valiant *John*?
 Triumphant Death, smear'd with Captivity,
 Young *Talbot's* Valour makes me smile at thee.
 When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my Kneè,
 His bloody Sword he brandish'd over me,
 And like a hungry Lion did commence
 Rough deeds of Rage, and stern Impatience:
 But when my angry Guardant stood alone,
 Tendring my Ruin, and assail'd of none,
 Dizzy-ey'd Fury, and great Rage of Heart,
 Suddenly made him from my side to start
 Into the clustering Battel of the *French*:
 And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench
 His over-mounting Spirit; and there dy'd
 My *Icarus*, my Blossom, in his Pride.

Enter

Enter John Talbot, born.

Serv. O, my dear Lord! lo where your Son is born.

Tal. Thou antick Death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon from thy insulting Tyranny,
Coupled in Bonds of Perpetuity,
Two *Talbots* winged through the lither Sky,
In thy despight shall scape Mortality.
O thou, whose Wounds become hard favoured Death;
Speak to thy Father, ere thou yield thy Breath.
Brave Death by speaking, whether he will or no:
Imagine him a *Frenchman*, and thy Foe.
Poor Boy, he smiles, methinks, as who should say,
Had Death been *French*, then Death had died to Day.
Come, come, and lay him in his Father's Arms,
My Spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers adieu: I have what I would have,
Now my old Arms are young *John Talbot's* Grave. [*Dies.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Charles, Alençon, Burgundy, Bastard, and Pucelle.

Char. **H**AD York and Somerset brought Rescue in,
We should have found a bloody Day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of *Talbot's* raging Brood,
Did flesh his puny Sword in *Frenchmen's* Blood.

Pucel. Once I encountred him, and thus I said:
Thou Maiden Youth, be vanquish't by a Maid.
But with a proud Majestical high scorn
He answer'd thus: Young *Talbot* was not born
To be the Pillage of a Giglot Wench.
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble Knight:
See where he lyes inher'd in the Arms
Of the most bloody Nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their Bones asunder,
Whole life was *England's* Glory, *Gallia's* Wonder.

Char.

Char. Oh no, forbear: For that which we have fled
During the Life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's Tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the Glory of the Day.

Char. On what submissive Message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin? 'tis a meer *French* word:
We *English* Warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what Prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the Bodies of the Dead.

Char. For Prisoners ask'st thou? Hell our Prison is:
But tell me whom thou seek'st?

Lucy. Where is the great *Alcides* of the Field,
Valiant Lord *Talbot*, Earl of *Shrewsbury*?
Created for his rare Success in Arms,
Great Earl of *Washford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*,
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Urchinsfield*;
Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere*, Lord *Verdon* of *Alton*,
Lord *Crommel* of *Wingfield*, Lord *Furnival* of *Sheffield*,
The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge*,
Knight of the Noble Order of *St. George*,
Worthy *St. Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*,
Great Marshal to our King *Henry* the Sixth,
Of all his Wars within the Ream of *France*.

Pucel. Here's a silly stately Style indeed:
The *Turk*, that two and fifty Kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a Style as this.
Him that thou magnify'st with all these Titles,
Stinking and fly-blown lyes here at our Feet.

Lucy. Is *Talbot* slain, the *Frenchmens* only Scourge,
Your Kingdom's Terrour, and black *Nemesis*?
Oh were mine Eye-balls into Bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your Faces.
Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,
It were enough to fright the Realm of *France*.
Were but his Picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their Bodies that I may bear them hence,
And give them Burial, as befits their Worth.

Pucel.

Pucel. I think this Upstart is old *Talbot's* Ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding Spirit:
For God's sake, let him have him; to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrifie the Air.

Char. Go take their Bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence; but from their Ashes shall
be rear'd

A Phoenix that shall make all *France* afear'd.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with them what thou wilt:
And now to *Paris* in this Conquering Vein,
All will be ours, now bloody *Talbot's* slain. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, and Exeter.

K. Henry. Have you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earl of *Armagnac*?

Glo. I have, my Lord, and their Intent is this,
They humbly sue unto your Excellence,
To have a godly Peace concluded of,
Between the Realms of *England* and of *France*.

K. Henry. How doth your Grace affect this Motion?

Glo. Well, my good Lord, and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian Blood,
And stablish quietness on every side.

K. Henry. Ay marry, Uncle, for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such Immanity and bloody Strife
Should reign among Professors of one Faith.

Glo. Betide, my Lord, the sooner to effect,
And surer bind this knot of Amity,
The Earl of *Armagnac*, near knit to *Charles*,
A Man of great Authority in *France*,
Proffers his only Daughter to your Grace
In Marriage, with a large and sumptuous Dowry.

K. Henry. Marriage, Uncle! alas! my Years are young:
And fitter is my Study, and my Books,
Than wanton dalliance with a Paramour.
Yet call th' Ambassadors, and as you please,
So let them have their Answers every one;

I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's Glory, and my Country's Weal:

Enter Winchester, and three Ambassadors.

Exe. What, is my Lord of *Winchester* install'd,
And call'd unto a Cardinal's Degree?

Then I perceive that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did sometime Prophecie.

If once he come to be a Cardinal,
He'll make his Cap coequal with the Crown.

K. Henry. My Lords Ambassadors, your several Suits
Have been consider'd and debated on,
Your Purpose is both good and reasonable;
And therefore are we certainly resolv'd
To draw Conditions of a friendly Peace,
Which by my Lord of *Winchester* we mean
Shall be transported presently to *France*.

Glo. And for the Proffer of my Lord your Master,
I have inform'd his Highness so at large,
As liking of the Lady's virtuous Gifts,
Her Beauty, and the value of her Dower,
He doth intend she shall be *England's* Queen.

K. Henry. In Argument and proof of which Contract,
Bear her this Jewel, pledge of my Affection.
And so, my Lord Protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to *Dover*, where inshipp'd
Commit them to the fortune of the Sea. [*Exeunt.*]

Win. Stay, my Lord Legate, you shall first receive
The sum of Mony which I promised
Should be delivered to his Holiness,
For cloathing me in these grave Ornaments.

Legate. I will attend upon your Lordship's leisure.

Win. Now *Winchester* will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest Peer.

Humphrey of *Glo'ster*, thou shalt well perceive,
That neither in Birth, or for Authority,
The Bishop will be over-born by thee;
I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy Knee,
Or sack this Country with a Muriny. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

SCENE III.

*Enter Daupkin, Burgundy, Alençon, Bastard, Reignier,
and Joan la Pucelle.*

Dau. This News, my Lords, may cheer our drooping
Tis said, the stout *Parisians* do revolt, [Spirits
And return again unto the warlike *French*.

Alen. Then march to *Paris*, Royal *Charles* of *France*,
And keep not back your Power in dalliance.

Pucel. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us,
Else Ruin combat with their Palaces.

Enter Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant General,
And happiness to his Accomplices.

Dau. What tidings send our Scouts? I prethee speak.

Scout. The *English* Army, that divided was
Into two Parties, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you Battel presently.

Dau. Somewhat too sudden, Sirs, the warning is,
But we will presently provide for them.

Burg. I trust the Ghost of *Talbot* is not there;
Now he is gone, my Lord, you need not fear.

Pucel. Of all base Passions, Fear is most accurst:
Command the Conquest, *Charles*, it shall be thine:
Let *Henry* fret, and all the World repine.

Dau. Then on, my Lords, and *France* be fortunate. [Exeunt]

Alarm: Excursions. Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. The Regent conquers, and the *Frenchmen* fly.
Now help ye charming Spells and Periapts,
And ye choice Spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future Accidents. [Thunder
You speedy helpers, that are Substitutes
Under the Lordly Monarch of the North,
Appear, and aid me in this Enterprize.

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar Spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful Regions under Earth,

L 2

Help

Help me this once, that *France* may get the Field.

[*They walk and speak not.*]

Oh hold me not with Silence over long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my Blood,
I'll lop a Member off, and give it you
In earnest of a further Benefit:
So you do condescend to help me now.

[*They hang their Heads.*]

No hope to have Redrefs? My Body shall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my Suit.

[*They shake their Heads.*]

Cannot my Body, nor blood-Sacrifice,
Intreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my Soul; my Body, Soul, and all,
Before that *England* give the *French* the foil.

[*They depart.*]

See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That *France* must vail her lofty plumed Crest,
And let her Head fall into *England's* Lap.
My ancient Incantations are too weak,
And Hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now *France* thy Glory droopeth to the Dust.

[*Exit.*]

[*Excursions. Pucelle and York fight Hand in Hand.*]

Pucelle is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel of *France*, I think I have you fast.
Unchain your Spirits now with spelling Charms,
And try if they can gain your Liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the Devil's Grace.
See how the ugly Witch doth bend her Brows,
As if, with *Circe*, she would change my Shape.

Pucel. Chang'd to a worse Shape thou can'st not be.

York. Oh, *Charles* the Dauphin is a proper Man,
No Shape but his can please your dainty Eye.

Pucel. A plaguing mischief light on *Charles* and thee,
And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
By bloody Hands, in sleeping on your Beds.

York. Fell banning Hag, Inchantress, hold thy Tongue.

Pucel. I prethee give me leave to curse a while.

York. Curse, Miscreant, when thou comest to the Stake.

[*Exeunt.*
Alarm.]

Alarm. Enter Suffolk with Margaret in his Hand.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my Prisoner.

[Gazes on her.]

Oh fairest Beauty, do not fear, nor fly:
For I will touch thee but with reverend Hands,
I kiss these Fingers for eternal Peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender Side.
Who art thou, say? that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my Name, and Daughter to a King,
The King of *Naples*, whoso'er thou art.

Suf. An Earl I am, and *Suffolk* am I call'd.

Be not offended, Nature's Miracle,

Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:

So doth the Swan her downy Cignets save,
Keeping them Prisoners underneath her Wings:

Yet if this servile Usage once offend,

Go and be free again, as *Suffolk's* Friend. *[She is going.]*

Oh stay! I have no Power to let her pass,

My Hand would free her, but my Heart says no.

As plays the Sun upon the glassy Streams,

Twinkling another counterfeited Beam,

So seems this gorgeous Beauty to mine Eyes:

Fain would I woe her, yet I dare not speak:

I'll call for Pen and Ink, and write my Mind:

Fie, *De la Pole*, disable not thy self:

Hast not a Tongue? Is she not here thy Prisoner?

Wilt thou be daunted at a Woman's Sight?

Ay, Beauty's Princely Majesty is such,

Confounds the Tongue, and makes the Senses rough.

Mar. Say, Earl of *Suffolk*, if thy Name be so,

What Ransom must I pay before I pass?

For I perceive I am thy Prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy Suit,

Before thou make a Trial of her Love?

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? What Ransom must I pay?

Suf. She's Beautiful; and therefore to be wooed:

She is a Woman, therefore to be won.

Mar. Wilt thou accept of Ransom, yea or no?

Suf. Fond Man, remember that thou hast a Wife,

Then how can *Margaret* be thy Paramour?

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talks at random; sure the Man is mad.

Suf. And yet a Dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me?

Suf. I'll win this Lady *Margaret*. For whom?

Why, for my King: Tush, that's a wooden thing.

Mar. He talks of Wood: It is some Carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my Fancy may be satisfied,

And Peace established between these Realms;

But there remains a scruple in that too:

For though her Father be the King of *Naples*,

Duke of *Anjou* and *Main*, yet he is poor,

And our Nobility will scorn the Match.

Mar. Hear ye, Captain? are you not at leisure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:

Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.

Madam, I have a Secret to reveal.

Mar. What, tho' I be intrall'd, he seems a Knight,
And will not any way dishonour me.

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the *French*,
And then I need not crave his Courtesie.

Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a cause.

Mar. Tush, Women have been captivate ere now.

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo*.

Suf. Say, gentle Princess, would you not suppose
Your Bondage happy, to be made a Queen?

Mar. To be a Queen in Bondage, is more vile,
Than is a Slave in base servility:

For Princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,

If happy *England's* Royal King be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee *Henry's* Queen,
To put a Golden Scepter in thy Hand,
And set a precious Crown upon thy Head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my——

Mar. What?

Suf. His Love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be *Henry's* Wife.

Suf. No, gentle Madam, I unworthy am
To woo so fair a Dame to be his Wife,
And have no Portion in the choice my self.
How say you, Madam, are you so content?

Mar. And if my Father please, I am content.

Suff. Then call our Captains and our Colours forth,
And, Madam, at your Father's Castle Walls,
We'll crave a Parley to confer with him.

Sound. Enter *Reignier* on the Walls.
See *Reignier*, see, thy Daughter Prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. *Suffolk*, what remedy?
I am a Soldier and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on Fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my Lord,
Consent, and for thy Honour give consent,
Thy Daughter shall be wedded to my King;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto!
And this her easie-held Imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy Daughter Princely Liberty.

Reig. Speaks *Suffolk* as he thinks?

Suff. Fair *Margaret* knows,
That *Suffolk* doth not flatter, face, or fain.

Reig. Upon thy Princely Warrant, I descend;
To give thee Answer of thy just demand.

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter *Reignier*.

Reig. Welcome, brave Earl, into our Territories,
Command in *Anjou* what your Honour pleases.

Reig. Thanks, *Reignier*, happy for so sweet a Child,
Fit to be made Companion with a King:
What answer makes your Grace unto my suit?

Reig. Since thou dost daign to woo her little worth,
To be the Princely Bride of such a Lord:
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the Country *Main* and *Anjou*,
Free from oppression, or the stroke of War,

My Daughter shall be *Henry's*, if he please.

Suf. That is her Ransom, I deliver her;
And those two Counties, I will undertake,
Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again in *Henry's* Royal Name,
As Deputy unto that gracious King,
Give thee her Hand for sign of plighted Faith.

Suf. *Reignier* of *France*, I give thee Kingly Thanks,
Because this is in Traffick of a King.

And yet methinks I could be well content
To be mine own Attorney in this case.

[*Aside.*]

I'll over then to *England* with this News,
And make this Marriage to be solemniz'd:
So farewell *Reignier*, set this Diamond safe
In Golden Palaces as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian Prince King *Henry*, were he here.

Mar. Farewel my Lord, good wishes, praise, and prayers,
Shall *Suffolk* ever have of *Margaret*.

[*She is going.*]

Suf. Farewel, sweet Madam; but hark you, *Margaret*,
No Princely Commendations to my King?

Mar. Such Commendations as becomes a Maid,
A Virgin and his Servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed.
But, Madam. I must trouble you again,
No loving Token to his Majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure unspotted Heart,
Never yet taint with Love, I send the King.

Suf. And this withal.

[*Kisses her.*]

Mar. That for thy self—I will not so presume,
To send such peevish Tokens to a King.

Suf. O wert thou for my self—but *Suffolk* stay,
Thou mayest not wander in that Labyrinth,
There Minotaurs, and ugly Treasons lurk.
Sollicit *Henry* with her wondrous praise,
Bethink thee on her Virtues that surmount,
Made natural Graces that extinguish Art,
Repeat their semblance often on the Seas,
That when thou com'st to kneel at *Henry's* Feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter York, Warwick, a Shepherd, and Pucelle.

York. Bring forth that Sorcerers condemn'd to burn.

Shep. Ah, *Joan*, this kills thy Father's Heart out-right;
Have I sought every Country far and near,
And now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel Death!

Ah *Joan*, sweet Daughter, I will die with thee.

Pucel. Decrepit Miser, base ignoble Wretch,
I am descended of a gentler Blood.

Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out---My Lords, and please you, 'tis not so,
I did beget her all the Parish knows:

Her Mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first Fruit of my Batch'lor-ship.

War. Graceless, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of Life hath been,
Wicked and vile, and so her Death concludes.

Shep. Fie, *Joan*, that thou wilt be so obstacle:
God knows thou art a Collop of my Flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a Tear;
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle *Joan*.

Pucel. Peasant, avant. You have suborn'd this Man
Of purpose to obscure my noble Birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a Noble to the Priest,
The Morn that I was wedded to her Mother.
Kneel down and take my Blessing, good my Girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy Nativity; I would the Milk
Thy Mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her Breast,
Had been a little Ratsbane for thy sake:
Or else, when thou didst keep my Lambs afield,
I wish some ravenous Wolf had eaten thee.
Dost thou deny thy Father, cursed Drab?

O burn her, burn her, hanging is too good. [Exit.

York. Take her away, for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the World with vitious Qualities.

Pucel. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd,
Not me, begotten of a Shepherd Swain,
But issued from the Progeny of Kings,
Virtuous and Holy, chosen from above,

By inspiration of Celestial Grace,
 To work exceeding Miracles on Earth.
 I never had to do with wicked Spirits.
 But you that are polluted with your Lusts,
 Stain'd with the guiltless Blood of Innocents,
 Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices,
 Because you want the Grace that others have,
 You judge it streight a thing impossible
 To compass Wonders, but by help of Devils.
 No, misconceived *Joan of Arc* hath been
 A Virgin from her tender Infancy,
 Chaste, and immaculate in very thought,
 Whose Maiden-blood thus rigorously effus'd,
 Will cry for Vengeance at the Gates of Heav'n.

York. Ay, ay; away with her to Execution.

War. And heark ye, Sirs; because she is a Maid,
 Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow:
 Place Barrels of Pitch upon the fatal Stake,
 That so her Torture may be shortned.

Pucel. Will nothing turn your unrelenting Hearts?
 Then *Joan* discover thine Infirmary,
 That warranteth by Law, to be thy Privilege.
 I am with Child, ye bloody Homicides:
 Murther not then the Fruit within my Womb,
 Although ye hale me to a violent Death.

York. Now Heav'n forfend! the holy Maid with Child?

War. The greatest Miracle that ere you wrought:
 As all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling,
 I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to, we will have no Bastards live,
 Especially since *Charles* must Father it.

Pucel. You are deceiv'd, my Child is none of his,
 It was *Alenfon* that enjoy'd my Love.

York. *Alenfon*, that notorious *Macheville*!
 It dies, and if it had a thousand Lives.

Pucel. O give me leave, I have deluded you;
 'Twas neither *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
 But *Reignier* King of *Naples* that prevail'd.

War. A married Man! that's most intolerable.

York.

York. Why here's a Girl; I think she knows not well
(There were so many) whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign she had been liberal and free.

York. And yet forsooth she is a Virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy Brat, and thee.
Use no intreaty, for it is in vain.

Pucel. Then lead me hence, with whom I leave my curse.
May never glorious Sun reflex his Beams
Upon the Country where you make abode;
But darkness, and the gloomy shade of death
Inviron you, till Mischief and Despair
Drive you to break your Necks, or hang your selves. [*Exit.*]

Enter Cardinal.

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to Ashes,
Thou foul accursed Minister of Hell.

Car. Lord Regent, I do greet your Excellence
With Letters of Commission from the King.
For know, my Lords, the States of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general Peace,
Betwixt our Nation and th' aspiring *French*;
And here at hand, the Dauphin and his Train
Approacheth, to confer about some matters.

York. Is all our Travel turn'd to this Effect?
After the slaughter of so many Peers,
So many Captains, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,
That in this Quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their Bodies for their Countries Benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate Peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the Towns,
By Treason, Falshood, and by Treachery,
Our great Progenitors had conquered?
Oh *Warwick, Warwick*, I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the Realm of *France*.

War. Be patient, *York*; if we conclude a Peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe Covenants,
As little shall the *Frenchmen* gain thereby.

[*Enter Charles, Alençon, Bastard and Reignier.*]

Char. Since, Lords of *England*, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful Truce shall be proclaim'd in *France*,

We

We come to be informed by your selves,
What the Conditions of that League must be.

York. Speak, *Winchester*; for boiling Choler chokes
The hollow passage of my poison'd Voice,
By sight of these our baleful Enemies.

Win. *Charles*, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King *Henry* gives consent,
Of meer compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your Country of distressful War,
And suffer you to breath in fruitful Peace,
You shall become true Liegemen to his Crown.
And *Charles*, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him Tribute, and submit thy self,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal Dignity.

Alen. Must he be then a shadow of himself?
Adorn his Temples with a Coronet,
And yet in Substance and Authority,
Retain but privilege of a private Man?
This Proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known already, that I am posselt
Of more than half the *Gallian* Territories,
And therein revered for their lawful King.
Shall I for lucre of the rest un-vanquish'd,
Detract so much from that Prerogative,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No, Lord Ambassador, I'll rather keep
That which I have, than coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting *Charles*, hast thou by secret means
Us'd intercession to obtain a League,
And now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon Comparison?
Either accept the Title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of Desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant Wars.

Reig. My Lord, you do not well, in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this Contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one

We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your Policy,
To save your Subjects from such massacre
And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen
By our proceeding in Hostility.
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,
Although you break it, when your pleasure serves.

[*Aside to the Dauphin:*

War. How say'st thou *Charles*?
Shall our Condition stand?

Char. It shall:

Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our Towns of Garrison.

York. Then swear Allegiance to his Majesty,
As thou art Knight, never to disobey,
Nor be Rebellious to the Crown of *England*,
Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crown of *England*.
So, now dismiss your Army when you please:
Hang up your Ensigns, let your Drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn Peace. [Exeunt,

*Enter Suffolk in conference with King Henry, Gloucester
and Exeter.*

K. Henry. Your wondrous rare description, noble Earl,
Of beauteous *Margaret* hath astonish'd me:
Her Virtues graced with external Gifts,
Do breed Loves settled Passions in my Heart.
And like as rigour of tempestuous Gusts
Provokes the mightiest Hulk against the Tide,
So am I driven by breath of her Renown,
Either to suffer Shipwrack, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her Love.

Suf. Tush, my good Lord, this superficial Tale
Is but a Preface to her worthy Praise:
The chief Perfections of that lovely Dame,
Had I sufficient Skill to utter them,
Would make a Volume of inticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull Conceit.
And which is more, she is not so Divine,
So full repleat with choice of all Delights,
But with as humble lowliness of Mind,

She

She is content to be at your command:
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour *Henry*, as her Lord.

K. Henry. And otherwise, will *Henry* ne'er presume:
Therefore, my Lord Protector, give consent,
That *Margaret* may be *England's* Royal Queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter Sin.
You know, my Lord, your Highness is betroth'd
Unto another Lady of esteem.

How shall we then dispense with the Contract,
And not deface your Honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a Ruler with unlawful Oaths,
Or one that at a Triumph, having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the Lists
By reason of his Adversary's odds.

A poor Earl's Daughter in unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is *Margaret* more than that?
Her Father is no better than an Earl,
Although in glorious Titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my good Lord, her Father is a King,
The King of *Naples* and *Jerusalem*,
And of such great Authority in *France*,
That his Alliance will confirm our Peace,
And keep the *Frenchmen* in Allegiance.

Glo. And so the Earl of *Armagnac* may do,
Because he is near Kinsman unto *Charles*.

Exe. Beside his Wealth doth warrant liberal Dower,
Where *Reignier* sooner will receive than give.

Suf. A Dower, my Lords! Disgrace not so your King:
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To chuse for Wealth, and not for perfect Love.

Henry is able to enrich his Queen,
And not to seek a Queen to make him rich;
So worthless Peasants bargain for their Wives,
As Market-men for Oxen, Sheep, or Horse.
But Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by Attorney-ship:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects;
Must be companion of his nuptial Bed.

And

And therefore, Lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these Reasons bindeth us,
In our Opinions she should be preferr'd;
For what is Wedlock forced, but a Hell,
An age of Discord and continual Strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth blis,
And is a Pattern of celestial Peace.
Whom should we match with *Henry*, being a King?
But *Margaret*, that is Daughter to a King?
Her peerless Feature, joined with her Birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a King.
Her valiant Courage, and undaunted Spirit,
More than in Woman commonly is seen,
Will answer our hope in Issue of a King:
For *Henry*, Son unto a Conqueror,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
If with a Lady of so high resolve,
As is fair *Margaret*, he be link'd in Love:
Then yield my Lords, and here conclude with me;
That *Margaret* shall be Queen, and none but she.

K. Henry. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble Lord of *Suffolk*; or for that
My tender Youth was never yet attain'd
With any Passion of inflaming Love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissention in my Breast,
Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Fear,
As I am sick with working of my Thoughts:
Take therefore Shipping; post, my Lord, to *France*;
Agree to any Covenants, and procure
That Lady *Margaret* do vouchsafe to come
To cross the Seas to *England*, and be Crown'd,
King *Henry's* faithful and anointed Queen.
For your Expences and sufficient Charge,
Among the People gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say, for 'till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand Cares.
And you, good Uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse

This

This sudden Execution of my Will.

And so conduct me, where from company,

I may revolve and ruminate my Grief.

[Exit.]

Glo. Ay, Grief I fear me, both at first and last.

[Exit Gloucester.]

Suf. Thus *Suffolk* hath prevail'd, and thus he goes

As did the youthful *Paris* once to *Greece*,

With hope to find the like event in Love,

But prosper better than the *Trojan* did:

Margaret shall now be Queen, and rule the King:

But I will rule both her, the King, and Realm.

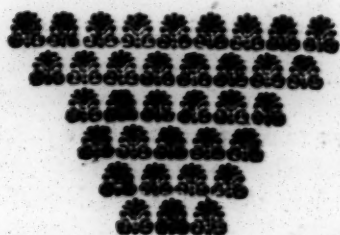
[Exit.]





THE
SECOND PART
OF
King *HENRY VI*,

With the Death of the
Good Duke *Humphry*.



Printed in the YEAR MDCC XIV.

Dramatis Personæ:

KING Henry VI.
 Humphry Duke of Gloucester; } *Uncles to the King.*
 Cardinal Beaufort, Bp. of Winchester, }
 Duke of York, pretending to the Crown.
 Duke of Buckingham, }
 Duke of Somerset, } *Of the King's Party.*
 Duke of Suffolk, }
 Earl of Salisbury, } *Of the York Faction.*
 Earl of Warwick, }
 Lord Clifford, of the King's Party.
 Lord Say.
 Lord Scales, Governor of the Tower.
 Sir Humphry Stafford.
 Young Stafford, his Brother.
 Alexander Iden, a Kentish Gentleman.
 Young Clifford, Son to the Lord Clifford.
 Edward Plantagenet, } *Sons to the Duke of York.*
 Richard Plantagenet, }
 Vaux. A Sea Captain, and Walter Whitmore — *Pirates;*
 Hume and Southwel — 2 *Priests.*
 Bullingbrook, an *Astrologer.*
 A Spirit attending on Jordan the *Witch.*
 Thomas Horner, an *Armorer.*
 Peter, his *Man.*
 Mayor of St. Albans.
 Simpcox, an *Impostor.*
 Jack Cade, Bevis, Michael, John Holland, Dick the Butcher,
 Smith the Weaver, and several Others — *Rebels.*
 Margaret, Queen to King Henry VI. secretly in Love with
 the Duke of Suffolk.
 Dame Elinor, Wife to the Duke of Gloucester.
 Mother Jordan, a *Witch* employ'd by the Dutcheſs of Gloucester;
 Wife to Simpcox.
 Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff and Officers, with Guards,
 Messengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE is laid very diſperſedly in ſe-
 veral Parts of England.



The Second PART of
King *H E N R Y* VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Flourish of Trumpets : Then Hautboys. Enter King Henry, Duke Humphry, Salisbury, Warwick, and Beaufort on the one side. The Queen, Suffolk, York, Somerset, and Buckingham on the other.

S U F F O L K.



S by your high Imperial Majesty,
I had in charge at my depart for *France*,
As Procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princess *Margaret* for your
Grace;

So in the famous ancient City, *Tours*,
In presence of the Kings of *France*

and *Sicil*,

The Dukes of *Orleans*, *Calabar*, *Bretaigne*, *Alanson*,
Seven Earls, twelve Barons, and twenty reverend Bishops,
I have perform'd my Task, and was espous'd:

And humbly now upon my bended Knee,

In sight of *England* and her Lordly Peers,

Deliver up my Title in the Queen

[*Presenting the Queen to the King.*

To

To your most gracious Hand, that are the Substance
Of that great Shadow I did represent:

The happiest Gift that ever Marquiss gave,
The fairest Queen that ever King receiv'd.

K. Henry. Suffolk arise. Welcome, Queen Margaret,
I can expresse no kinder sign of Love
Than this kind Kiss. O Lord, that lend'st me Life,
Lend me a Heart repleat with thankfulness:
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous Face,
A World of Earthly Blessings to my Soul,
If sympathy of Love unite our Thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great King of England, and my gracious Lord,
The mutual Conference that my Mind hath had,
By Day, by Night, waking, and in my Dreams,
In courtly Company, or at my Beads,
With you mine Alder liefest Sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my King,
With ruder terms, such as my Wit affords,
And over-joy of Heart doth minister.

K. Henry. Her sight did ravish, but her Grace in Speech,
Her Words yclad with Wisdom's Majesty,
Make me from wondring, fall to weeping Joys,
Such is the fulness of my Heart's Content,
Lords, with one cheerful Voice, welcome my Love.

All kneel. Longlive Queen Margaret, England's Happines.

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [Flourish.]

Suff. My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,
Here are the Articles of contracted Peace,
Between our Sovereign, and the French King Charles,
For eighteen Months concluded by consent.

Glo. Reads.] Imprimis, It is agreed between the French King, Charles, and William de la Pole, Marquiss of Suffolk, Ambassador for Henry King of England, That the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, Daughter unto Reignier, King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem, and Crown her Queen of England, ere the thirtenth of May next ensuing.

Item. That the Dutchy of Anjou, and the County of Main, shall be released and delivered to the King her Father.

K. Henry. Uncle, how now?

Glo.

Glo. Pardon me, gracious Lord,
Some sudden qualm hath struck me to the Heart,
And dimn'd mine Eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Henry. Uncle of *Winchester*, I pray read on.

Win. Item, It is further agreed between them, That the
Dutchies of Anjou and Main shall be released and delivered
over to the King her Father, and she sent over of the King of
England's own proper Cost and Charges, without having any
Dowry.

K. Henry. They please us well. Lord Marquiss, kneel down;
We here create thee the first Duke of *Suffolk*,
And girt thee with the Sword. Cousin of *York*,
We here discharge your Grace from being Regent
I'th' Parts of *France*, 'till term of eighteen Months
Be full expir'd. Thanks, Uncle *Winchester*,
Gloucester, York, Buckingham, and Somerset,
Salisbury and Warwick,
We thank you all for this great Favour done,
In Entertainment to my Princely Queen.
Come, let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her Coronation be perform'd.

[Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.

Manent the rest.

Glo. Brave Peers of England, Pillars of the State,
To you Duke *Humphry* must unload his Grief:
Your Grief, the common Grief of all the Land.
What? did my Brother *Henry* spend his Youth,
His Valour, Coin, and People in the Wars?
Did he so often lodge in open Field,
In Winter's Cold, and Summer's parching Heat,
To conquer *France*, his true Inheritance?
And did my Brother *Bedford* toil his Wits
To keep by Policy what *Henry* got:
Have you your selves, *Somerset, Buckingham*,
Brave *York, Salisbury*, and victorious *Warwick*,
Receiv'd deep Scars in *France* and *Normandy*:
Or hath mine Uncle *Bedford*, and my self,
With all the learned Council of the Realm,
Studied so long, sat in the Council-house,
Early and late, debating to and fro,

How

How *France* and *Frenchmen* might be kept in awe;
 And was his Highness in his Infancy
 Crowned in *Paris*, in despite of Foes?
 And shall these Labours, and these Honours die?
 Shall *Henry's* Conquest, *Bedford's* Vigilance,
 Your Deeds of War, and all our Counsel die!
 O Peers of *England*, shameful is this League,
 Fatal this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,
 Blotting your Names from Books of Memory,
 Rasing the Characters of your Renown,
 Defacing Monuments of conquer'd *Franco*,
 Undoing all, as all had never been.

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate Discourse?
 This peroration with such Circumstances?
 For *France*, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, Uncle, we will keep it if we can:
 But now it is impossible we should.

Suffolk, the new made Duke that rules the rostr,
 Hath given the Dutchy of *Anjou* and *Main*,
 Unto the poor King *Reignier*, whose large Style
 Agrees not with the leanness of his Purse.

Sal. Now by the Death of him who dy'd for all,
 These Counties were the Keys of *Normandy*:
 But wherefore weeps *Warwick*, my valiant Son?

War. For Grief that they are past Recovery.
 For were there hope to conquer them again,
 My Sword should shed hot Blood, mine Eyes no Tears.
Anjou and *Main*! My self did win them both:
 Those Provinces these Arms of mine did conquer.
 And are the Cities that I got with Wounds
 Delivered up again with peaceful Words?
Mort Dieu!

Tork. For *Suffolk's* Duke, may he be suffocate,
 That dims the Honour of this warlike Isle:
France should have torn and rent my very Heart,
 Before I would have yielded to this League.
 I never read but *England's* Kings have had
 Large sums of Gold, and Dowries with their Wives!
 And our King *Henry* gives away his own,
 To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper Jest, and never heard before,
That *Suffolk* should demand a whole Fifteenth,
For Cost and Charges in transporting her:
She should have staid in *France*, and starv'd in *France*
Before——

Car. My Lord of *Glo'ster*, now ye grow too hot:
It was the Pleasure of my Lord the King.

Glo. My Lord of *Winchester*, I know your Mind,
'Tis not my Speeches that you do mislike;
But 'tis my Presence that doth trouble you.
Rancour will out, proud Prelate; in thy Face
I see thy Fury: If I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient Bickerings.
Lordings farewell, and say when I am gone,
I prophes'd, *France* will be lost ere long.

[Exit.]

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a Rage:
'Tis known to you he is mine Enemy;
Nay more, an Enemy unto you all,
And no great Friend, I fear me, to the King.
Consider, Lords, he is the next of Blood,
And Heir apparent to the *English* Crown:
Had *Henry* got an Empire by his Marriage,
And all the wealthy Kingdoms of the West,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it:
Look to it, Lords, let not his smoothing Words
Bewitch your Hearts, be wise and circumspect.
What though the common People favour him,
Calling him *Humphry*, the good Duke of *Glo'ster*,
Clapping their Hands, and crying with loud Voice,
Jesu maintain your Royal Excellence,
With, *God preserve the good Duke Humphry*.
I fear me, Lords, for all this flattering Gloss,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our Sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?
Cousin of *Somerfet*, join you with me,
And all together with the Duke of *Suffolk*,
We'll quickly hoise Duke *Humphry* from his Seat.

Car. This weighty Business will not brook delay,
I'll to the Duke of *Suffolk* presently.

[Ex't.]

Sen.

Som. Cousin of *Buckingham*, though *Humphry's* Pride
And greatness of his Place be Grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty Cardinal:
His Insolence is more intolerable
Than all the Princes in the Land beside;
If *Glo'ster* be displac'd, he'll be Protector.

Buck. Or thou, or I, *Somerſet*, will be Protector,
Despight Duke *Humphry*, or the Cardinal.

[*Ex. Buckingham and Somerſet.*

Sal. Pride went before, Ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own Preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the Realm.
I never saw but *Humphry* Duke of *Glo'ster*,
Did bear him like a noble Gentleman:
Oft have I seen the haughty Cardinal,
More like a Soldier than a Man o'th' Church,
As stout and proud as he were Lord of all,
Swear like a Russian, and demean himself
Unlike the Ruler of a Common-weal.

Warwick my Son, the Comfort of my Age,
Thy Deeds, thy Plainness, and thy House-keeping,
Have won the greatest Favour of the Commons,
Excepting none but Good Duke *Humphry*.
And Brother *York*, thy Acts in *Ireland*,
In bringing them to civil Discipline;
Thy late Exploits done in the Heart of *France*,
When thou wert Regent for our Sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the People:
Join we together for the publick Good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The Pride of *Susſolk*, and the Cardinal,
With *Somerſet's* and *Buckingham's* Ambition,
And as we may, cherish Duke *Humphry's* Deeds,
While they do tend the Profit of the Land.

War. So God help *Warwick*, as he loves the Land,
And common Profit of his Country.

York. And so says *York*,
For he hath greatest Cause.

Sal. Then let's make haste away,
And look unto the main.

War.

War. Unto the main?

Oh Father, *Main* is lost,
That *Main*, which by main Force *Warwick* did win,
And would have kept, so long as Breath did last:
Main-chance, Father, you meant, but I meant *Main*,
Which I will win from *France*, or else be slain.

[*Ex. Warwick and Salisbury. Manet York.*]

York. *Anjou* and *Main* are given to the *French*,
Paris is lost, the State of *Normandy*
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the Articles,
The Peers agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd,
To change two Dukedoms for a Duke's fair Daughter:
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their Pillage,
And purchase Friends, and give to Curtezans,
Still revelling like Lords 'till all be gone.
While as the silly Owner of the Goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless Hands,
And shakes his Head, and trembling stands aloof, |
While all is shar'd, and all is born away,
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own.
So *York* must sit, and fret, and bite his Tongue,
While his own Lands are bargain'd for, and sold:
Methinks the Realms of *England*, *France* and *Ireland*,
Bear that proportion to my Flesh and Blood,
As did the fatal brand *Althea* burnt,
Unto the Prince's Heart of *Calidon*:

Anjou and *Main* both given unto the *French*!

Cold News for me: For I had hope of *France*,
Even as I have of fertile *England's* Soil.

A day will come, when *York* shall claim his own,
And therefore I will take the *Nevills* parts,
And make a shew of Love to proud Duke *Humphry*, |
And when I spy Advantage claim the Crown;
For that's the golden Mark I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud *Lancaster* usurp my Right,
Nor hold the Scepter in his childish Fist,
Nor wear the Diadem upon his Head,
Whose Church-like Humour fits not for a Crown.

Then *York* be still a while, 'till Time do serve:
 Watch thou, and wake when others be asleep,
 To pry into the Secrets of the State,
 'Till *Henry* surfeiting in joys of Love,
 With his new Bride, and *England's* dear bought Queen,
 And *Humphry* with the Peers be fall'n at Jars.
 Then will I raise aloft the Milk-white Rose,
 With whose sweet smell the Air shall be perfum'd,
 And in my Standard bear the Arms of *York*,
 To grapple with the House of *Lancaster*.
 And force perforce I'll make him yield the Crown,
 Whose Bookish Rule hath pull'd fair *England* down.

[Exit *York*.]

Enter Duke Humphry, and his Wife Eleanor.

Elean. Why droops my Lord, like over-ripen'd Corn,
 Hanging the Head at *Ceres* plenteous Load?
 Why doth the great Duke *Humphry* knit his Brows,
 As frowning at the Favours of the World?
 Why are thine Eyes fixt to the sullen Earth,
 Gazing at that which seems to dim thy Sight?
 What seest thou there? King *Henry's* Diadem,
 Incha'd with all the Honours of the World?
 If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy Face,
 Until thy Head be circled with the same.
 Put forth thy Hand, reach at the glorious Gold.
 What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine.
 And having both together heav'd it up,
 We'll both together lift our Heads to Heaven,
 And never more abase our Sight so low,
 As to vouchsafe one glance unto the Ground.

Glo. O *Nell*, sweet *Nell*, if thou dost love thy Lord,
 Banish the Canker of Ambitious Thoughts;
 And may that Thought, when I imagine Ill
 Against my King and Nephew, virtuous *Henry*,
 Be my last breathing in this Mortal World.
 My troublous Dreams this Night do make me sad.

Elean. What dream'd my Lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
 With sweet Rehearsal of my Morning's Dream.

Glo. Methought this Staff, mine Office badge in Court,
 Was broke in twain; by whom, I have forgot,

But

But as I think, it was by th' Cardinal,
 And on the pieces of the broken Wand
 Were plac'd the Heads of *Edmond*, Duke of *Somerset*,
 And *William de la Pole*, first Duke of *Suffolk*.
 This was the Dream, what it doth bode, God knows.

Elean. Tut, this was nothing but an Argument,
 That he that breaks a Stick of *Glo'ster's* Grove,
 Shall lose his Head for his Presumption.
 But list to me, my *Humphry*, my sweet Duke:
 Methought I sat in Seat of Majesty,
 In the Cathedral Church of *Westminster*,
 And in that Chair where Kings and Queens were crown'd,
 Where *Henry* and *Margaret* kneel'd to me,
 And on my Head did set the Diadem.

Glo. Nay, *Eleanor*, then must I chide outright:
 Presumptuous Dame, ill-natur'd *Eleanor*,
 Art thou not second Woman in the Realm?
 And the Protector's Wife, belov'd of him?
 Hast thou not worldly Pleasure at command,
 Above the reach or compass of thy Thought?
 And wilt thou still be hammering Treachery,
 To tumble down thy Husband and thy self,
 From top of Honour, to Disgrace's feet?
 Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Elean. What, what, my Lord, are you so Cholerick
 With *Eleanor*, for telling but her Dream?
 Next time, I'll keep my Dreams unto my self,
 And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highness Pleasure,
 You do prepare to ride unto St. *Albans*,
 Whereas the King and Queen do mean to Hawk.

Glo. I go: Come *Nell*, thou wilt ride with us?

[*Ex. Glo.*]

Elean. Yes, my good Lord, I'll follow presently.
 Follow I must, I cannot go before,
 While *Glo'ster* bears this base and humble Mind.
 Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of Blood,
 I would remove these tedious stumbling Blocks,

M 2

And

And smooth my way upon their headless Necks.
 And being a Woman, I will not be slack
 To play my part in Fortune's Pageant.
 Where are you there? Sir *John*; nay fear not, Man,
 We are alone, here's none but thee and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jesus preserve your Royal Majesty.

Elean. What say'st thou? Majesty: I am but Grace.

Hume. But by the Grace of God, and *Hume's* Advice,
 Your Grace's Title shall be multiply'd,

Elean. What say'st thou, Man? Hast thou as yet conferr'd
 With *Margery Jordan*, the cunning Witch;
 With *Roger Bullingbrook*, the Conjurer,
 And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised, to shew your Highness
 A Spirit rais'd from depth of under Ground,
 That shall make answer to such Questions,
 As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

Elean. It is enough, I'll think upon the Questions:
 When from St. *Albans* we do make return;
 We'll see those things effected to the full.
 Here *Hume*, take this Reward, make merry Man
 With thy Confederates in this weighty Cause.

[Exit *Eleanor*.

Hume. *Hume* must make merry with the Dutchess's Gold:
 Marry and shall; but how now, Sir *John Hume*?
 Seal up your Lips, and give no Words, but Mum;
 The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame *Eleanor* gives Gold, to bring the Witch:
 Gold cannot come amiss, were she a Devil.
 Yet have I Gold flies from another Coast:
 I dare not say, from the rich Cardinal,
 And from the great and new-made Duke of *Suffolk*;
 Yet I do find it so: For, to be plain,
 They (knowing Dame *Eleanor's* aspiring Humour)
 Have hired me to undermine the Dutchess,
 And buz these Conjurations in her Brain.
 They say, a crafty Knave does need no Broker;
 Yet am I *Suffolk's*, and the Cardinal's Broker.

Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
 To call them both a pair of crafty Knaves.

Well,

Well, so it stands; and thus I fear at last,
Hume's Knavery will be the Dutcheff's Wrack,
And her Attainture will be *Humphry's* Fall:
Sort how it will, I shall have Gold for all. [Exit.]

Enter three or four Petitioners, the Armorer's Man being one.

1 *Pet.* My Masters, let's stand close, my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our Supplications in the Quill.

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good Man, Jesu blefs him.

Enter Suffolk, and Queen.

1 *Pet.* Here a comes methinks, and the Queen with him: I'll be the first sure

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool, this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my Lord Protector,

Suff. How now, Fellow; would'st any thing with me?

1 *Pet.* I pray, my Lord, pardon me, I took ye for my Lord Protector.

2 *Mar.* To my Lord Protector? [reading] Are your Supplications to his Lordship? let me see them; what is thine?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, and't please your Grace, against *John Goodman*, my Lord Cardinal's Man, for keeping my House, and Lands, and Wife, and all from me.

Suf. Thy Wife too? That's some wrong indeed. What's yours? What's here? [Reads.] *Against the Duke of Suffolk, for inclosing the Commons of Melford.* How now, Sir Knave?

2 *Pet.* Alas, Sir, I am but a poor Petitioner of our whole Township.

3 *Pet.* Against my Master, *Thomas Horner*, for saying, That the Duke of York was rightful Heir to the Crown.

2 *Mar.* What say'st thou? did the Duke of York say, he was reightful Heir to the Crown?

3 *Pet.* That my Mistres was? No, forsooth; my Master said, that he was; and that the King was an Usurper.

Suf. Who is there?

Enter Servant.

Take this Fellow in, and send for his Master with a Pursuivant presently; we'll hear more of your Matter before the King. [Exit Serv.]

2 *Mar.*

Q. Mar. And as for you that love to be protected
Under the Wings of our Protector's Grace,
Begin your Suits anew, and sue to him.

[Tears the Supplications.

Away, base Cullions: *Suffolk*, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone.

[Exeunt.

Q. Mar. My Lord of *Suffolk*, say, is this the guise?
Is this the Fashion in the Court of *England*?
Is this the Government of *Britain's* Isle?
And this the Royalty of *Albion's* King?
What, shall King *Henry* be a Pupil still,
Under the surly *Gloster's* Governance?
Am I a Queen in Title and in Style,
And must be made a Subject to a Duke?
I tell thee, *Pool*, when in the City *Tours*
Thou ran'st a Tilt in Honour of my Love,
And stol'st away the Ladies Hearts of *France*;
I thought King *Henry* had resembled thee,
In Courage, Courtship, and Proportion:
But all his Mind is bent to Holiness,
To number *Ave Marias* on his Beads:
His Champions are the Prophets and Apostles,
His Weapons Holy Saws of sacred Writ,
His Study is his Tilt-yard, and his Loves
Are brazen Images of Canonized Saints.
I would the College of the Cardinals
Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to *Rome*,
And set the Triple Crown upon his Head;
That were a State fit for his Holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient; as I was the cause
Your Highness came to *England*, so will I
In *England* work your Grace's full Content.

Q. Mar. Beside the haughty Protector, have we *Beauford*,
The imperious Churchman; *Somerset*, *Buckingham*,
And grumbling *York*; and not the least of these,
But can do more in *England* than the King.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of all,
Cannot do more in *England*, than the *Nevils*;
Salisbury and *Warwick* are no simple Peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these Lords do vex me half so much,
As

As that proud Dame, the Lord Protector's Wife:
 She sweeps it through the Court with troops of Ladies,
 More like an Empress, than Duke *Humphry's* Wife:
 Strangers in Court do take her for the Queen;
 She bears a Duke's Revenues on her Back,
 And in her Heart she scorns our Poverty:
 Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
 Contemptuous base-born Callot as she is,
 She vaunted 'mongst her Minions t'other day,
 The very train of her worst wearing Gown
 Was better worth than all my Father's Lands,
 'Till *Suffolk* gave two Dukedoms for his Daughter.

Suf. Madam, my self have lim'd a bush for her,
 And plac'd a Quire of such enticing Birds,
 That she will light to listen to their Lays,
 And never mount to trouble you again.
 So let her rest; and, Madam, list to me,
 For I am bold to counsel you in this;
 Although we fancy not the Cardinal,
 Yet must we join with him, and with the Lords,
 'Till we have brought Duke *Humphry* in disgrace.
 As for the Duke of *York*, this late Complaint
 Will make but little for his benefit;
 So one by one we'll weed them all at last;
 And you your self shall steer the happy Helm.

Enter King Henry, Duke Humphry, Cardinal, Buckingham,
York, Salisbury, Warwick, and the Dutchesse.

K. Henry For my part, Noble Lor's, I care not which,
 Or *Somerset*, or *York*, all's one to me.

York. If *York* have ill demean'd himself in *France*,
 Then let him be deny'd the Regentship.

Som. If *Somerset* be unworthy of the place,
 Let *York* be Regent, I will yield to him.

War. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
 Dispute not that, *York* is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious *Warwick*, let thy Betters speak.

War. The Cardinal's not my Better in the Field.

Buck. All in this Presence are thy Betters, *Warwick*.

War. *Warwick* may live to be the best of all.

Sal. Peace, Son; and shew some reason, *Buckingham*,
Why *Somerſet* ſhould be preferr'd in this?

Q. Mar. Because the King forſooth will have it ſo.

Glo. Madam, the King is old enough himſelf
To give this Censure: Theſe are no Woman's Matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?

Glo. Madam I am Protector of the Realm,
And at his pleaſure will reſign my place.

Suf. Reſign it then, and leave thine Insolence.
Since thou wert King, as who is King, but thou?
The Commonwealth hath daily run to wrack.
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the Seas,
And all the Peers and Nobles of the Realm
Have been as Bond-men to thy Sovereignty.

Car. The Commons haſt thou rack'd, the Clergy's Bags
Are lank and lean with thy Extortions.

Som. Thy ſumptuous Buildings, and thy Wife's Attire,
Have coſt a maſs of publiſk Treſure.

Buck. Thy cruelty in Execution
Upon Offenders hath exceeded Law,
And left thee to the mercy of the Law.

Q. Mar. Thy ſale of Offices and Towns in *France*,
If they were known, as the ſuſpect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.

[Exit *Glo.*

Give me my Fan; what, Minion, can ye not?

[*She gives the Dutcheſs a box on the Ear.*
I cry you mercy, Madam; was it you?

Elean. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud *French-woman*:
Could I come near your Beauty with my Nails,
I could ſet my Ten Commandments in your Face.

K. Henry. Sweet Aunt, be quiet, 'twas againſt her Will.

Elean. Againſt her Will, good King? look to't in time,
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:
Though in this place moſt Maſter wears no Breeches,
She ſhall not ſtrike Dame *Eleanor* unrevenged.

[Exit *Eleanor.*
Buck. Lord Cardinal, I will follow *Eleanor*,
And liſten after *Humphry*, how he proceeds:

She's

She's tickled now, her Fume can need no spurs,
She'll gallop far enough to her Destruction.

[Exit Buckingham.]

Enter Humphry.

Glo. Now, Lords, my Choler being over-blown,
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talk of Commonwealth Affairs.
As for your spiteful false Objections,
Prove them, and I lye open to the Law:
But God in mercy deal so with my Soul,
As I in Duty love my King and Country.
But to the Matter that we have in hand:
I say, my Sovereign, York is meetest Man
To be ycur Regent in the Realm of France.

Suf. Before we make Election, give me leave
To shew some Reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any Man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:
First, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,
My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without Discharge, Mony, or Furniture,
'Till France be won into the Dauphin's Hands.
Last time I danc'd attendance on his will,
'Till Paris ws besieg'd, famish'd and lost.

War. That I can witness, and a fouler Fact
Did never Traitor in the Land commit.

Suf. Peace, head-strong Warwick.

War. Image of Pride, why should I hold my Peace?

Enter Horner the Armorer, and his Man Peter.

Suf. Because here is a Man accus'd of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself.

York. Doth any one accuse York for a Traitor?

K. Henry. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are

Suf. Please it your Majesty, this is the Man (these?)
That doth accuse his Master of High Treason:
His Words were these; That Richard Duke of York,
Was rightful Heir unto the English Crown,
And that your Majesty was an Usurper.

K. Henry. Say, Man, were these thy Words?

Arm. An't shall please your Majesty, I never said nor thought any such Matter; God is my witness, I am falsely accus'd by the Villain.

Peter. By these ten Bones, my Lord, he did speak them to me in the Garret one Night, as we were scow'ring my Lord of York's Armour.

York. Base Dunghil Villain, and Mechanical,
I'll have thy Head for this thy Traitor's Speech:
I do beseech your Royal Majesty,
Let him have all the rigor of the Law.

Arm. Alas, my Lord, hang me if ever I spake the Words: my Accuser is my Prentice, and when I did correct him for his Fault the other Day, he did vow upon his Knees he would be even with me. I have good witness of this; therefore I beseech your Majesty, do not cast away an honest Man for a Villain's Accusation.

K. Henry. Uncle, what shall we say to this in Law?

Glo. This doom, my Lord, if I may judge:
Let *Somerſet* be Regent o'er the *French*,
Because in *York* this breeds suspicion;
And let these have a Day appointed them
For single Combat, in convenient place,
For he hath witness of his Servant's Malice:
This is the Law, and this Duke *Humphry's* doom.

Som. I humbly thank your Royal Majesty.

Arm. And I accept the Combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake pity my Case; the spight of my Master prevaieth against me. O Lord have mercy upon me, I shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my Heart.

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight; or else be hang'd.

K. Henry. Away with them to Prison; and the day of Combat, shall be the last of the next Month. Come *Somerſet*, we'll see thee sent away. [Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter *Mother Jordan*, *Hume*, *Southwel*, and *Bullingbrook*.

Hume. Come, my Masters, the Dutcheſs, I tell you, expects performance of your Promises.

Bulling. Master *Hume*, we are therefore provided: Will her Ladyship behold and hear our Exorcisms?

Hume.

Hume. Ay, what else? Fear you not her Courage.

Bulling. I have heard her reported to be a Woman of an invincible Spirit; but it shall be convenient, Master *Hume*, that you be by her aloft, while we be busie below; and so, I Pray you, go in God's Name, and leave us. [*Exit Hume.* Mother *Fordan*, be prostrate, and grovel on the Earth; *John Southwel*, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter Eleanor above.

Elean. Well said, my Masters, and welcome to all: To this geer, the sooner the better.

Bulling. Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times: Deep Night, dark Night, the silent of the Night, The time of Night when *Troy* was set on Fire, The time when Screech-owls cry, and Ban-dogs howl; When Spirits walk, and Ghosts break up their Graves; That time best fits the work we have in hand.

Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise We will make fast within a hallow'd Verge.

[*Here they do the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle.*

Bullingbrook, or *Southwel* reads, *Conjuro te, &c.* It Thunders and Lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.

Spirit. *Adsum.*

M. Ford. *Asmath*, by the eternal God, Whose Name and Power thou tremblest at, Answer that I ask: For 'till thou speak, Thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spirit. Ask what thou wilt.---That I had said, and done!

Bulling. First of the King: What shall of him become.

Spirit. The Duke yet lives, that *Henry* shall depose: But him out-live, and die a violent Death.

[*As the Spirit speaks they write the Answer.*

Bulling. What Fates await the Duke of *Suffolk*?

Spirit. By Water shall he die, and take his End.

Bulling. What shall befall the Duke of *Somerſet*?

Spirit. Let him shun Castles.

Safer shall he be upon the sandy Plains, Than where Castles mounted stand.

Have done. for more I hardly can endure:

Bulling. Descend to Darkness, and the burning Lake, False Fiend|avoid. [*Thunder and Lightning. Spirit descends.*

Enter

Enter the Duke of York, and the Duke of Buckingham, with their Guard, and break in.

York. Lay Hands upon these Traitors and their trash:
Beldash, I think we watch'd you at an Inch.
What, Madam, are you there? The King and Common-weal
Are deep indebted for this piece of Pains;
My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Elean. Not half so bad as thine to *England's* King,
Injurious Duke, that threatn'ft where's no cause.

Buck. True, Madam, none at all: What call you this?
Away with them, let them be clap'd up close,
And kept asunder: You Madam shall with us.
Stafford, take her to thee.

We'll see your Trinkets here forth-coming all.

Away. [*Exeunt Guard with Jordan, Southwel, &c.*]

York. Lord *Buckingham*, methinks you watch'd her well;
A pretty Plot, well chosen to build upon.
Now, pray my Lord, let's see the Devil's Writ.
What have we here?

[*Reads.*]

*The Duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him out-live, and die a violent Death.*

Why, this is just, *Aio te Acacidem Romanos vincere posse.*
Well, to the rest:

Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of *Suffolk*?
By Water shall he die and take his End.

What shall betide the Duke of *Somerset*?
Let him shun Castles.

*Safer shall he be upon the sandy Plains,
Than where Castles mounted stand.*

Come, come, my Lords,
These Oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.

The King is now in progress towards *St. Albans*,
With him the Husband of this lovely Lady:

Thither go these News,
As fast as Horse can carry them:

A sorry breakfast for my Lord Protector,

Buck. Your Grace shall give me leave, my Lord of *York*,
To be the Post, in hope of his Reward.

York,

York. At your Pleasure, my good Lord.
Who's within there, hoe?

Enter a Serving-man.

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick.
To sup with me to morrow Night. Away, [Exeunt.
Enter King Henry, Queen, Protector, Cardinal, and Suffolk,
with Faulkners following.

Q. Mar. Believe me Lords, for flying at the Brook,
I saw no better Sport these seven Years Day;
Yet by your leave, the Wind was very high,
And ten to one, old *Jeau* had not gone out.

K. Henry. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest:
To see how God in all his Creatures works,
Yea Man and Birds are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, and it like your Majesty,
My Lord Protector's Hawks do towre so well;
They know their Master loves to be aloft,
And bears his Thoughts above his Faulcon's pitch.

Glo. My Lord, 'tis but a base ignoble Mind,
That mounts no higher than a Bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much, he would be above the Clouds.

Glo. Ay, my Lord Cardinal, how think you by that?
Were it not good, your Grace could fly to Heav'n?

K. Henry. The Treasury of everlasting Joy.

Car. Thy Heaven is on Earth, thine Eyes and Thoughts
Beat on a Crown, the Treasure of thy Heart,
Pernicious Protector, dangerous Peer,
That smooth't it so with King and Commonweal.

Glo. What, Cardinal!
Is your Priesthood grown so peremptory?
Tantane animis Cœlestibus ira? Churchmen so hot?
Good Uncle, hide such Malice:
With such Holiness can you do it?

Suf. No malice, Sir, no more than well becomes
So good a Quarrel, and so bad a Peer.

Glo. As who, my Lord?

Suf. Why, as you, my Lord,
An't like your Lordly Lord Protectorship.

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine Insolence.

Q. Mar.

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Q. Mar. And thy Ambition, *Glo'ster.*

K. Henry. I prithee peace, good Queen,
And whet not on these too too furious Peers,
For blessed are the Peace-makers on Earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the Peace I make,
Against this proud Protector, with my Sword.

Glo. Faith, Holy Uncle, would 'twere come to

Car. Marry, when thou dar'st. [that.]

Glo. Make up no factious Numbers for that
In thine own Person answer thy Abuse. [matter.] *Aside.*

Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep:
And if thou dar'st, this Evening,
On the East side of the Grove.

K. Henry. How now, my Lords?

Car. Believe me, Cousin *Glo'ster*,
Had not your Man put up the Fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport——

Come with thy two-Hand Sword. [Aside to *Glo.*

Glo. True, Uncle, are ye advis'd? ——
The East side of the Grove:

Cardinal, I am with you. [Aside.]

K. Henry. Why how now, Uncle *Glo'ster*?

Glo. Talking of Hawking, nothing else, my Lord.——
Now by God's Mother, Priest,
I'll shave your Crown for this,
Or all my fence shall fail. [Aside.]

Car. [Aside.] *Medice cura teipsum*, Protector see too't well,

K. Henry. The Winds grow high, [protect your self.
So do your Stomachs, Lords.

How irksome is this Musick to my Heart?

When such Strings jar, what hope of Harmony?

I pray, my Lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter One, crying A Miracle.

Glo. What means this Noise?

Fellow, what Miracle do'st thou proclaim?

One. A Miracle, a Miracle.

Suf. Come to the King, and tell him what Miracle!

One. Forsooth, a blind Man at St. *Alban's* Shrine,
Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight,
A Man that ne'er saw in his Life before,

K. Henry,

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K. Henry. Now God be prais'd, that to believing Souls
Gives Light in Darkness, Comfort in Despair.

*Enter the Mayor of St. Albans, and his Brethren, bearing
Simpcox between two in a Chair, Simpcox's Wife following.*

Car. Here come the Townsmen on procession,
To present your Highness with the Man.

K. Henry. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale,
Although by his sight his Sin be multiplied.

Glo. Stand by, my Masters, bring him near the King,
His Highness pleasure is to talk with him.

K. Henry. Good-fellow, tell us here the Circumstance,
That we for thee may glorifie the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, and't please your Grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed was he.

Suf. What Woman is this?

Wife. His Wife, and't like your Worship.

Glo. Hadst thou been his Mother, thou couldst have
better told.

K. Henry. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At *Berwick* in the North, and't like your
Grace.

K. Henry. Poor Soul,
God's Goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never Day nor Night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Queen. Tell me, Good-fellow,
Camst thou here by Chance, or of Devotion,
To this holy Shrine?

Simp. God knows of pure Devotion,
Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner,
In my sleep, by good Saint *Alban*:
Who said; *Simon*, come, come offer at my Shrine,
And I will help thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth;
And many a time and oft my self have heard a Voice;
To call him so.

Card. What art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me.

Suf. How camst thou so?

Simp.

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Simp. A fall off a Tree.

Wife. A Plum-tree, Master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O born so, Master.

Glo. What, and would'st climb a Tree?

Simp. But that in all my Life, when I was a Youth.

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. Mafs, thou lov'st Plums well, that wouldst venture so.

Simp. Alas, good Master, my Wife desired some Damsons, and made me climb, with danger of my Life.

Glo. A subtle Knave, but yet it shall not serve:
Let me see thine Eyes, wink now, now open them,
In my Opinion, yet thou see'st not well.

Simp. Yes, Master, clear as day, I thank God and Saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so; what Colour is this Cloak of?

Simp. Red, Master, red as Blood.

Glo. Why that's well said: What Colour is my Gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth, coal-black, as Jet.

K. Henry. Why then, thou know'st what colour Jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, Jet he did never see.

Glo. But Cloaks and Gowns, before this Day, a many.

Wife. Never before this Day, in all his Life.

Glo. Tell me, Sirrah, what's my Name?

Simp. Alas Master, I know not.

Glo. What's his Name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No indeed, Master.

Glo. What's thine own Name?

Simp. *Saunders Simpcox*, and if it please you, Master.

Glo. Then *Saunders*, sit there,

The lyingst Knave in Christendom.

If thou hadst been born blind,

Thou might'st as well have known all our Names,

As thus to know the several Colours we do wear.

Sight may distinguish Colours:

But suddenly to nominate them all,

It is impossible.

My Lords, Saint *Alban* here hath done a Miracle:
And would ye not think that Cunning to be great,
That could restore this Cripple to his Legs again?

Simp. O Master, that you could?

Glo. My Masters of Saint *Albans*,
Have you not Beadles in your Town,
And things call'd Whips?

Mayor. Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the Beadle hither straight. [*Exit.*

Glo. Now fetch me a Stool hither by and by.

Now Sirrah, if you mean to save your self from Whipping,
leap me over this Stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas Master, I am not able to stand alone:

You go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle with Whips.

Glo. Well Sir, we must have you find your Legs.

Sirrah Beadle, whip him 'till he leap over that same Stool.

Bead. I will, my Lord,

Come on Sirrah, off with your Doublet, quickly.

Simp. Alas, Master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the Stool, and runs away; and they follow, and cry, A Miracle.*]

K. Henry. O God, see'st thou this, and bearest so long!

Queen. It made me laugh to see the Villain run.

Glo. Follow the Knave, and take this Drab away.

Wife. Alas, Sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let him be whipt through every Market Town,
'Till they come to *Berwick*, from whence they came.

[*Exit Beadle.*]

Car. Duke *Humphry* has done a Miracle to day.

Suf. True, made the Lame to leap, and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more Miracles than I;
You made in a Day, my Lord, whole Towns to fly.

Enter Buckingham.

K. Henry. What Tidings with our Cousin *Buckingham*?

Buck. Such as my Heart doth tremble to unfold:

A sort of naughty Persons, lewdly bent,

Under

Under the Countenance and Confederacy
Of Lady *Eleanor*, the Protector's Wife,
The Ring-leader and Head of all this Rout,
Have practis'd dangerously against your State,
Dealing with Witches and with Conjurers,
Whom we have apprehended in the Fact,
Raising up wicked Spirits from under Ground,
Demanding of King *Henry's* Life and Death,
And other of your Highness Privy-Council,
As more at large your Grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my Lord Protector, by this means
Your Lady is forth-coming, yet at *London*.
This News, I think, hath turn'd your Weapon's edge.
'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keep your hour.

[*Aside to Glo'ster.*

Glo. Ambitious Church-man, leave to afflict my Heart:
Sorrow and Grief have vanquish'd all my Powers;
And vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest Groom.

K. Henry. O God, what Mischiefs work the wicked Ones,
Heaping Confusion on their own Heads thereby?

Queen. *Glo'ster*, see here the Tainture of thy Nest,
And look thy self be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for my self, to Heav'n I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my King, and Commonweale:
And for my Wife, I know not how it stands,
Sorry am I to hear, what I have heard;
Noble she is; but if she have forgot
Honour and Virtue, and convers'd with such,
As like to Pitch, defile Nobility;
I banish her my Bed and Company,
And give her as a Prey to Law and Shame,
That hath dishonoured *Glo'ster's* honest Name.

K. Henry. Well, for this Night we will repose us here;
To morrow toward *London*, back again;
To look into this Business thoroughly,
And call these foul Offenders to their answers;
And poise the Cause in Justice equal Scales,
Whose Beam stands sure, whose rightfal cause prevails.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. Now, my good Lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwick*,
Our simple Supper ended, give me leave,
In this close Walk to satisfy my self,
In craving your Opinion of my Title,
Which is infallible to *England's* Crown.

Salis. My Lord, I long to hear it thus at full.

War. Sweet *York* begin; and if thy Claim be good,
The *Nevils* are thy Subjects to command.

York. Then thus:

Edward the Third, my Lords, had seven Sons:
The first, *Edward* the Black Prince, Prince of *Wales*;
The second, *William* of *Hatfield*; and the third,
Lionel Duke of *Clarence*; next to whom,
Was *John* of *Gaunt*, the Duke of *Lancaster*;
The fifth, was *Edward* Langley, Duke of *York*;
The sixth, *Thomas* Woodstock, Duke of *Gloster*;
William of *Windsor* was the seventh and last.
Edward the Black Prince dy'd before his Father,
And left behind him *Richard*, his only Son,
Who, after *Edward* the Third's Death, reign'd King,
'Till *Henry* Bullingbroke, Duke of *Lancaster*,
The eldest Son and Heir of *John* of *Gaunt*,
Crown'd by the Name of *Henry* the Fourth,
Seiz'd on the Realm, depos'd the rightful King,
Sent his poor Queen to *France*, from whence she came,
And him to *Pomfret*; where, as all you know,
Harmless King *Richard* was murdered traiterously.

War. Father, the Duke hath told the Truth;
Thus got the House of *Lancaster* the Crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right:
For *Richard*, the first Son's Heir, being dead,
The Issue of the next Son should have reign'd.

Sal. But *William* of *Hatfield* dy'd without an Heir.

York. The third Son, Duke of *Clarence*,
From whose Line I claim the Crown,
Had issue *Philip*, a Daughter,
Who married *Edmond* Mortimer, Earl of *March*.
Edmond had Issue, *Roger* Earl of *March*:
Roger had Issue, *Edmond*, *Anne*, and *Eleanor*,

Sal.

Sal. This *Edmond*, in the reign of *Bullingbrook*,
As I have read, laid claim unto the Crown,
And, but for *Owen Glendour*, had been King;
Who kept him in Captivity, 'till he dy'd.
But, to the rest.

York. His eldest Sister, *Anne*,
My Mother, being Heir unto the Crown,
Married *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*,
Who was Son to *Edmond Langley*,
Edward the Third's fifth Son's Son;
By her I claim the Kingdom.
She then was Heir to *Roger*, Earl of *March*,
Who was the Son of *Edmond Mortimer*,
Who married *Philip*, sole Daughter
Unto *Lionel*, Duke of *Clarence*.
So, if the Issue of the elder Son
Succeed before the younger, I am King.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the Crown from *John of Gaunt*,
The fourth Son; *York* claims it from the third:
'Till *Lionel's* Issue fail, his should not Reign.
It fails not yet, but flourisheth in thee
And in thy Sons, fair Slips of such a Stock.
Then Father *Salisbury*, kneel we together,
And in this private Plot be we the first,
That shall salute our rightful Sovereign
With honour of his Birth-right to the Crown.

Both. Long live our Sovereign *Richard*, *England's* King.

York. We thank you, Lords:

But I am not your King, 'till I be crown'd;
And that my Sword be stain'd
With Heart-blood of the House of *Lancaster*:
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with Advice and silent Secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dangerous Days,
Wink at the Duke of *Suffolk's* Insolence,
At *Beauford's* Pride, at *Somerfet's* Ambition,
At *Buckingham*, and all the Crew of them,
'Till they have snar'd the Shepherd of the Flock,
That virtuous Prince, the good Duke *Humphry*:

'Tis

'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their Deaths, if York can Prophecie.

Sal. My Lord, here break we off; we know your Mind
at full.

War. My Heart assures me, that the Earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a King.

York. And Nevil, this I do assure my self.

Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick

The greatest Man in England, but the King. [Exeunt,

Sound Trumpets. Enter King Henry, and State, with
Guard, to banish the Dutcheffs.

K. Henry. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham,
Gloster's Wife.

In sight of God, and us, your Guilt is great,
Receive the Sentence of the Law for Sin,
Such as by God's Book are adjudg'd to death:
You four from hence to Prison, back again;
From thence, unto the Place of Execution;
The Witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to Ashes;
And you three shall be strangled on the Gallows.
You Madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoyled of your Honour in your Life,
Shall after three Days open Penance done,
Live in your Country here, in Banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

Elean. Welcome is Banishment, welcome were my
Death.

Glo. Eleanor, the Law thou seest hath judg'd thee;
I cannot justifie, whom the Law condemns.
Mine Eyes are full of Tears, my Heart of Grief.
Ah Humphry, this dishonour in thine Age,
Will bring thy Head with Sorrow to the Ground.
I beseech your Majesty give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and my Age would ease.

K. Henry. Stay Humphry, Duke of Gloster;
Ere thou go, give up thy Staff,
Henry will to himself Protector be,
And God shall be my Hope, my Stay, my Guide,
And Lanthorn to my Feet.
And go in peace, Humphry, no less belov'd,

Than

Than when thou wert Protector to thy King.

Q. Mar. I see no reason, why a King of Years
Should be to be protected like a Child:

God and King *Henry* govern *England's* Realm:
Give up your Staff, Sir, and the King his Realm.

Glo. My Staff? Here, noble *Henry*, is my Staff:

As willingly do I the same resign,

As e'er thy Father *Henry* made it mine;

And even as willingly at thy Feet I leave it,

As others would ambitiously receive it.

Farewel good King; when I am dead and gone,

May honourable Peace attend thy Throne. [*Exit Glo'ster.*]

Q. Mar. Why now is *Henry* King, and *Margaret* Queen:

And *Humphry*, Duke of *Glo'ster*, scarce himself,

That bears so shrewd a maim; two Pulls at once;

His Lady banish'd, and a Limb leapt off,

This Staff of Honour raught, there let it stand,

Where best it fits to be, in *Henry's* Hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty Pine, and hangs his sprays,
Thus *Eleanor's* Pride dies in her younger Days.

York. Lords, let him go. Please it your Majesty,

This is the day appointed for the Combat,

And ready are the Appellant and Defendant,

The Armourer and his Man, to enter the Lists,

So please your Highness to behold the Fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my Lord; for purposely therefore
Let it the Court, to see this Quarrel try'd.

K. Henry. A God's Name see the Lists and all things fit,
Here let them end it, and God defend the Right.

York. I never saw a Fellow worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the Appellant,
The Servant of the Armourer, my Lords.

Enter at one Door the Armourer and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much, that he is drunk; and he enters with a Drum before him, and his Staff with a Sand bag fastned to it; and at the other Door his Man, with a Drum and a Sand bag, and Prentices drinking to him.

1 Neigh. Here, Neighbour *Horner*, I drink to you in
a Cup of Sack; and fear not, Neighbour, you shall do well
enough.

2 Neigh.

2 Neigh. And here, Neighbour, here's a Cup of Char-neco.

3 Neigh. And here's a Pot of good double Beer, Neighbour; drink, and fear not your Man.

Arm. Let it come i'faith, and I'll pledge you all, and a Fig for *Peter*.

1 Pren. Here *Peter*, I drink to thee, and be not afraid.

2 Pren. Be merry, *Peter*, and fear not thy Master; fight for the Credit of the Prentices.

Peter. I thank you all; drink, and pray for me, I pray you, for I think I have taken my last Draught in this World. Here *Robin*, if I die, I give thee my Apron; and *Will*, thou shalt have my Hammer; and here, *Tom*, take all the Mony that I have. O Lord bless me, I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my Master, he hath learn'd so much to fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. Sirrah, what's thy Name?

Peter. *Peter*, forsooth.

Sal. *Peter*? what more?

Peter. *Thump*.

Sal. *Thump*? Then see thou thump thy Master well.

Arm. Masters, I am come hither as it were upon my Man's Instigation, to prove him a Knave, and my self an honest Man: And touching the Duke of *York*, I will take my Death, I never meant him any ill, nor the King nor the Queen, and therefore *Peter* have at thee with a downright Blow.

York. Dispatch, this Knave's Tongue begins to double. Sound Trumpets. Alarum to the Combatants.

[*They fight, and Peter strikes him down.*]

Arm. Hold *Peter*, hold; I confess, I confess Treason.

York. Take away his Weapon: Fellow, thank God, and the good Wine in thy Master's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine Enemy in this presence? O *Peter*, thou hast prevail'd in right.

K. Henry. Go, take hence that Traitor from our Sight, For by his Death we do perceive his Guilt. And God in Justice hath reveal'd to us The Truth and Innocence of this poor Fellow,

Which

Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.

Come Fellow, follow us for thy Reward. [Exeunt.]

Enter Duke Humphry and his Men, in Mourning Cloaks.

Glo. Thus sometimes hath the brightest Day a Cloud;
And after Summer, evermore succeeds
Barren Winter, with his wrathful nipping Cold;
So Cares and Joys abound, as Seasons fleet.
Sirs, what's a Clock?

Serv. Ten, my Lord.

Glo. Ten is the Hour that was appointed me,
To watch the coming of my punish'd Dutcheſs:
Unneath may she endure the flinty Streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling Feet.
Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy Noble Mind a-brook
The abject People gazing on thy Face,
With envious Looks still laughing at thy Shame,
That erst did follow thy proud Chariot Wheels,
When thou didst ride in Triumph thro' the Streets.
But soft, I think she comes, and I'll prepare
My Tear-stain'd Eyes, to see her Miseries.

*Enter the Dutcheſs in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning
in her Hand, with a Sheriff and Officers.*

Serv. So please your Grace, we'll take her from the Sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not for your Lives, let her pass by.

Elean. Come you, my Lord, to see my open Shame?
Now thou dost Penance too. Look how they gaze,
See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their Heads, and throw their Eyes on thee.
Ah *Glo'ster*, hide thee from their hateful Looks,
And in thy Closet pent up, rue my Shame,
And ban our Enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle *Nell*, forget this Grief.

Elean. Ah *Glo'ster*, teach me to forget my self:
For whilst I think I am thy married Wife,
And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in Shame, with Papers on my Back,
And follow'd with a Rabble, that rejoice
To see my Tears, and hear my deep-set Groans.
The ruthless Flint doth cut my tender Feet,

And

And when I start the envious People laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah *Humphry*, can I bear this shameful Yoak?
Trowest thou, that e'er I'll look upon the World,
Or count them happy that enjoy the Sun?
No: Dark shall be my Light, and Night my Day.
To think upon my Pomp, shall be my Hell,
Sometime I'll say I am Duke *Humphry's* Wife,
And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land:
Yet so he rul'd, and such a Prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn Dutcheß,
Was made a Wonder, and a pointing Stock
To every idle Rascal Follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my Shame,
Nor stir at nothing, 'till the Ax of Death
Hang over thee: as sure it shortly will.
For *Suffolk*, he that can do all in all
With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,
And *York*, and impious *Beauford*, that false Priest,
Have all lim'd Bushes to betray thy Wings,
And fly thou how thou can'st, they'll tangle thee:
But fear thou not until thy Foot be snar'd,
Nor ever seek prevention of thy Foes.

Glo. Ah, *Nell*, forbear; thou aimest all awry.
I must offend before I be attainted:
And had I twenty times so many Foes,
And each of them had twenty times their Power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am Loyal, True, and Crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this Reproach?
Why yet thy Scandal were not wip'd away,
But I in danger for the breach of Law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle *Nell*:
I pray thee fort thy Heart to patience,
These few Days wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Majesty's Parliament
Holden at *Bury*, the first of this next Month.

Glo. And my Consent ne'er ask'd herein before?
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there;

My *Nell*. I take my leave: And Master Sheriff,
Let not her Penance exceed the King's Commission.

Sher. And't please your Grace, here my Commission stays:
And Sir *John Stanly* is appointed now,
To take her with him to the *Isle of Man*.

Glo. Must you, Sir *John*, protect my Lady here?

Stanly. So am I given in charge, may't please your Grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that, I pray
You use her well; the World may laugh again,
And I may live to do you kindness, if you do it her:
And so, Sir *John*, farewell.

Elean. What gone, my Lord, and bid me not farewell?

Glo. Witness my Tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[Exit Gloucester.

Elean. Art thou gone too? all Comfort go with thee,
For none abides with me; my Joy is Death;
Death, at whose Name I oft have been afraid,
Because I wish'd this World's Eternity.

Stanly, I prithee go, and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I beg no Favour;
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why Madam, that is to the *Isle of Man*,
There to be us'd according to your State.

Elean. That's bad enough, for I am but Reproach:
And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

Stan. No; like a Dutcheffs, and Duke *Humphry's* Lady,
According to that State you shall be us'd.

Elean. Sheriff farewell, and better, than I, fare,
Although thou hast been Conduct of my Shame.

Sher. It is my Office, and, Madam, pardon me.

Elean. Ay, ay, farewell, thy Office is discharg'd.
Come *Stanly*, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your Penance done,
Throw off this Sheet,
And go we to attire you for our Journey.

Elean. My Shame will not be shifed with my Sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest Robes,
And shew it self, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way, I long to see my Prison,

[Exeunt.

Enter

King HENRY VI. 291

Enter King Henry, Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, Salisbury and Warwick, to the Parliament.

K. Henry. I muse my Lord of *Glo'ster* is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost Man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will ye not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd Countenance?
With what a Majesty he bears himself,
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory and unlike himself!
We know the time since he was Mild and Affable,
And if we did but glance a far-off Look,
Immediately he was upon his Knee,
That all the Court admir'd him for Submission:
But meet him now, and be it in the Morn,
When every one will give the time of Day,
He knits his Brow, and shews an angry Eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed Knee,
Disdaining Duty that to us belongs.
Small Curs are not regarded when they grin,
But great Men tremble when the Lion roars,
And *Humphry* is no little Man in *England*.
First note, that he is near you in Descent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount:
Me seemeth then, it is no Policy,
Respecting what a Rancorous Mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,
That he should come about your Royal Person,
Or be admitted to your Highness Council.
By Flattery hath he won the Commons Hearts:
And when he please to make Commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the Spring, and Weeds are shallow rooted,
Suffer them now, and they'll o'er-grow the Garden,
And choak the Herbs for want of Husbandry.
The reverent Care I bear unto my Lord,
Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.
If it be fond, call it a Woman's fear:
Which fear, if better Reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the Duke:

'My Lord of *Suffolk*, *Buckingham*, and *York*,
 Reprove my Allegation, if you can,
 Or else conclude my Words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your Highness seen into this Duke.
 And had I first been put to speak my Mind,
 I think I should have told your Grace's Tale.
 The Dutchesse, by his Subornation,
 Upon my Life began her devilish Practices:
 Or if he were not privy to those Faults,
 Yet by repeating of his high Descent,
 As next the King, he was successive Heir,
 And such high Vaunts of his Nobility,
 Did instigate the Bedlam brain-sick Dutchesse,
 By wicked means to frame our Sovereign's Fall.
 Smooth runs the Water where the Brook is deep,
 And in his simple shew he harbours Treason.
 The Fox barks not when he would steal the Lamb.
 No, no, my Sovereign, *Glo'ster* is a Man
 Unfounded yet, and full of deep Deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of Law,
 Devise strange Deaths, for small Offences done?

York. And did he not, in his Protectorship,
 Levy great sums of Mony through the Realm,
 For Soldiers pay in *France*, and never sent it?
 By means whereof the Towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown,
 Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke *Humphry*.

K. Henry. My Lords at once; the care you have of us,
 To mow down Thorns that would annoy our Foot,
 Is worthy Praise; but shall I speak my Conscience,
 Our Knisman *Glo'ster* is as innocent

From meaning Treason to our Royal Person,
 As is the sucking Lamb, or harmless Dove:
 The Duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given,
 To dream on Evil, or to work my Downfall. [ance?

Q. Mar. Ah! what's more dangerous, than this fond affi-
 Seems he a Dove? His Feathers are but borrow'd,
 For he's disposed as the hateful Raven.
 Is he a Lamb? His Skin is surely lent him,
 For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous Wolf.

Who

King HENRY VI.

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Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of us all,
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent Man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All Health unto my gracious Sovereign. [*France?*]

K. Henry. Welcome, Lord *Somerſet*; what News from

Som. That all our Interest in those Territories,
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost. [*done.*]

K. Henry. Cold News, Lord *Somerſet*; but God's Will be:

York. Cold News for me: for I had hope of *France*,

As firmly as I hope for fertile *England*.

Thus are my Blossoms blasted in the Bud,

And Caterpillars eat my Leaves away.

But I will remedy this gear ere long,

Or sell my Title for a glorious Grave. [*Aside.*]

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. All happiness unto my Lord the King:

Pardon, my Liege, that I have staid so long.

Suf. Nay, *Gloſter*, know that thou art come too soon;

Unless thou wert more Loyal than thou art;

I do arrest thee of High Treason here.

Glo. Well *Suffolk* yet thou shalt not see me blush,

Nor change my Countenance for this Arrest:

A Heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

The purest Spring is not so free from Mud,

As I am clear from Treason to my Sovereign.

Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my Lord,

That you took Bribes of *France*,

And being Protector, staid the Soldiers Pay,

By means whereof his Highness hath lost *France*.

Glo. Is it but thought so?

What are they that think it?

I never robb'd the Soldiers of their Pay,

Nor never had one penny Bribe from *France*.

So help me God, as I have watch'd the Night,

Ay, Night by Night, in studying good for *England*.

That Doit that e'er I wrested from the King,

Or any Groat I hoarded to my use,

Be brought against me at my Trial day.

N 3

No

No; many a Pound of my own proper store,
 Because I would not tax the needy Commons,
 Have I disbursed to the Garrisons,
 And never ask'd for Restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my Lord, to say so much.

Glo. I say no more than Truth, so help me God.

York. In your Protectorship you did devise
 Strange Tortures for Offenders, never heard of,
 That *England* was defam'd by Tyranny.

Glo. Why 'tis well known, that whiles I was Protector,
 Pity was all the fault that was in me:

For I should melt at an Offender's Tears,
 And lowly Words were ransom for their fault:
 Unless it were a bloody Murtherer.
 Or foul felonious Thief, that fleec'd poor Passengers,
 I never gave them condign Punishment.
 Murther indeed, that bloody Sin, I tortur'd
 Above the Felon, or what Treipass else.

Suf. My Lord, these faults are easie, quickly answer'd:
 But mightier Crimes are laid unto your Charge,
 Whereof you cannot easily purge your self.
 I do arrest you in his Highness Name,
 And, here commit you to my Lord Cardinal
 To keep, until your further time of Trial.

K. Henry. My Lord of *Glo'ster*, 'tis my special hope,
 That you will clear your self from all suspicion,
 My Conscience tells me you are Innocent.

Glo. Ah gracious Lord, these days are dangerous:
 Virtue is choak'd with foul Ambition,
 And Charity chac'd hence by Rancor's Hand;
 Foul Subornation is predominant,
 And Equity exil'd your Highness Land.
 I know, their Complot is to have my Life:
 And if my Death might make this Island happy,
 And prove the period of their Tyranny,
 I would expend it with all willingness.
 But mine is made the Prologue to their Play:
 For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
 Will not conclude their plotted Tragedy.
Beauford's red sparkling Eyes blab his Heart's malice,

And

And *Suffolk's* cloudy Brow his stormy hate;
Sharp *Buckingham* unburthens with his Tongue
The envious load that lyes upon his Heart:
And dogged *York*, that reaches at the Moon,
Whose over-weening Arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my Life.

And you, my Sovereign Lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid Disgraces on my Head,
And with your best endeavours have stirr'd up
My liefest Liege to be mine Enemy:
Ay, all of you have laid your Heads together,
My self had notice of your Conventicles,
And all to make away my guiltless Life.
I shall not want false Witness to condemn me,
Nor store of Treasons to augment my Guilt:
The ancient Proverb will be well effected,
A Staff is quickly found to beat a Dog.

Car. My Liege, his railing is intolerable.
If those that care to keep your Royal Person
From Treason's secret Knife, and Traitor's Rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid and rated at,
And the Offender granted Scope of Speech,
'Twill make them cool in Zeal unto your Grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our Sovereign Lady here
With ignominious Words, though Clarkly coucht?
As if she had suborned some to swear
False Allegations to o'erthrow his State.

Q. Mar. But I can give the Loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke than meant; I lose indeed,
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false;
And well such Losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day—
Lord Cardinal, he is your Prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus King *Henry* throws away his Crutch,
Before his Legs be firm to bear his Body;
Thus is the Shepherd beaten from thy side,
And Wolves are gnarling, who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah that my fear were false, ah that it were:
For good King *Henry*, thy Decay I fear.

[Exit.

K. Henry,

K. Henry. My Lords, what to your Wildom seemeth best,
Do or undo, as if our self were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your Highness leave the Parliament?

K. Henry. *Ay Margaret:* My Heart is drown'd with Grief,
Whose Flood begins to flow within my Eyes;
My Body round engirt with Misery;
For what's more miserable than Discontent?
Ah Uncle, *Humphry*, in thy Face I see
The Map of Honour, Truth, and Loyalty:
And yet, good *Humphry*, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy Faith.
What lowring Star now envies thy estate?
That these great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless Life,
That never didst them wrong, nor no Man wrong:
And as the Butcher takes away the Calf,
And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-house;
Even so remorseless have they born him hence:
And as the Dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her Darling's loss;
Even so my self bewail good *Gloster's* case,
With sad unhelpful Tears; and with dim'd Eyes,
Look after him, and cannot do him good:
So mighty are his vowed Enemies.
His Fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each Groan,
Say, who's a Traitor? *Gloster* he is none. [Exit.

Q. Mar. Free Lords:

Cold Snow melts with the Sun's hot Beams,
Henry, my Lord, is cold in great Affairs,
Too full of foolish pity; and *Gloster's* shew
Beguiles him, as the mournful Crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting Passengers:
Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowry Bank,
With shining checker'd Slough, doth sting a Child,
That for the Beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, Lords, were none more wise than I,
And yet herein I judge my own Wit good,
This *Gloster* should be quickly rid the World,

To

To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die, is worthy policy,
But yet we want a colour for his Death:

'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of Law.

Suf. But in my Mind, that were no policy;
The King will labour still to save his Life,
The Commons haply rise to save his Life;
And yet we have but trivial Argument,
More than Mistrust, that shews him worthy Death.

York. So that by this, you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah *York* no Man alive, so fain as I.

York. 'Tis *York* that hath more reason for his Deaths:
But my Lord Cardinal, and you my Lord of *Suffolk*,
Say as you think, and speak it from your Souls:

Wer't not all one, an empty Eagle were set
To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kite,
As place Duke *Humphry* for the King's Protector?

Mar. So the poor Chicken should be sure of Death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true; and wer't not madness then,
To make the Fox Surveyor of the Fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty Murtherer,
His Guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a Fox,
By Nature prov'd an Enemy to the Flock,
Before his Chaps be stain'd with Crimson Blood,
As *Humphry* prov'd by Reasons to my Liege.
And do not stand on Quillets how to slay him:
Be it by Ginns, by Snares, by Subtility,
Sleeping, or weaking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Mar. Thrice noble *Suffolk*, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant;
But that my Heart accordeth with my Tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my Sovereign from his Foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his Priest,

Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord of *Suffolk*,
Ere you can take due Orders for a Priest:
Say you consent, and censure well the Deed,
And I'll provide his Executioner,
I tender so the safety of my Liege.

Suf. Here is my Hand, the Deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I; and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly, who impugns our doom.

Enter a Post.

Post. Great Lords, from *Ireland* am I come amain
To signifie that Rebels there are up,
And put the *Englishmen* unto the Sword;
Send Succours, Lords, and stop the Rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A Breach that craves a quick expedient stop.
What Counsel give you in this weighty Cause?

York. That *Somerſet* be sent a Regent thither:
'Tis meet that lucky Ruler be employ'd,
Witness the Fortune he hath had in *France*.

Som. If *York*, with all his far-fet Policy,
Had been the Regent there, instead of me,
He never would have staid in *France* so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.
I rather would have lost my Life betimes,
Than bring a burthen of Dishonour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Shew me one Scar character'd on thy Skin:
Mens Flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.

Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging Fire,
If Wind and Fuel be brought to feed it with:
No more, good *York*; sweet *Somerſet* be still.
Thy fortune, *York*, hadst thou been Regent there,
Might haply have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What, worse than naught? nay, then a shame take all.

Som. And in the number, thee that wishest Shame.

Car. My Lord of *York*, try what your Fortune is.
Th' uncivil Kerns of *Ireland* are in Arms.
And temper Clay with Blood of *Englishmen*.

To *Ireland* will you lead a Band of Men,
Collected choicely, from each County some,
And try your hap against the *Irishmen*?

York. I will, my Lord, so please his Majesty.

Suf. Why, our Authority is his Consent,
And what we do establish he confirms;
Then, Noble *York*, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content: Provide me Soldiers, Lords,
Whiles I take Order for mine own Affairs.

Suf. A charge, Lord *York*, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false Duke *Humphrey*.

Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more:
And so break off, the Day is almost spent,
Lord *Suffolk*, you and I must talk of that Event.

York. My Lord of *Suffolk*, within fourteen Days
At *Bristol* I expect my Soldiers,
For there I'll Ship them all for *Ireland*.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my Lord of *York*. [Exeunt]

Manet *York*.

York. Now *York*, or never, steel thy fearful Thoughts,
And change Misdoubt to Resolution:

Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art
Resign to Death, it is not worth th' enjoying:

Let pale-fac'd Fear keep with the mean-born Man,
And find no harbour in a Royal Heart.

Faster than Spring-time showers, comes thought on thought;
And not a thought, but thinks on Dignity.

My Brain, more busie than the labouring Spider,
Weaves tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies.

Well Nobles, well, 'tis politickly done,

To send me packing with an Host of Men:

I fear me, you but warm the starved Snake,
Who cherish'd in your Breasts, will sting your Hearts;

'Twas Men I lack'd, and you will give them me;

I take it kindly; yet be well assur'd,

You put sharp Weapons in a mad Man's Hands.

Whilst I in *Ireland* nourish a mighty Band,

I will stir up in *England* some black Storm,

Shall blow ten thousand Souls to Heaven or Hell.

And

And this fell Tempest shall not cease to rage,
 Until the golden Circuit on my Head
 Like to the glorious Sun's transparent Beams,
 Do calm the fury of this mad-brain'd Flaw.
 And for a Minister of my intent,
 I have seduc'd a headstrong *Kentish* Man,
John Cade of *Ashford*,

To make Commotion, as full well he can,
 Under the Title of *John Mortimer*.

In *Ireland* have I seen this stubborn *Cade*
 Oppose himself against a Troop of Kerns,
 And fought so long, 'till that his Thighs with Darts
 Were almost like a sharp quill'd Porcupine:
 And in the end being rescued, I have seen
 Him caper upright, like a wild Morisco,
 Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells.
 Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty Kern,
 Hath he conversed with the Enemy,
 And undiscovered come to me again,
 And given me notice of their Villanies.
 This Devil, here, shall be my Substitute;
 For that *John Mortimer*, which is now dead,
 In Face, in Gate, in Speech he doth resemble.
 By this I shall perceive the Commons Mind,
 How they affect the House and Claim of York.
 Say he be taken, rack'd and tortured;
 I know no pain they can inflict upon him,
 Will make him say, I mov'd him to those Arms.
 Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,
 Why then from *Ireland* come I with my strength,
 And reap the Harvest which that Rascal sow'd:
 For *Humphry* being dead, as he shall be,
 And *Henry* put a-part; the next for me.

[Exit.

*Enter two or three running over the Stage, from the Murder
 of Duke Humphry.*

1. Run to my Lord of *Suffolk*; let him know
 We have dispatch'd the Duke, as he commanded.
2. Oh that it were to do: What have we done?
 Didst ever hear a Man so penitent?

Enter

Enter Suffolk.

1. Here comes my Lord.

Suf. Now, Sirs, have you dispatcht this thing?

1. Ay, my good Lord, he's dead.

Suf. Why, that's well said. Go get you to my House,
I will reward you for this venturous Deed:
The King and all the Peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair the Bed? are all things well,
According as I gave Directions?

1. Yes my good Lord.

Suf. Away, be gone. [Exeunt.]

*Enter King Henry, the Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk, Somerset,
with Attendants.*

K. Henry. Go call our Uncle to our Presence straight:
Say we intend to try his Grace to day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my Noble Lord. [Exit.]

K. Henry. Lords take your Places; and I pray you all
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our Uncle *Glo'ster*,
Than from true Evidence of good esteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid any Malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a Nobleman:
Pray God he may acquit him of Suspicion.

K. Henry. I thank thee *Nell*, these Words content me much.
Enter Suffolk.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our Uncle? what's the matter, *Suffolk*?

Suf. Dead in his Bed, my Lord, *Glo'ster* is Dead.

Q. Mar. Marry God forfend.

Car. God's secret Judgment: I did dream to Night,
The Duke was dumb, and could not speak a word [K. swoons.]

Q. Mar. How fares my Lord? Help Lords, the King is dead.

Som. Rear up his Body, wring him by the Nose.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help: Oh *Henry* open thine Eyes,

Suf. He doth revive again, Madam be patient.

K. Henry. O Heavenly God!

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious Lord?

Suf. Comfort my Sovereign, gracious *Henry* comfort.

K. Henry. What, doth my Lord of *Suffolk* comfort me?
Came

Came he right now to sing a Raven's Note,
 Whose dismal tune bereft my vital Powers:
 And thinks he, that the chirping of a Wren,
 By crying Comfort from a hollow Breast,
 Can chase away the first conceived Sound?
 Hide not thy Poyson with such sugar'd Words,
 Lay not thy Hands on me; forbear, I say,
 Their touch affrights me as a Serpent's Sting.
 Thou baleful Messenger, out of my Sight:
 Upon thy Eye-balls murderous Tyranny
 Sits in grim Majesty, to fright the World.
 Look not upon me, for thine Eyes are wounding;
 Yet do not go away; come, Basilisk,
 And kill the innocent Gazer with thy sight:
 For in the shade of Death, I shall find Joy;
 In life, but double Death, now *Glo'ster's* dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my Lord of *Suffolk* thus?
 Although the Duke was Eaemy to him,
 Yet he most Christian-like laments his Death;
 As for my self, Foe as he was to me,
 Might liquid Tears, or heart-offending Groans,
 Or blood-consuming Sighs recal his Life:
 I would be blind with Weeping, sick with Groans,
 Look pale as Primrose, with blood-drinking Sighs,
 And all to have the Noble Duke alive.
 What know I how the World may deem of me?
 For it is known we were but hollow Friends:
 It may be judg'd I made the Duke away,
 So shall my Name with Slander's Tongue be wounded,
 And Princes Courts be filled with Reproach:
 This get I by his Death: Aye me unhappy,
 To be a Queen, and crown'd with Infamy.

K. Henry. Ah woe is me for *Glo'ster*, wretched Man!

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
 What, dost thou turn away and hide thy Face?
 I am no loathsome Leper, look on me.
 What, art thou like an Adder waxen deaf?
 Be poysonous too, and kill thy forlorn Queen.
 Is all thy Comfort shut in *Glo'ster's* Tomb?
 Why then Dame *Margaret* was ne'er thy Joy.

Erect his Statue, and do worship to it,
 And make my Image but an Ale-house Sign.
 Was I for this nigh wreckt upon the Sea,
 And twice by aukward Wind from *England's* Bank
 Drove back again unto my Native Clime?
 What boaded this? but well fore-warning Wind
 Did seem to say, Seek not a Scorpion's Nest,
 Nor set a footing on this unkind Shoar.
 What did I then? but curst the gentle Gusts,
 And he that loos'd them from their Brazen Caves,
 And bid them blow towards *England's* blessed Shoar,
 Or turn our Stern upon a dreadful Rock:
 Yet *Aeolus* would not be a Murtherer,
 But left that hateful Office unto thee.
 The pretty vaulting Sea refus'd to drown me,
 Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shoar
 With Tears as salt as Sea, through thy unkindness.
 The splitting Rocks cower'd in the sinking Sands,
 And would not dash me with their ragged Sides,
 Because thy flinty Heart, more hard than they,
 Might in thy Palace perish *Margaret*:
 As far as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffs,
 When from thy Shoar the Tempest beat us back,
 I stood upon the Hatches in the Storm,
 And when the dusky Sky began to rob
 My earnest gaping sight of the Land's view,
 I took a costly Jewel from my Neck,
 A Heart it was, bound in with Diamonds,
 And threw it towards thy Land; the Sea receiv'd it,
 And so I wish'd thy Body might my Heart:
 And even with this I lost fair *England's* view,
 And bid mine Eyes be packing with my Heart,
 And call'd them blind and dusky Spectacles,
 For losing ken of *Albion's* wished Coast.
 How often have I tempted *Suffolk's* Tongue
 (The Agent of thy foul Inconstancy)
 To sit and watch me, as *Ascanius* did,
 When he to madding *Dido* would unfold
 His Father's Acts, commenc'd in burning *Troy*.
 Am I not witcht like her? or thou not false like him?

Ah me, I can no more: Dye Margaret,
For Henry weeps, that thou didst live so long.

Noise within. Enter Warwick, and many Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty Sovereign,
That good Duke Humphry traiterously is murther'd
By Suffolk, and the Cardinal Beauford's means:
The Commons, like an angry Hive of Bees
That want their Leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his Revenge.
My self have calm'd their spleenful Mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his Death.

K. Henry. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true,
But how he died, God knows not Henry:
Enter his Chamber, view his breathless Corps,
And comment then upon his sudden Death.

War. That I shall do, my Liege: Stay Salisbury,
With the rude Multitude, 'till I return.

K. Henry. O thou that judgest all things, stay my Thoughts;
My Thoughts, that labour to persuade my Soul,
Some violent Hands were laid on Humphry's Life:
If my suspect be false, forgive me God,
For Judgment only doth belong to thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly Lips,
With twenty thousand Kisses, and to drain
Upon his Face an Ocean of salt Tears,
To tell my Love unto his dumb deaf Trunk,
And with my Fingers feel his Hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean Obsequies.

[Bed with Gloster's Body put forth.

And to survey his dead and earthly Image:
What were it but to make my Sorrow greater?

War. Come hither, gracious Sovereign, view this Body.

K. Henry. That is to see how deep my Grave is made:
For with his Soul fled all my worldly solace;
For seeing him, I see my Life is Death.

War. As surely as my Soul intends to live
With that dread King that took our State upon him,
To free us from his Father's wrathful Curse,
I do believe that violent Hands were laid,
Upon the Life of this thrice-famed Duke.

Suf.

Suf. A dreadful Oath, sworn with a solemn Tongue;
What instance gives Lord *Warwick* for his Vow?

War. See how the Blood is settled in his Face.
Oft have I seen a timely parted Ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring Heart,
Who in the Conflict that it holds with Death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the Enemy,
Which with the Heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the Cheek again.
But see, his Face is black, and full of Blood,
His Eye-balls further out, than when he lived,
Staring full gastly, like a strangled Man;
His Hair up rear'd, his Nostrils stretch'd with struggling,
His Hands abroad display'd, as one that graspt
And tugg'd for Life, and was by strength subdued.
Look on the Sheets, his Hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd Beard, made rough and rugged,
Like to the Summer's Corn by Tempest lodged:
It cannot be but he was murdered here,
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why *Warwick*, who should do the Duke to death?
My ielf and *Beauford* had him in protection,
And we, I hope, Sirs, are no Murtherers.

War. But both of you have vow'd Duke *Humphry's* death;
And you, forsooth, had the good Duke to keep:
'Tis like you would not feast him like a Friend,
And 'tis well seen he found an Enemy.

Mar. Then you belike suspect these Noblemen,
As guilty of Duke *Humphry's* timeless death.

War. Who finds the Heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a Butcher with an Ax,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the Partridge in the Puttock's Nest,
But may imagine how the Bird was dead,
Although the Kite soar with unbloodied Beak?
Even so suspicious is this Tragedy.

Mar. Are you the Butcher, *Suffolk*? where's the Knife?
Is *Beauford* term'd a Kite? where are his Tallons?

Suf.

Suff. I wear no Knife; to slaughter sleeping Men;
But heres a 'vengeful Sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous Heart,
That slanders me with Murther's Crimfon Badge.
Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of *Warwickshire*,
That I am faulty in Duke *Humphry's* death.

War. What dares not *Warwick*, if false *Suffolk* dare him.

Q. Mar. He dare not calm his contumelious Spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant Controller,
Tho' *Suffolk* dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam be still; with reverence may I say,
For every word you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to your Royal Dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanour,
If ever Lady wrong'd her Lord so much,
Thy Mother took into her blameful Bed
Some stern untutor'd Churl; and noble Stock
Was graft with Crab-tree slip, whose Fruit thou art,
And never of the *Nevil's* Noble Race.

War. But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the Deaths-man of his Fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand Shames,
And that my Sovereign's Presence makes me mild,
I would, false murd'rous Coward, on thy Knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed Speech,
And say, it was thy Mother that thou meant'st;
That thou thy self wast born in Bastardy:
And after all this fearful Homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy Soul to Hell,
Pernicious Blood-sucker of sleeping Men.

Suf. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy Blood,
If from this Presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence,
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to Duke *Humphry's* Ghost. [Exeunt.]

K. Henry. What stronger Breast-plate than a Heart untaint-
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrel just; [ed?]
And he but naked, though lockt up in Steel,
Whose Conscience with Injustice is corrupted.

[A noise within.]

Q. Mary

O. Mar. What noise is this?

Enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their Weapons drawn.

K. Henry. Why how now, Lords?

Your wrathful Weapons drawn,

Here in our Presence! Dare you be so bold?

Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The trait'rous *Warwick* with the Men of *Bury*,
Set all upon me, mighty Sovereign.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Sirs, stand apart, the King shall your Mind.
Dread Lord, the Commons send you word by me,
Unless Lord *Suffolk* straight be put to death,
Or banished fair *England's* Territories,

They will by violence tear him from your Palace,

And torture him with grievous lingring death.

They say, by him the good Duke *Humphry* dy'd;

They say, in him they fear your Highness death;

And mere instinct of Love and Loyalty,

Free from a stubborn opposite intent,

As being thought to contradict your liking,

Makes them thus forward in his Banishment.

They say, in care of your most Royal Person,

That if your Highness should intend to sleep,

And charge that no Man should disturb your rest,

In pain of your Dislike, or pain of Death;

Yet notwithstanding such a strange Edict,

Were there a Serpent seen with forked Tongue,

That slyly glided towards your Majesty,

It were but necessary you were wak'd;

Lest being suffer'd in that harmless slumber,

The mortal Worm might make the Sleep Eternal:

And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,

That they will guard you whe're you will or no,

From such fell Serpents as false *Suffolk* is;

With whose invenomed and fatal Sing,

Your loving Uncle, twenty times his worth,

They say, is shamefully bereft of Life. *[Salisbury.]*

Commons within. An Answer from the King, my Lord of

Suf. 'Tis like the Commons, rude unpolisht Hinds,
Could send such Message to their Sovereign:

But

But you, my Lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To shew how queint an Orator you are.

But all the honour *Salisbury* hath won,
Is, that he was the Lord Ambassador
Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.

Within. An answer from the King, or we will all break
in.

K. Henry. Go *Salisbury*, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For sure my Thoughts do hourly prophesie
Mischance unto my State by *Suffolk's* means.
And therefore by his Majesty I swear,
Whose far-unworthy Deputy I am,
He shall not breathe Infection in this Air,
But three Days longer, on the pain of Death.

Q. Mar. Oh *Henry* let me plead for gentle *Suffolk*.

K. Henry. Ungentle Queen, to call him gentle *Suffolk*.
No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my Wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my Word;
But when I swear it is irrevocable:
If after three Days space thou here be'st found,
Or any Ground that I am Ruler of,
The World shall not be Ransome for thy Life.
Come *Warwick*, come good *Warwick* go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee. [Exit.]

Q. Mar. Mischance and Sorrow go along with you,
Hearts Discontent, and sour Affliction,
Be Play-fellows to keep you company;
There's two of you, the Devil make a third,
And three-fold Vengeance tend upon your Steps.

Suf. Cease, gentle Queen, these Execrations,
And let thy *Suffolk* take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fie coward Woman, and soft-hearted Wretch,
Hast thou not Spirit to curse thine Enemy?

Suf. A Plague upon them; wherefore should I curse
them?

Would Curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes groan,

I would invent as bitter searching terms,
 As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
 Deliver'd strongly through my fixed Teeth,
 With full as many signs of deadly Hate,
 As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome Cave.
 My Tongue should stumble in mine earnest Words,
 Mine Eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint,
 Mine Hair be fixt an end, as one distract:
 Ay, every Joint should seem to Curse and Ban,
 And even now my burthen'd Heart would break,
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their Drink,
 Gall, worse than Gall, the daintiest that they taste,
 Their sweetest Shade, a Grove of Cypress Trees,
 Their chiefest Prospect, murd'ring Basilisks,
 Their softest Touch, as smart as Lizards stings,
 Their Musick, frightful as the Serpents hiss,
 And boading Screech-Owls, make the Confort full.
 All the foul Terrors in dark-seated Hell —

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet *Suffolk* thou torment'st thy self,
 And these dread Curses, like the Sun 'gainst Glass,
 Or like an overcharged Gun, recoil,
 And turn the force of them upon thy self.

Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leave?
 Now by the Ground that I am banish'd from,
 Well could I curse away a Winter's Night,
 Though standing naked on a Mountain top,
 Where biting Cold would never let Grass grow,
 And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. Oh, let me intreat thee cease, give me thy Hand,
 That I may dew it with my mournful Tears;
 Nor let the Rain of Heav'n wet this place,
 To wash away my woful Monuments.
 Oh, could this kiss be printed in thy Hand,
 That thou might'st think upon these by the Seal,
 Through whom a thousand Sighs are breath'd for thee.
 So get thee gone, that I may know my Grief,
 'Tis but surmiz'd whilst thou art standing by,
 As one that Surfeits, thinking on a want:
 I will repeal thee, or be well assur'd,
 Adventure to be banished my self:

And

And banished I am, if but from thee
 Go, speak not to me; even now be gone——
 Oh go not yet——Even thus, two Friends condemn'd
 Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand Leaves,
 Loather a hundred times to part than die:
 Yet now farewell, and farewell Life with thee.

Suff. Thus is poor *Suffolk* ten times banished,
 Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
 'Tis not the Land I care for, wert thou hence,
 A Wilderness is populous enough,
 So *Suffolk* had thy heavenly Company.
 For where thou art, there is the World it self,
 With every several Pleasure in the World:
 And where thou art not, Desolation.
 I can no more——Live thou to joy thy Life;
 My self no Joy in ought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter Vaux.

Q. Mar. Whither goes *Vaux* so fast? what News, I
 prithee?

Vaux. To signifie unto his Majesty,
 That Cardinal *Beauford* is at the point of Death:
 For suddenly a grievous Sicknes took him,
 That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the Air,
 Blaspheming God, and cursing Men on Earth.
 Sometimes he talks, as if Duke *Humphry's* Ghost
 Were by his side; sometimes he calls the King,
 And whispers to his Pillow, as to him,
 The secrets of his over-charged Soul:
 And I am sent to tell his Majesty,
 Then even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go tell this heavy Message to the King. [*Exit.*]
 Ay me! what is this World? what News are these?
 But wherefore grieve I at an hours poor loss,
 Omitting *Suffolk's* Exile, my Soul's Treasure?
 Why only, *Suffolk*, mourn I not for thee,
 And with the Southern Clouds, contend in Tears?
 Theirs for the Earths increase; mine for my Sorrows.
 Now get thee hence, the King thou know'st is coming,
 If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suff.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live,
And in thy fight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant Slumber in thy Lap?
Here could I breathe my Soul into the Air,
As mild and gentle, as the Cradle-babe,
Dying with Mother's Dug between its Lips:
Where, from thy Sight, I should be raging Mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine Eyes;
To have thee with thy Lips to stop my Mouth;
So shouldst thou either turn my flying Soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy Body,
And then it liv'd in sweet *Elysium*.
To die by thee, were but to die in jest,
From thee to die, were torture more than Death;
Or let me stay, befall what may befall.

Q. Mar. Away; though parting be a fretful Corrosive;
It is applied to a deathful Wound.
To *France*, sweet *Suffolk*; let me hear from thee:
For wheresoe'er thou art in this World's Globe,
I'll have an *Iris* that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my Heart with thee.

Suf. A Jewel lock'd into the woful'st Casket
That ever did contain a thing of worth,
Even as a splitted Bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

*Enter King Henry, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the Cardinal
in Bed.*

K. Henry. How fares my Lord? Speak *Beauford* to thy
Sovereign.

Car. If thou beest Death, I'll give thee *England's* Treasure;
Enough to purchase such another Island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Henry. Ah, what a sign it is of evil Life,
Where Death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beauford, it is thy Sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my Trial when you will.

Dy'd he not in his Bed? where should he die?
Can I make Men live where they will or no?

Oh torture me no more, I will confess —
 Alive again? Then shew me where he is:
 I'll give a thousand Pound to look upon him —
 He hath no Eyes, the Dust hath blinded them:
 Combe down his Hair; look, look, it stands upright,
 Like Lime-twigs set to catch my winged Soul:
 Give me some drink, and bid th' Apothecary
 Bring the strong Poison that I bought of him.

K. Henry. O thou eternal Mover of the Heav'ns,
 Look with a gentle Eye upon this Wretch,
 Oh beat away the busie meddling Fiend,
 That lays strong Siege unto this Wretch's Soul,
 And from his Bosom purge this black despair.

War. See how the Pangs of death do make him grin.

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Henry. Peace to his Soul, if God's good Pleasure be.
 Lord Card'nal, if thou think'st on Heav'n's bliss,
 Hold up thy Hand, make signal of thy Hope.
 He dies, and makes no Sign! Oh God forgive him.

War. So bad a Death argues a monstrous Life.

K. Henry. Forbear to judge, for we are Sinners all.
 Close up his Eyes, and draw the Curtain close,
 And let us all to Meditation.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. Fight at Sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter Captain,
 Whitmore, and other Pirates, with Suffolk and others
 Prisoners.

Cap. The gaudy blabbing and remorseful Day,
 Is crept into the Bosom of the Sea:
 And now loud howling Wolves arouse the Jades
 That drag the Tragick melancholy Night:
 Who with their drowfie, slow, and flagging Wings
 Cleap dead Mens Graves; and from their misty Jaws,
 Breath foul contagious darkness in the Air:
 Therefore bring forth the Soldiers of our Prize,
 For whilst our Pinnace anchors in the Downs,
 Here shall they make their Ranfom on the Sand,
 Or with their Blood stain this discoloured shore.
 Master, this Prisoner freely give I thee.
 And thou that art his Mate, make Boot of this:
 The other, *Walter Whitmore*, is thy share.

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1 *Gen.* What is my Ransom, Master, let me know.

Mast. A thousand Crowns, or else lay down your Head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Whit. What, think you much to pay 2000 Crowns,
And bear the Name and Port of Gentlemen?

Cut both the Villains Throats, for die you shall:

Nor can those Lives which we have lost in fight,

Be counter-pois'd with such a petty Sum.

1 *Gen.* I'll give it, Sir, and therefore spare my Life.

2 *Gen.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine Eye in laying the Prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it, shalt thou die; [*To Suffolk.*
And so should these, if I might have my Will.

Cap. Be not so rash, take Ransom, let him live.

Suf. Look on my *George*, I am a Gentleman,
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is *Walter Whitmore*.
How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is Death:

A cunning Man did calculate my Birth,
And told me, that by *Water* I should die:

Yet let not this make thee be Bloody-minded,

Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.

Whit. *Gualtier* or *Walter*, which it is I care not,
Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our Name,
But with our Sword we wip'd away the blot.

Therefore, when Merchant-like I sell Revenge,
Broke be my Sword, my Arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a Coward through the World.

Suf. Stay *Whitmore*, for thy Prisoner is a Prince,
The Duke of *Suffolk*, *William de la Pole*.

Whit. The Duke of *Suffolk*, muffled up in Rags!

Suf. Ay, but these Rags are no part of the Duke.

Cap. But *Jove* was never slain as thou shalt be,
Obscure and lowlie Swain——King *Henry's* Blood!

Suf. The honourable Blood of *Lancaster*
Must not be shed by such a jaded Groom:
Hast thou not kiss'd thy Hand, and held my Stirrop?
Bare-headed plodded by my Foot-cloth Mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my Head.

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O

How

Gen.

How often hast thou waited at my Cup,
 Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd down at the Board,
 When I have feasted with Queen *Margaret*?
 Remember it, and let it make thee Crest-faln,
 Ay, and allay this thy abortive Pride:
 How in our voiding Lobby hast thou stood,
 And duly waited for my coming forth?
 This Hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
 And therefore shall it charm thy riotous Tongue.

Whit. Speak Captain, shall I stab the forlorn Swain?

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base Slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our Long-boat's side,
 Strike off his Head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

Cap. Poole, Sir Poole? Lord?

Ay kennel---puddle---sink, whose filth and dirt
 Troubles the Silver Spring, where *England* drinks:
 Now will I dam up this thy yawning Mouth,
 For swallowing up the Treasure of the Realm.
 Thy Lips that kiss'd the Queen, shall sweep the Ground
 And thou that smil'dst at good Duke *Humphry's* Death,
 Against the senseless Winds shalt grin in vain,
 Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again.
 And wedded be thou to the Hags of Hell,
 For daring to assie a mighty Lord
 Unto the Daughter of a worthless King,
 Having nor Subject, Wealth, nor Diadem:
 By devilish policy art thou grown great,
 And like ambitious *Sylla* over-gorg'd,
 With gobbets of thy Mother's bleeding Heart.
 By thee *Anjou* and *Main* were sold to *France*.
 The false revolting *Normans*, thorough thee,
 Disdain to call us Lord, and *Picardie*
 Hath slain their Governors, surpriz'd our Forts,
 And sent the ragged Soldiers wounded home:
 The Princely *Warwick*, and the *Neuils* all,
 Whose dreadful Swords were never drawn in vain,
 As hating thee, are rising up in Arms.
 And now the House of *York* thrust from the Crown,

By

By shameful murder of a guiltless King,
And lofty proud incroaching Tyranny,
Burns with revenging Fire, whose hopeful Colours
Advance a half-fac'd Sun, striving to shine;
Under the which is writ, *Invitis nubibus*.
The Commons here in *Kent* are up in Arms,
And to conclude, Reproach and Beggary
Is crept into the Palace of our King,
And all by thee; away, convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a God, to shoot forth Thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges;
Small Things make base Men proud. This Villain here,
Being Captain of a Pinnace, threatens more
Than *Bargulus*, the strong *Illyrian* Pyrate.
Drones suck not Eagles Blood, but rob Bee-hives.
It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly Vassal as thy self.
Thy words move Rage, and not Remorse in me:
I go of Message from the Queen to *France*.
I charge thee waite me safely cross the Channel.

Cap. Walter —

Whit. Come *Suffolk*, I must waite thee to thy Death.

Suf. *Gelidus timor occupat artus*, it is thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? Now will you stoop?

1 Gent. My gracious Lord intreat him; speak him fair.

Suf. *Suffolk's* Imperial Tongue is stern and rough;
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.

Far be it, we should honour such as these
With humble suit; no, rather let my Head
Stoop to the Block, than these Knees bow to any,
Save to the God of Heav'n, and to my King;
And sooner dance upon a bloody Pole,
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar Groom.
True Nobility is exempt from fear:

More can I bear, than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more;
Come Soldiers, shew what Cruelty ye can.

Suf. That this my Death may never be forgot,
Great Men oft die by vile *Bexonians*.

A Roman Swarder, and *Bandetto* Slave
Murder'd sweet *Tully*. *Brutus* Bastard Hand
Pompey the Great; and *Suffolk* dies by *Pirats*.

[*Exit Walter Whitmore with Suffolk.*

Cap. And as for these, whose Ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart;
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Ex. Captain and the rest.*

Manet the first Gent. Enter Whitmore with the Body.

Whit. There let his Head and liveless Body lye,
Until the Queen his Mistress bury it. [*Exit Whitmore.*

1 Gent. O barbarous and bloody Spectacle!

His Body will I bear unto the King:

If he revenge it not, yet will his Friends,

So will the Queen, that living held him dear.

[*Exit.*

Enter Bevis and John Holland.

Bevis. Come and get thee a Sword, though made of a
Lath; they have been up these two Days.

Hol. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Bevis. I tell thee, *Jack Cade* the Clothier means to dress
the Commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new Nap up-
on it.

Hol. So he had need, 'tis thread-bare. Well, I say, it
was never a merry World in *England*, since Gentlemen
came up.

Bevis. O miserable Age! Virtue is not regarded in Handy-
crafts Men.

Hol. The Nobility think scorn to go in Leather Aprons.

Bevis. Nay more, the King's Council are no good Work-
men.

Hol. True, and yet it is said, *Labour in thy Vocation*;
which is as much as to say, let the Magistrates be labour-
ing Men; and therefore should we be Magistrates.

Bevis. Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a
brave Mind, than a hard Hand.

Hol. I see them, I see them; there's *Beff's* Son, the Tan-
ner of *Wingham*.

Bevis. He shall have the Skins of our Enemies, to make
Dog's Leather of.

Hol. And *Dick* the Butcher.

Bevis.

Bevis. Then is Sin struck down like an Ox, and Iniquities Throat cut like a Calf.

Hol. And *Smith* the Weaver.

Bevis. Argo, their thread of Life is spun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter *Cade*, *Dick the Butcher*, *Smith the Weaver*, and a *Sawyer*, with infinite Numbers.

Cade. We *John Cade*, so term'd of our supposed Father--

Dick. Or rather of stealing a Cade of Herrings.

Cade. For our Enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the Spirit of putting down Kings and Princes; Command Silence.

Dick. Silence.

Cade. My Father was a *Mortimer*—

Dick. He was an honest Man, and a good Bricklayer.

Cade. My Mother a *Plantagenet*—

Dick. I knew her well, she was a Midwife,

Cade. My Wife descended of the *Lacies*—

Dick. She was indeed a Pedler's Daughter, and sold many Laces.

Weav. But now of late, not able to travel with her furr'd Pack, she washes Bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable House.

Dick. Ay by my Faith the Field is honourable, and there was he born, under a Hedge; for his Father had never a House but the Cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weav. A must needs, for Beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipt three Market Days together.

Cade. I fear neither Sword nor Fire.

Weav. He need not fear the Sword, for his Coat is of proof.

Dick. But methinks he should stand in fear of Fire, being burnt i'th' hand for stealing of Sheep.

Cade. Be brave then, for your Captain is brave, and vows Reformation. There shall be in *England* seven half penny Loaves sold for a penny; the three hoop'd Pot shall have ten Hoops, and I will make it Felony to drink small Beer.

All the Realm shall be in Common, and in *Cheapside* shall my Palfry go to Grass; and when I am King, as King I will be ———

All. God save your Majesty.

Cade. I thank you, good People. There shall be no Money. all shall eat and drink upon my Score, and I will apparel them all in one Livery. that they may agree like Brothers, and worship me their Lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the Skin of an Innocent Lamb should be made Parchment; that Parchment being scribed o'er, should undo a Man. Some say the Bee stings, but I say, 'tis Bees Wax; for I did but Seal once to a thing, and I was never my own Man since. How now? Who is there?

Enter a Clerk.

Weav. The Clerk of *Chatham*; he can Write and Read, and cast Accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Weav. We took him setting Boys Copies.

Cade. Here's a Villain.

Weav. H'as a Book in his Pocket with red Letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a Conjuror.

Dick. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: The Man is a proper Man of mine Honour; unless I find him Guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, Sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy Name?

Clerk. Emanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of Letters: 'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone: Dost thou use to write thy Name? Or hast thou a Mark to thy self, like an honest plain-dealing Man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my Name.

All. He hath confest, away with him; he is a Villain and a Traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: Hang him with his Pen and

and Ink-horn about his Neck. [Exit one with the Clerk.

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where is our General?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular Fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly, Sir *Humphry Stafford* and his Brother are hard by with the King's Forces.

Cade. Stand Villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down; he shall be encountred with a Man as good as himself. He is but a Knight, is a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him I will make my self a Knight presently; rise up, Sir *John Mortimer*. Now have at him.

Enter Sir Humphry Stafford, and young Stafford, with Drum and Soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious Hinds, the filth and scum of *Kent*, Mark'd for the Gallows; lay your Weapons down, Home to your Cottages, forsake this Groom, The King is merciful if you revolt.

Y. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to Blood, If you go forward; therefore yield or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated Slaves I pass not, It is to you good People, that I speak, Over whom (in time to come) I hope to reign: For I am rightful Heir unto the Crown.

Staf. Villain, thy Father was a Plaisterer, And thou thy self a Shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And *Adam* was a Gardener.

Y. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this *Edmond Mortimer* Earl of *March*, married the Duke of *Clarence's* Daughter, did he not?

Staf. Ay, Sir.

Cade. By her he had two Children at one birth.

Y. Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the Question; but I say, 'tis true: The elder of them being put to Nurse, Was by a Beggar-woman stoln away, And ignorant of his Birth and Parentage, Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age. His Son am I, deny it if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

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Weav. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Father's House, and the Bricks are alive at this Day to testify it; therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base Drudge's Words, that speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay marry will we, therefore get you gone.

Y. Staf. *Jack Cade*, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it my self. Go too, Sirrah, tell the King from me, That for his Father's sake, *Henry* the Fifth (in whose time Boys went to Span-counter for *French* Crowns) I am content he shall Reign, but I'll be Protector over him.

Dick. And furthermore, we'll have the Lord *Say's* Head, for selling the Dukedome of *Main*.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is *England* maim'd, and fain to go with a Staff, but that my Puissance holds it up: Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that Lord *Say* hath gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch; and more than that, he can speak *French*, and therefore he is a Traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable Ignorance.

Cade. Nay, answer if you can; the *Frenchmen* are our Enemies; go too then: I ask but this, Can he that speaks with the Tongue of the Enemy be a good Councillor or no?

All. No, no, and therefore we'll have his Head.

Y. Staf. Well, seeing gentle Words will not prevail, Assault them with the Army of the King.

Staf. Herald away, and throughout every Town, Proclaim them Traitors that are up with *Cade*; That those which fly before the Battel ends, May, even in their Wives and Childrens sight, Be hang'd up for Example at their Doors; And you that be the King's Friends follow me; [Exit.]

Cade. And you that love the Commons follow me; Now shew your selves Men, 'tis for Liberty. We'll not leave one Lord, one Gentleman; Spare none, but such as go in clouted Shoone, For they are thrifty honest Men, and such As would (but they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march towards us.

Cade.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward.

Alarum to fight, wherein both the Staffords are slain.

Enter Cade and the rest.

Cade. Where's Dick, the Butcher of *Ashford*?

Dick. Here, Sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like Sheep and Oxen, and thou behaved'st thy self, as if thou hadst been in thine own Slaughter-house: Therefore thus I will reward thee, the Lent shall be as long again as it is, and thou shalt have a License to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And to speak truth, thou deserv'st no less. This Monument of the Victory will I bear, and the Bodies shall be dragg'd at my Horse's heels, 'till I do come to *London*, where we will have the Mayor's Sword born before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the Goals, and let out the Prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards *London*. [Exeunt.]

Enter King Henry with a Supplication, and Queen Margaret with Suffolk's Head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard that Grief softens the Mind, And makes it fearful and degenerate, Think therefore on Revenge, and cease to weep. But who can cease to weep, and look on this? Here may his Head lie on my throbbing Breast: But where's the Body that I should imbrace?

Buck. What Answer makes your Grace to the Rebels Supplication?

K. Henry. I'll send some Holy Bishop to intreat; For God forbid so many simple Souls Should perish by the Sword. And I my self, Rather than bloody War should cut them short, Will parly with *Jack Cade* their General. But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah barbarous Villains! hath this lovely Face Rul'd like a wandering Planet over me, And could it not inforce them to relent,

That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. Henry. Lord *Say*, *Jack Cade* hath sworn to have thy Head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your Highness shall have his.

K. Henry. How now, Madam?

Still lamenting and mourning for *Suffolk's* death?

I fear me, Love, if that I had been dead,

Thou would'st not half have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my Love, I should not mourn, but die
[for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Henry. How now? what News? Why com'st thou
[in such haste?

Mes. The Rebels are in *Southwark*; fly, my Lord:

Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord *Mortimer*,

Descended from the Duke of *Clarence's* House,

And calls your Grace Usurper openly,

And vows to crown himself in *Westminster*.

His Army is a ragged multitude

Of Hinds and Peasants, rude and merciless:

Sir *Humphry Stafford*, and his Brother's death,

Hath given them Heart and Courage to proceed:

All Scholars, Lawyers, Courtiers, Gentlemen,

They call false Caterpillers, and intend their death.

K. Henry. O graceless Men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to *Killingworth*,

Until a Power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah! were the Duke of *Suffolk* now alive,
These *Kentish* Rebels should be soon appeas'd.

K. Henry. Lord *Say*, the Traitors hate thee,

Therefore away with us to *Killingworth*.

Say. So might your Grace's Person be in danger:

The sight of me is odious in their Eyes;

And therefore in this City will I stay,

And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mes. *Jack Cade* hath gotten *London-bridge*,
The Citizens fly him, and forsake their Houses:

The Rascal People, thirsting after prey,

Join with the Traitor, and they jointly swear

To spoil the City, and your Royal Court.

Buck.

Buck. Then linger not, my Lord; away, take Horse.

K. Henry. Come, *Margaret*, God, our hope, will succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now *Suffolk* is deceas'd.

K. Henry. Farewel, my Lord, trust not to *Kentish* Rebels.

Buck. Trust no Body, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine Innocence,

And therefore am I bold and resolute, [Exeunt.

Enter *Lord Scales* upon the Tower walking. Then enter two
or three Citizens below.

Scales. How now? Is *Jack Cade* slain?

1 *Cit.* No, my Lord, nor like to be slain:

For they have won the Bridge,

Killing all those that withstand them:

The Lord Mayor craves aid of your Honour from the Tower

To defend the City from the Rebels.

Scales. Such Aid as I can spare you shall command,

But I am troubled here with them my self.

The Rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.

But get you into *Smithfield*, and gather Head,

And thither will I send you *Matthew Goff*.

Fight for your King, your Country, and your Lives,

And so farewell, for I must hence again. [Exeunt.

Enter *Jack Cade* and the rest, and strikes his Staff on

London Stone.

Cade. Now is *Mortimer* Lord of this City,

And here sitting upon *London Stone*.

I charge and command, that of the City's cost

The pissing Conduit run nothing but Claret Wine

The first year of our Reign.

And now henceforward it shall be Treason for any

That calls me other than Lord *Mortimer*.

Enter a Soldier running.

Sol. *Jack Cade.* *Jack Cade.*

Cade. Knock him down there.

[They kill him.

Weav. If this Fellow be wise, he'll never call you *Jack*
Cade more, I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together in
Smithfield,

Cade. Come, then, let's go fight with them:

But first, go and set *London Bridge* on Fire,

And

And, if you can, burn down the Tower too.

Come, let's away. [Exeunt omnes.]

Alarum. Mathew Goff is slain, and all the rest. Then enter Jack Cade with his Company.

Cade. So, Sirs: Now go some and pull down the Savoy: Others to the Inns of Courts, down with them all.

Dick. I have a Suit unto your Lordship.

Cade. Be it a Lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only that the Laws of England may come out of your Mouth.

John. Mafs, 'twill be sore Law then, for he was thrust in the Mouth with a Spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay, *John*, it will be stinking Law, for his breath stinks with tosted Cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the Records of the Realm, my Mouth shall be the Parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to have biting Statutes, Unless his Teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And hence-forward all things shall be in Common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, a prize, a prize, here's the Lord Say which sold the Town in France, he that made us pay one and twenty fiftens and one Shilling to the Pound, the last Subsidy.

Enter George with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. Ah thou Say, thou Serge, nay, thou Buckram Lord, now art thou within point-black of our Jurisdiction Regal. What canst thou answer to my Majesty forgiving up of Normandy unto Monsieur Basimecu, the Dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these Presents, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the Besorn that must sweep the Court clean of such filth as thou art: Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the Youth of the Realm in erecting a Grammar-School; and whereas before, our Fore-fathers had no other Books but the Score and the Tally, thou hast caused Printing to be us'd, and contrary to the King, his Crown and Dignity, thou hast built a Paper-Mill. It will be

be prov'd to thy Face, that thou hast Men about thee, that usually talk of a *Noun* and a *Verb*, and such abominable Words, as no Christian Ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed Justices of the Peace, to call poor Men before them about Matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in Prison, and because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them, when indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy Horse wear a Cloak, when honest Men than thou go in their Hose and Doublets?

Dick. And work in their Shirt too, as my self for example, that am a Butcher.

Say. You Men of Kent.

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens*.

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will:

Kent, in the Commentaries *Cæsar* writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this Isle;
Sweet is the Country, because full of Riches,
The People Liberal, Valiant, Active, Wealthy,
Which makes me hope thou art not void of Pity.
I sold not *Main*, I lost not *Normandy*,
Yet to recover them would lose my Life:
Justice with favour have I always done,
Prayers and Tears have mov'd me, Gifts could never;
When have I ought exacted at your Hands?
Kent to maintain, the King, the Realm and you,
Large Gifts have I bestow'd on learned Clerks,
Because my Book preferr'd me to the King:
And seeing Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the Wing wherewith we fly to Heaven,
Unless you be possess'd with devilish Spirits,
Ye cannot but forbear to murder me:
This Tongue hath parlied unto foreign Kings
For your behoof.

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one Blow in the Field?

Say.

Say. Great Men have reaching Hands; oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

George. O monstrous Coward! What, to come behind
Folks?

Say. These Cheeks are pale with watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o'th' Ear, and that will make 'em
red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor Mens Causes,
Hath made me full of Sicknes and Diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen Caudle then, and the
help of a Hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, Man?

Say. The Palfie, and not Fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us as who should say, I'll be even
with you. I'll see if his Head will stand steadier on a Pole,
or no: Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?

Have I affected Wealth or Honour? Speak.

Are my Chests fill'd up with extorted Gold?

Is my Apparel sumptuous to behold?

Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my Death?

These Hands are free from guiltless Blood-shedding,

This Breast from harbouring foul deceitful Thoughts.

O let me live.

Cade. I feel remorse in my self with his Words; but
I'll bridle it; he shall dye, and it be but for pleading so
well for his Life. Away 'with him, he has a Familiar
under his Tongue, he speaks not a God's Name. Go, take
him away I say, and strike off his Head presently, and then
break into his Son-in-Law's House, Sir *James Cromer*, and
strike off his Head, and bring them both upon two Poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah Country-men, if when you make your Pray'rs,
God should be so obdurate as your selves,
How would it fare with your departed Souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my Life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: The
proudest Peer of the Realm shall not wear a Head on his
Shoulders, unless he pay me Tribute; there shall not a Maid
be married, but she shall pay me her Maidenhead e'er they
have

have it; Men shall hold of me in *Capite*. And we Charge and Command, that their Wives be as free as Heart can wish, or Tongue can tell.

Dick. My Lord,
When shall we go to *Cheapside*, and take up Commodities upon our Bills?

Cade. Marry presently.

All. O brave.

Enter one with the Heads.

Cade. But is not this brave?

Let them kiss one another; for they lov'd well
When they were alive: Now part them again,
Lest they consult about the giving up
Of some more Towns in *France*. Soldiers,
Defer the spoil of the City until Night,
For with these borne before us, instead of Maces,
Will we ride through the Streets, and at every Corner
Have them kiss. Away. [Exeunt.]

Alarm, and Retreat. Enter again Cade, and all his Rabblement.

Cade. Up *Fish-street*, down *St. Magnes* Corner, kill and knock down, throw them into *Thames*.

Sound a Parley.

What noise is this I hear?

Dare any be so bold to sound Retreat or Parley,
When I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham and old Clifford.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:
Know, *Cade* we come Ambassadors from the King
Unto the Commons, whom thou hast mis-led,
And here pronounce free Pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, Country-men, will ye relent,
And yield to Mercy, whilst 'tis offered you,
Or let a Rabble lead you to your Deaths?
Who loves the King, a d will embrace his Pardon;
Fling up his Cap, and say, *God save his Majesty*;
Who hateth him, and honours not his Father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all *France* to quake,
Shake he his Weapon at us, and pass by.

All,

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All. God save the King! God save the King!

Cade. What, *Buckingham* and *Clifford*, are ye so brave? And you, base Peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hang'd with your Pardons about your Necks? Hath my Sword therefore broke through *London* Gates, that you should leave me at the *White-Hart* in *Southwark*? I thought you would never have given out these Arms 'till you had recovered your ancient Freedom: but you are all Recreants and Dastards, and delight to live in Slavery to the Nobility. Let them break your Backs with Burthens, take your Houses over your Heads, ravish your Wives and Daughters before your Faces. For me, I will make shift for one, and so God's Curse light upon you all.

All. We'll follow *Cade*,
We'll follow *Cade*.

Clif. Is *Cade* the Son of *Henry* the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of *France*,
And make the meanest of you Earls and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to:
Nor knows he how to live, but by the Spoil,
Unless by robbing of your Friends, and us.
Wer't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful *French*, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er Seas, and vanquish you?
Methinks already in this civil broil,
I see them Lording it in *London* Streets,
Crying *Villiano* unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born *Cades* miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a *Frenchman's* Mercy.
To *France*, to *France*, and get what you have lost;
Spare *England*, for it is your Native Coast:
Henry hath Mony, you are strong and manly:
God on our side, doubt not of Victory.

All. A *Clifford*! a *Clifford*!
We'll follow the King and *Clifford*.

Cade. Was ever Feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? The Name of *Henry* the Fifth hales them to an hundred Mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their Heads together to surprize me.

me. My Sword make way for me, for here is no staying ;
in despite of the Devils and Hell, have through the very
midst of you ; and Heavens and Honour be witness, that
no want of Resolution in me, but only my Followers
base and ignominious Treasons make me betake me to
my Heels. *[Exit.]*

Buck. What, is he fled ? Go some and follow him.
And he that brings his Head unto the King,
Shall have a thousand Crowns for his Reward.

[Exeunt some of them.]

Follow me, Soldiers ; we'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the King. *[Exeunt omnes.]*

*Sound Trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret,
and Somerset on the Terras.*

K. Henry. Was ever King that joy'd an Earthly Throne,
And could command no more Content than I ?
No sooner was I crept out of my Cradle,
But I was made a King at nine Months old :
Was never Subject long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wish to be a Subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buck. Health and glad Tidings to your Majesty :

K. Henry. Why *Buckingham*, is the Traitor *Cade* surpriz'd ?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong ?

Enter Multitudes with Halters about their Necks.

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his Powers do yield,
And humbly thus with Halters on their Necks,
Expect your Highness doom of Life or Death.

K. Henry. Then, Heaven, set open thy everlasting Gates,
To entertain my Vows of Thanks and Praise.
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your Lives,
And shew'd how well you love your Prince and Country :
Continue still in this so good a Mind,
And *Henry*, though he be unfortunate,
Assure your selves will never be unkind :
And so with Thanks and Pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several Countries.

All. God save the King, God save the King.

Enter

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Please it your Grace to be advertised,
The Duke of *York* is newly come from *Ireland*,
And with a puissant and mighty Power
Of Gallow-glasses and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud Array:
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His Arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of *Somerset*, whom he terms a Traitor.

K. Henry. Thus stands my State, 'twixt *Cade* and *York*
Like to a Ship, that having scap'd a Tempest, [distrest,
Is straightway claim'd and boarded with a Pyrate.
But now, is *Cade* driven back, his Men dispers'd,
And now is *York* in Arms to second him.
I pray thee *Buckingham*, go and meet with him,
And ask him what's the reason of these Arms:
Tell him, I'll send Duke *Edmund* to the Tower,
And *Somerset*, we will commit thee thither,
Until his Army be dismiss from him.

Som. My Lord,
I'll yield my self to Prison willingly,
Or unto Death, to do my Country good.

K. Henry. In any case be not too rough in Terms,
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard Language.

Som. I will, my Lord, and doubt not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Henry. Come, Wife, let's in, and learn to govern better,
For yet may *England* curse my wretched Reign. [Exeunt.

Enter Jack Cade.

Cade. Fy on Ambition; fy on my self, that have a Sword,
and yet am ready to famish. These five Days have I hid
me in these Woods, and durst not peep out, for all the
Country is laid for me: But now am I so hungry, that if
I might have a lease of my Life for a thousand Years, I
could stay no longer. Wherefore on a Brick Wall have
I climb'd into this Garden, to see if I can eat Grass, or
pick a Sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a
Man's Stomach this hot Weather; and I think this word
Sallet was born to do me good, for many a time but for
a Sallet, my Brain-pain had been cleft with a brown Bill;
and

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and many a time when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath serv'd me instead of a Quart-pot to drink in; and now the word Sallet must serve me to feed on,

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the Court,
And may enjoy such quiet Walks as these?
This small Inheritance my Father left me,
Contenteth me, and's worth a Monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others waining,
Or gather Wealth I care not with what Envy;
Sufficeth, that I have, maintains my State,
And sends the Poor well pleased from my Gate.

Cade. Here's the Lord of the Soil come to seize me for a Stray, for entring his Fee-simple without leave. Ah Villain, thou wilt betray me, and get 1000 Crowns of the King, by carrying my Head to him, but I'll make thee eat Iron like an Ostridge, and swallow my Sword like a great Pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude Companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not, why then should I betray thee?
Is't not enough to break into my Garden,
And like a Thief, to come to rob my Grounds,
Climbing my Walls in spite of me the Owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these sawcy Terms?

Cade. Brave thee? Ay, by the best Blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well, I have eat no Meat these five Days, yet come thou and thy five Men, and if I do not leave you as dead as a door Nail, I pray God I may never eat Grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while *England* stands,
That *Alexander Iden*, an Esquire of *Kent*,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd Man.
Oppose thy stedfast gazing Eyes to mine,
See if thou canst out-face me with thy Looks:
Set Limb to Limb, and thou art far the lesser!
Thy Hand is but a Finger to my Fist,
Thy Leg a Stick compared with this Truncheon;
My Foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast,
And if mine Arm be heaved in the Air,
Thy Grave is digg'd already in the Earth:

As for more Words, whose greatness answers Words,
Let this my Sword report what Speech forbears.

Cade. By my Valour; the most compleat Champion
that ever I heard. Steel, if thou turn thine edge, or cut
not out the burly bon'd Clown in Chines of Beef, e'er
thou sleep in thy Sheath, I beseech *Jove* on my Knees
thou may'st be turned into Hobnails.

Here they Fight.

O I am slain! Famine and no other hath slain me, let ten
thousand Devils come against me, and give me but the ten
Meals I have lost, and I'd defie them all. Wither Gar-
den, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell
in this House, because the unconquer'd Soul of *Cade* is
fled.

Iden. Is't *Cade* that I have slain, that monstrous Traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy Deed,
And hang thee o'er my Tomb when I am dead.
Ne'er shall this Blood be wiped from thy Point,
But thou shalt wear it as a Herald's Coat,
To emblaze the Honour which thy Master got.

Cade. *Iden* farewell, and be proud of thy Victory: Tell
Kent from me, she hath lost her best Man, and exhort all the
World to be Cowards; for I that never fear'd any, am
vanquished by Famine, not by Valour. [Dies.]

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, Heav'n be my Judge;
Die, damned Wretch, the curse of her that bare thee:
And as I thrust thy Body in with my Sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy Soul to Hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the Heels
Unto a Dunghill, which shall be thy Grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious Head,
Which I will bear in Triumph to the King,
Leaving thy Trunk for Crows to feed upon. [Exit.]

*Enter York, and his Army of Irish, with Drum and
Colours.*

York. From Ireland thus comes *York* to claim his Right,
And pluck the Crown from feeble *Henry's* Head.
Ring Bells aloud, burn Bonfires clear and bright,
To entertain great *England's* lawful King.
Ah *Sancta Majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?

Let

Let them obey that know not how to Rule,
This Hand was made to handle nought but Gold.
I cannot give due Action to my Words,
Except a Sword or Scepter ballance it.
A Scepter shall it have, have I a Soul,
On which I'll toss the Flower-de-Luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? *Buckingham* to disturb me?
The King hath sent him sure: I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphry of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a Messenger, or come of Pleasure?

Buck. A Messenger from *Henry*, our dread Liege,
To know the reason of these Arms in peace?
Or why, thou being a Subject, as I am,
Against thy Oath, and true Allegiance sworn,
Should raise so great a Power without his Leave?
Or dare to bring thy Force so near the Court?

York. Scarce can I speak, my Choler is so great.
Oh, I could hew up Rocks, and fight with Flint,
I am so angry at these abject Terms.

And now like *Ajax Telamonius*,
On Sheep or Oxen could I spend my Fury.
I am far better born than is the King:
More like a King, more Kingly in my Thoughts.
But I must make fair Weather yet a while,
'Till *Henry* be more weak, and I more strong. [*Aside.*]
O *Buckingham*! I prethee pardon me,
That I have given no Answer all this while;
My Mind was troubled with deep Melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this Army hither,
Is to remove proud *Somerſet* from the King,
Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.

Buck. That is too much Presumption on thy Part;
But if thy Arms be to no other end,
The King hath yielded unto thy Demand:
The Duke of *Somerſet* is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine Honour, is he Prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine Honour he is Prisoner.

York.

York. Then, *Buckingham*, I do dismiss my Powers.
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse your selves;
Meet me to morrow in *St. George's Field*,
You shall have Pay, and every thing you wish,
And let my Sovereign, virtuous *Henry*
Command my eldest Son; nay all my Sons,
As pledges of my Fealty and Love,
I'll send them all as willing as I live;
Lands, Goods, Horse, Armour, any thing I have
Is his to use, so *Somerſet* may die.

Buck. *York*, I commend this kind Submission,
We twain will go into his Highness Tent.

Enter King Henry and Attendants.

K. Henry. *Buckingham* doth *York* intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee Arm in Arm?

York. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your Highness.

K. Henry. Then what intend these Forces thou dost bring?

York. To have the Traitor *Somerſet* from hence,
And fight against that monstrous Rebel *Cade*,
Whom since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden with Cade's Head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean Condition
May pass into the Presence of a King;
Lo, I present your Grace a Traitor's Head,
The Head of *Cade* whom I in Combat slew.

K. Henry. The Head of *Cade*? great God! how just art thou?
O let me view his Visage being dead.
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my Friend, art thou the Man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your Majesty.

K. Henry. How art thou call'd? And what is thy Degree?

Iden. *Alexander Iden* that's my Name,
A poor Esquire of *Kent*, that loves the King.

Buck. So please it you, my Lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created Knight for his good Service.

K. Henry. *Iden*, kneel down; rise up a Knight:
We give thee for Reward a thousand Marks,
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden.

Iden. May *Iden* live to merit such a Bounty,
And never live but true unto his Liege.

Enter Queen Margaret and Somerset.

K. Henry. See *Buckingham*, *Somerset* comes with the Queen;
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

Q. Mar. For thousand *Yorks* he shall not hide his Head,
But boldly stand and front him to his Face.

York. How now? Is *Somerset* at liberty?
Then, *York* unloose thy long imprisoned Thoughts,
And let thy Tongue be equal with thy Heart.
Shall I endure the sight of *Somerset*?

Falſe King, why haſt thou broken Faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuſe?
King did I call thee? No, thou art no King:
Not fit to govern and rule Multitudes,
Which durſt not, no nor canſt not rule a Traitor.
That Head of thine doth not become a Crown:
Thy Hand is made to graſp a Palmer's Staff,
And not to grace an awful Princely Scepter.
That Gold muſt round engirt theſe Brows of miſe,
Whoſe ſmile and frown, like to *Achilles* Spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.

Here is a Hand to hold a Scepter up,
And with the ſame to act controlling Laws:
Give place; by Heav'n thou ſhalt Rule no more
O'er him, whom Heav'n created for thy Ruler.

Som. O monſtrous Traitor! I arreſt thee *York*,
Of Capital Treason 'gainſt the King and Crown;
Obey, audacious Traitor, kneel for Grace.

York. Would'ſt have me kneel? Firſt, let me aſk of thee,
If they can brook, I bow a Knee to Man!
Sirrah, call in my Sons to be my Bail:
I know, ere they will let me go to Ward,
They'll pawn their Swords for my Enfranchiſement.

Q. Mar. Call hither *Clifford*, bid him come again,
To ſay, if that the Baſtard Boys of *York*
Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.

York. O Blood beſpotted *Neapolitan*,
Out-caſt of *Naples*, England's bloody Scourge;
The Sons of *York*, thy Betters in their Birth,

Shal

Shall be their Father's Bail; and bane to those
That for my Surety will refuse the Boys.

Enter Edward and Richard.

See where they come, I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Enter Clifford.

Q. Mar. And here comes *Clifford*, to deny their Bail.

Clif. Health and all Hoppiness to my Lord the King.

York. I thank thee, *Clifford*, Say, what News with thee?

Nay, do not fright me with an angry Look:

We are thy Sovereign, *Clifford* kneel again;

For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my King, *York*, I do not mistake,
But thou mistak'st me much to think I do;

To *Bedlam* with him, is the Man grown mad?

K. Henry. Ay, *Clifford*, a *Bedlam* and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his King.

Clif. He is a Traitor, let him to the *Tower*,
And crop away that factious Pate of his.

Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey:
His Sons, he says, shall give their Words for him.

York. Will you not, Sons?

E. Plan. Ay, noble Father, if our Words will serve.

R. Plan. And if Words will not, then our Weapons shall.

Clif. Why, what a brood of Traitors have we here?

York. Look in a Glass, and call thy Image so.

I am the King, and thou a false-heart Traitor;

Call hither to the Stake my two brave Bears,

That with the very shaking of their Chains

They may astonish these fell-lurking Curs:

Bid *Salisbury* and *Warwick* come to me.

Enter the Earls of Warwick and Salisbury.

Clif. Are these thy Bears? We'll bait thy Bears to death,
And manacle the Bearard in their Chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting place.

R. Plan. Oft have I seen a hot o'er-weening Cur
Run back and bite, because he was with-held,
Who being suffer'd with the Bear's fell Paw,
Hath clapt his Tail betwixt his Legs and cry'd:
And such a piece of Service will you do,
If you oppose your selves to match Lord *Warwick*.

Clif.

Clif. Hence, heap of Wrath, foul indigested Lump,
As crooked in thy Manners, as thy Shape.

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed least by your heat you burn your selves.

K. Henry. Why, *Warwick*, hath thy Knee forgot to bow?
Old *Salisbury*, shame to thy Silver Hair,
Thou mad Mifs-leader of thy Brain-sick Son,
What, wilt thou on thy Death-bed play the Russian?
And seek for Sorrow with thy Spectacles?
Oh where is Faith? Oh where is Loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty Head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the Earth?
Wilt thou go dig a Grave to find out War,
And shame thine honourable Age with Blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st Experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame, in duty bend thy Knee to me,
That bows unto the Grave with milky Age.

Sal. My Lord, I have considered with my self,
The Title of this most renowned Duke,
And in my Conscience do repute his Grace,
The rightful Heir to *England's* Royal Seat.

K. Henry. Hast thou not sworn Allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

K. Henry. Canst thou dispense with Heaven for such an

Sal. It is great Sin to swear unto a Sin; [Oath?
But greater Sin to keep a sinful Oath:
Who can be bound by any solemn Vow
To do a murd'rous Deed, to rob a Man,
To force a spotless Virgin's Chastity,
To reave the Orphan of his Patrimony,
To wring the Widow from her custom'd Right,
And have no other reason for his wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn Oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle Traitor needs no Sophister.

K. Henry. Call *Buckingham*, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call *Buckingham*, and all the Friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for Death or Dignity.

Old Clif. The first, I warrant thee; if Dreams prove true.

War. You were best go to Bed, and dream again,

To keep thee from the Tempest of the Field.

Old Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater Storm,
Than any thou canst Conjure up to day:
And that I'll write upon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy House's Badge.

War. Now by my Father's Badge, old Nevil's Crest,
The rampant Bear chain'd to the ragged Staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my Burgonet,
As on a Mountain top, the Cedar shews,
That keeps his Leaves in spite of any Storm,
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Old Clif. And from thy Burgonet, I'll rend thy Bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despight the Bearard, that protects the Bear.

Y. Clif. And so to Arms, victorious noble Father,
To quell the Rebels and their Complices

R. Plan. Fie, Charity for shame, speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to night.

Y. Clif. Foul Stigmatick, that's more than thou canst tell.

R. Plan. If not in Heav'n you'll surely sup in Hell.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Warwick.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls;
And if thou dost not hide thee from the Bear.
Now when the angry Trumpet sounds Alarm,
And dy'ing Mens cries do fill the empty Air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northern Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to Arms.

Enter York.

War. How now, my noble Lord? what all a-foot?

York. The deadly handed Clifford slew my Steed:
But match to match I have encountred him,
And made a prey for Carrion, Kites and Crows,
Even of the bonny Beast he lov'd so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold Warwick: seek thee out some other Chase,
For I my self must hunt this Deer to death.

War. Then nobly York, 'tis for a Crown thou fight'st:

As I intend, *Clifford*, to thrive to day,
It grieves my Soul to leave thee unassail'd.

[Exit War,

Clif. What seest thou in me, *York*?
Why dost thou pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine Enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy Prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 'tis shewn ignobly, and in Treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy Sword,
As I in Justice, and true Right express it.

Clif. My Soul and Body on the Action both.

York. A dreadful lay, address thee instantly.

Clif. *La fin Corronne les œuvres.*

[Dies.

York. Thus War hath given thee Peace, for thou art still;
Peace with his Soul, Heav'n, if it be thy will.

Enter young Clifford.

Y. Clif. Shame and Confusion, all is on the rout,
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O War! thou Son of Hell,
Whom angry Heav'n's do make their Minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our Part,
Hot Coals of Vengeance. Let no Soldiers flie.
He that is truly dedicate to War
Hath no Self-love; nor he that loves himself,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of Valour. O let the vile World end,
And the promised Flames of the last day,
Knit Earth and Heav'n together.

Now let the general Trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities, and petty sounds
To cease. Wast thou ordained, O dear Father,
To lose thy Youth in Peace, and to atchieve
The Silver Livery of advised Age,
And in thy Reverence, and thy Chair-days, thus
To die in Russian Battel? Even at this sight,
My Heart is turn'd to Stone; and while 'tis mine,
It shall be Stony. *York* not our old Men spares:
No more will I their Babes, Tears Virginal,
Shall be to me, even as the Dew to Fire;
And Beauty, that the Tyrant oft reclaims,

Shall to my flaming Wrath, be Oil and Flax.
 Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity,
 Meet I an Infant of the House of York,
 Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
 As wild *Medea*, young *Abfirtus* did.
 In cruelty, will I seek out my Fame.
 Come thou new ruin of old *Clifford's House*:
 As did *Aeneas* old *Anchises* bear,
 So bear I thee upon my manly Shoulders;
 But then *Aeneas* bare a living load;
 Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [Exit.]

Enter Richard Plantagenet, and Somerset to fight.

R. Plan. So, lye thou there: [Somerset is kill'd.
 For underneath an Ale-house paltry sign,
 The Castle in *St. Albans, Somerset*
 Hath made the Wizard famous in his Death;
 Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathful still;
 Priests pray for Enemies, but Princes kill.
Fight, Excursions, Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret,
and others.

Q. Mar. Away my Lord, you are slow, for shame away.

K. Henry. Can we out-run the Heav'ns? Good Margaret stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? You'll not fight nor fly:
 Now is it Manhood, Wisdom, and Defence,
 To give the Enemy Way, and to secure us
 By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[Alarm afar off.]

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
 Of all our Fortunes; but if we haply scape,
 As well me may, if not through your neglect,
 We shall to *London* get, where you are lov'd,
 And where this breach now in our Fortunes made,
 May readily be stop't.

Enter Clifford.

Cliff. But that my Heart's on future mischief set,
 I would speak Blasphemy ere bid you fly;
 But fly you must: Uncurable discontent
 Reigns in the Hearts of all our present Parts.

Away

Away for your relief, and we will live
To see their Day, and them our Fortune give.
Away my Lord, away,

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarm. Retreat. Enter York, Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, and Soldiers, with Drum and Colours.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him,
That Winter Lion, who in Rage forgets
Aged Contusions, and all bruise of time:
And like a Gallant in the brow of Youth,
Repairs him with occasion. This happy day
Is not it self, nor have we won one Foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

R. Plant. My noble Father,
Three times to day I hope him to his Horse,
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
Perswaded him from any further Act:
But still where danger was, still there I met him,
And like rich Hangings in an homely House,
So was his Will in his old feeble Body.
But noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now, by my Sword, well hast thou fought to day;
By th' Mass so did we all. I thank you *Richard*.
God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to day
You have defended me from imminent Death.
Well Lords, we have not got that which we have,
'Tis not enough our Foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing Nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them,
For, as I hear, the King is fled to *London*,
To call a present Court of Parliament.
Let us pursue him ere the Writs go forth.
What says Lord *Warwick*, shall we after them?

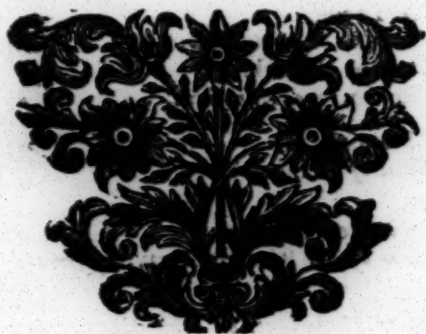
War. After them! nay, before them, if we can:
Now by my Hand, Lords, 'twas a glorious Day.
St. Alban's Battel won by famous *York*,
Shall be eterniz'd in all Age to come.
Sound Drum and Trumpets, and to *London* all,
And more such Days as these to us befall.

[*Exeunt.*]



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THE
THIRD PART
OF
King *HENRY VI.*
With the Death of the
DUKE of *YORK.*



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry VI.

Edward, Son to the King, and Prince of Wales.

Duke of Somerset,

Earl of Northumberland,

Earl of Oxford,

Earl of Exeter,

Earl of Westmorland,

Lord Clifford,

Earl of Richmond, a Tomb, afterwards King Henry VII.

Richard, Duke of York.

Edward, Eldest Son to the Duke of York, afterwards King Edward IV.

George, Duke of Clarence, second Son to the Duke of York.

Richard, Duke of Gloucester, third Son to the Duke of York, afterwards King Richard III.

Edmund, Earl of Rutland, youngest Son to the Duke of York.

Duke of Norfolk,

Marquiss of Montague,

Earl of Warwick,

Earl of Salisbury,

Earl of Pembroke,

Lord Hastings,

Lord Stafford,

Sir John Mortimer,

Sir Hugh Mortimer,

Sir William Stanley, afterwards Earl of Derby.

Lord Rivers, Brother to the Lady Gray.

Sir John Montgomery.

Lieutenant of the Tower.

Mayor of Coventry.

Mayor and Aldermen of York.

Humphry and Sinklo, two Huntsmen.

Lewis King of France.

Bourbon, Admiral of France.

Queen Margaret.

Bona, Sister to the French King.

Lady Gray, Widow of Sir Richard Gray, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.

Soldiers and other Attendants on King Henry, and King Edward.

In Part of the Third Act the SCENE is laid in France, during all the rest of the Play in England.

The



The Third PART of
King *HENRY VI.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Alarum. Enter Duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Mountague, Warwick, and Soldiers.

WARWICK.



Wonder how the King escap'd our Hands?

York. While we pursu'd the Horsemen
of the North,

He slyly stole away, and left his Men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumber-
land,

Whose warlike Ears could never brook
Retreat,

Chear'd up the drooping Army, and himself,
Lord *Clifford* and Lord *Stafford* all a-breast,
Charg'd our main Battel's Front; and breaking in,
Were by the Swords of common Soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord *Stafford's* Father, Duke of *Buckingham*,
Is either slain or wounded dangerous.

I cleft his Beaver with a down-right blow:
That this is true, Father, behold his Blood.

Mount. And, Brother, here's the Earl of *Wiltshire's* Blood,
Whom I encountred as the Battels join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

York. *Richard* hath best deserv'd of all my Sons:

But is his Grace dead, my Lord of *Somerset*?

Norfolk. Such hope have all the Line of *John of Gaunt*.

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King *Henry's* Head.

War. And so do I, victorious Prince of *York*.

Before I see thee seated in the Throne,
Which now the House of *Lancaster* usurps,
I vow by Heav'n, these Eyes shall never close.
This is the Palace of the fearful King,
And this the Regal Seat; possess it *York*,
For this is thine, and not King *Henry's* Heirs.

York. Assist me then, sweet *Warwick*, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.

Norfolk. We'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle *Norfolk*; stay by me my Lords,
And Soldiers stay and lodge by me this Night.

[*They go up.*]

War. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.

York. The Queen this Day here holds her Parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her Counsel;
By Words or Blows here let us win our Right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this House.

War. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless *Plantagenet*, Duke of *York*, be King,
And bashful *Henry* depos'd, whose Cowardise
Hath made us by-words to our Enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my Lords, be resolute,
I mean to take possession of my Right.

War. Neither the King, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest He that holds up *Lancaster*,
Dares stir a Wing, if *Warwick* shake his Bells.
I'll plant *Plantagenet*, root him up who dare:
Resolve thee *Richard*, claim the *English* Crown.

Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmorland, Exeter, and others.

K. Henry. My Lords, look where the sturdy Rebel sits,
Even in the Chair of State; belike he means,
Back'd by the Power of *Warwick*, that false Peer,
To aspire unto the Crown, and Reign as King.
Earl of Northumberland. he slew thy Father,
And thine, Lord *Clifford*, and you have both vow'd revenge
On him, his Sons, his Favourites, and his Friends.

North. If I be not, Heav'n's be reveng'd on me.

Clif. The hope thereof makes *Clifford* mourn in Steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? Let's pluck him down.
My Heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Henry. Be patient, gentle *Earl of Westmorland*.

Clif. Patience is for Poltroons, and such is he:
He durst not sit there had your Father liv'd.
My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament
Let us assail the Family of *York*.

North. Well hast thou spoken, Cousin be it so.

K. Henry. Ah, know you not the City favours them,
And they have Troops of Soldiers at their beck?

West. But when the Duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

K. Henry. Far be the thought of this from *Henry's* Heart,
To make a Shambles of the Parliament House.
Cousin of *Exeter*, Frowns, Words, and Threats,
Shall be the War that *Henry* means to use.
Thou factious Duke of *York*, descend my Throne, [*To the Duke*.
And kneel for Grace and Mercy at my Feet,
I am thy Sovereign.

York. *Henry*, I am thine.

Exe. For shame come down, he made thee Duke of
York.

York. It was my Inheritance, as the Earldom was.

Exe. Thy Father was a Traitor to the Crown.

War. *Exeter* thou art a Traitor to the Crown,
In following this usurping *Henry*.

Clif. Whom should he follow, but his natural King?

War. True, *Clifford*, and that's *Richard* Duke of *York*.

K. Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my Throne?

York.

York. It must and shall be so, content thy self.

War. Be Duke of *Lancaster*, let him be King.

West. He is both King and Duke of *Lancaster*,
And that the Lord of *Westmorland* shall maintain.

War. And *Warwick* shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those which chas'd you from the Field,
And slew your Fathers, and with Colours spread
March'd through the City to the Palace Gates.

North. Yes, *Warwick*, I remember it to my grief.
And by his Soul, thou and thy House shall rue it.

West. *Plantaganet*, of thee and these thy Sons,
Thy Kinsmen, and thy Friends, I'll have more Lives
Than drops of Blood were in my Father's Veins.

Clif. Urge it no more, lest that instead of Words
I send thee, *Warwick*, such a Messenger,
As shall revenge his Death, before I stir.

War. Poor *Clifford*! how I scorn his worthless Threats.

York. Will you, we shew our Title to the Crown?
If not, our Swords shall plead it in the Field.

K. Henry. What Title hast thou, Traitor, to the Crown?
Thy Father was, as thou art, Duke of *York*,
Thy Grandfather *Roger Mortimer*, Earl of *March*.
I am the Son of *Henry* the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the *French* to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their Towns and Provinces.

War. Talk not of *France*, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Henry. The Lord Protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown'd I was but nine Months old.

Rich. You are old enough now,
And yet methinks you lose:
Father, tear the Crown from the Usurper's Head.

Edm. Sweet Father do so, set it on your Head.

Mount. Good Brother,
As thou lov'st and honourest Arms,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavelling thus.

Rich. Sound Drums and Trumpets, and the King will
fly.

York. Sons, Peace.

K. Henry. Peace thou, and give King *Henry* leave to speak.

War.

War. Plantagenes shall speak first: Hear him Lords,
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him, shall not live.

K. Henry. Think'st thou that I will leave my Kingly Throne;
Wherein my Grandfire and my Father sat?
No; first shall War.unpeople this my Realm;
Ay, and their Colours often born in *France*,
And now in *England*, to our Hearts great Sorrow,
Shall be my Winding sheet: Why faint you, Lords?
My Title's good, and better far than his.

War. But prove it, *Henry*, and thou shalt be King.

K. Henry. *Henry* the Fourth by Conquest got the Crown;
York. 'Twas by Rebellion against his King.

K. Henry. I know not what to say, my Title's weak:
Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heir?

York. What then?

K. Henry. And if he may, then am I lawful King:
For *Richard*, in the view of many Lords,
Resign'd the Crown to *Henry* the Fourth,
Whose Heir my Father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his Sovereign,
And made him to resign his Crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my Lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his Crown?

Exe. No; for he could not so resign his Crown,
But that the next Heir should succeed and reign.

K. Henry. Art thou against us, Duke of *Exeter*?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my Lords, and answer not?

Exe. My Conscience tells me, he is lawful King.

K. Henry. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the Claim thou lay'st,
Think not, that *Henry* shall be so depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceiv'd:

'Tis not thy Southern Power

Of *Essex*, *Norfolk*, *Suffolk*, nor of *Kent*,

Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,

Can set the Duke up in despite of me.

Clif. King *Henry*, be thy Title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence;
 May that Ground gape, and swallow me alive,
 Where I shall kneel to him that slew my Father.

K. Henry. Oh *Clifford*, how thy words revive my Heart.

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy Crown:
 What mutter you, or what conspire you, Lords?

War. Do right unto this Princely Duke of *York*,
 Or I will fill the House with armed Men,
 And o'er the Chair of State, where now he sits,
 Write up his Title with usurping Blood.

[*He stamps with his Foot, and the Soldiers shew themselves.*]

K. Henry. My Lord of *Warwick*, hear me but one word;
 Let me for this time reign as King.

York. Confirm the Crown to me, and to mine Heirs,
 And thou shalt Reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. Henry. I am content: *Richard Plantagenet*,
 Enjoy the Kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the Prince, your Son?

War. What good is this to *England*, and himself?

West. Base, fearful, and despairing *Henry*!

Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thy self and us!

West. I cannot stay to hear these Articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come Cousin, let us tell the Queen these News.

West. Farewel, faint-hearted and degenerate King,
 In whose cold Blood no spark of Honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the House of *York*,
 And die in Bands, for this unmanly deed.

Clif. In dreadful War, may'st thou be overcome,
 Or live in Peace abandon'd and despis'd.

[*Exeunt Nor. Clif. Westm.*]

War. Turn this way, *Henry*, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. Henry. Ah *Exeter*! —

War. Why should you sigh, my Lord?

K. Henry. Not for my self, Lord *Warwick*, but my Son,
 Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But

But be it as it may; I here entail
The Crown to thee, and to thine Heirs for ever:
Conditionally, that here thou take an Oath,
To cease this Civil War; and whilst I live,
To honour me as thy King and Sovereign:
Neither by Treason nor Hostility,
To seek to put me down, and Reiga thy self.

York. This Oath I willingly take, and will perform!

War. Long live King *Henry*: *Plantagenet*, embrace him!

K. Henry. And long live thou, and these thy forward Sons.

York. Now *York* and *Lancaster* are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurst be he that seeks to make them Foes.

Sonet. Here they come down.

York. Farewel, my gracious Lord, I'll to my Castle.

War. And I'll keep *London* with my Soldiers.

Norf. And I to *Norfolk* with my Followers.

Mount. And I unto the Sea from whence I came. [*Ex.*]

K. Henry. And I with Grief and Sorrow to the Court.

Enter the Queen, and the Prince of Wales.

Exe. Here comes the Queen,
Whose Looks bewray her Anger:
I'll steal away.

K. Henry. *Exeter* so will I.

[*Going.*]

Queen. Nay, go not from me, I will follow thee—

K. Henry. Be patient, gentle Queen, and I will stay.

Queen. Who can be patient in such Extreems?

Ah wretched Man! would I had dy'd a Maid;
And never seen thee, never born thee Son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a Father.
Hath he deserv'd to lose his Birth-right thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so much as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourisht him, as I did with my Blood;
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest Heart-blood there;
Rather than made that Savage Duke thine Heir,
And disinherited thine only Son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:
If you be King, why should not I succeed?

K. Henry. Pardon me, *Margaret*; pardon me, sweet Son;
The Earl of *Warwick* and the Duke enforc'd me.

Queen

Queen. Enforc'd thee? art thou King, and wilt be forc'd?
 I shame to hear thee speak; ah timorous Wretch!
 Thou hast undone thy self, thy Son, and me,
 And given unto the House of York such head,
 As thou shalt Reign but by their Sufferance.
 To entail him and his Heirs unto the Crown,
 What is it, but to make thy Sepulchre,
 And creep into it far before thy time?

Warwick is Chancellor, and the Lord of *Calais*,
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow Seas,
 The Duke is make Protector of the Realm,
 And yet shalt thou be safe? such Safety finds
 The trembling Lamb, invironed with Wolves.
 Had I been there, which am a silly Woman,
 The Soldiers should have toss'd me on their Pikes,
 Before I would have granted to that Act.
 But thou prefer'st thy Life before thine Honour.
 And seeing thou dost, I here divorce my self,
 Both from thy Table, *Henry*, and thy Bed,
 Until that Act of Parliament be repealed,
 Whereby my Son is disinherited.

The Northern Lords, that have forsworn thy Colours,
 Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
 And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,
 And utter ruin of the House of York,
 Thus do I leave thee; come Son, let's away,
 Our Army is ready, come, we'll after them.

K. Henry. Stay, gentle *Margaret*, and hear me speak.

Queen. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. Henry. Gentle Son *Edward*, thou wilt stay with me?

Queen. Ay, to be murther'd by his Enemies.

Prince. When I return with Victory from the Field,
 I'll see your Grace; 'till then I'll follow her.

Queen. Come, Son, away, we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen and Prince.*]

K. Henry. Poor Queen,
 How love to me, and to her Son,
 Hath made her break out into terms of Rage.

Revenge'd

Revenge'd may she be on that hateful Duke,
Whose haughty Spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my Crown, and like an empty Eagle,
Tire on the Flesh of me, and of my Son.
The loss of those three Lords torments my Heart;
I'll write unto them, and intreat them fair;
Come, Cousin, you shall be the Messenger.

Exe. And I hope shall reconcile them all. [Exit.]

Enter Richard, Edward, and Mountague.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the Orator.

Mount. But I have Reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. Why, how now Sons and Brother, at a strife?
What is your Quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No Quarrel, but a slight Contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your Grace and us,
The Crown of England, Father, which is yours.

York. Mine, Boy? not 'till King Henry be dead.

Rich. Your Right depends not on his Life, or Death.

Edw. Now you are Heir, therefore enjoy it now.

By giving the House of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will out-run you, Father, in the end.

York. I took an Oath, that he should quietly Reign:

Edw. But for a Kingdom any Oath may be broken:

I would break a thousand Oaths to Reign one Year.

Rich. No; God forbid your Grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open War.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

York. Thou canst not, Son, it is impossible.

Rich. An Oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful Magistrate,

That hath Authority over him that Swears.

Henry had none, but did usurp the Place:

Then seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,

Your Oath, my Lord, is vain and frivolous,

There;

Therefore to Arms: and, Father, do but think,
How sweet a thing it is to wear a Crown,
Within whose Circuit is *Elysium*,
And all that Poets feign of Bliss and Joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Until the white Rose that I wear, be dy'd
Even in the lukewarm Blood of *Henry's* Heart.

York. Richard, enough: I will be King, or die.
Brother, thou shalt to *London* presently,
And whet on *Warwick* to this Enterprize.
Thou, *Richard*, shall go to the Duke of *Norfolk*,
And tell him privily of our Intent.
You, *Edward*, shall unto my Lord *Cobham*,
With whom the *Kentishmen* will willingly rise.
In them I trust; for they are Soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of Spirit.
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise?
And yet the King not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the House of *Lancaster*.

Enter Gabriel.

But stay, what News? why com'st thou in such post?

Gab. The Queen,
With all the Northern Earls and Lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your Castle.
She is hard by, with twenty thousand Men;
And therefore fortifie your Hold, my Lord.

York. Ay, with my Sword.
What, think'st thou that we fear them?
Edward and *Richard*, you shall stay with me,
My Brother *Mountague* shall post to *London*.
Let noble *Warwick*, *Cobham*, and the rest,
Whom we have left Protectors of the King,
With powerful Policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple *Henry*, nor his Oaths.

Mount. Brother, I go: I'll win them, fear it not.
And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

[*Exit Mountague.*

Enter

Enter Sir John Mortimer, and Sir Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir *John*, and Sir *Hugh Mortimer*, mine Uncles,
You are come to *Sandal* in a happy Hour.
The Army of the Queen means to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the Field,

Tork. What, with five thousand Men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, Father, for a need.

A Woman's General; what should we fear?

[*A March afar off.*]

Edw. I hear their Drums:

Let's set our Men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them Battel streight.

York. Five Men to twenty, though the odds be great,
I doubt not, Uncle, of our Victory.

Many a Battel have I won in *France*,
When as the Enemy hath been ten to one:

Why should I not now have the like Success?

[*Alarm. Exit.*]

Enter Rutland and his Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I flie, to scape their Hands?
Ah, Tutor, look where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. Chaplain, away, thy Priesthood saves thy Life;
As for the Brat of this accursed Duke,
Whose Father slew my Father, he shall die.

Tutor. And I, my Lord, will bear him Company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

Tutor. Ah *Clifford*, murder not this innocent Child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and Man. [*Exit*]

Clif. How now? is he dead already?
Or is it fear that makes him close his Eyes?
I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up Lion o'er the Wretch,
That trembles under his devouring Paws:
And so he walks, insulting o'er his Prey,
And so he comes to rend his Limbs asunder.

Ah,

Ah, gentle *Clifford*, kill me with thy Sword,
And not with such a cruel threatning Look.

Sweet *Clifford*, hear me speak before I die:
I am too mean a subject of thy Wrath,

Be thou reveng'd on Men, and let me live.

Cliff. In vain thou speak'st, poor Boy:
My Father's Blood hath stop't the Passage
Where thy Words should enter.

Rut. Then let my Father's Blood open it again;
He is a Man, and, *Clifford*, cope with him.

Cliff. Had I thy Brethren here, their Lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd up thy Fore-fathers Graves,
And hung their rotten Coffins up in Chains,
It could not slake mine Ire, nor ease my Heart.
The sight of any of the House of York,
Is as a Fury to torment my Soul:
And 'till I root out their accursed Line,
And leave not one alive, I live in Hell.

Therefore——

Rut. O let me pray before I take my Death:
To thee, I pray——sweet *Clifford*, pity me.

Cliff. Such pity as my Rapier's Point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm; why wilt thou slay me?

Cliff. Thy Father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.

Thou hast one Son, for his sake pity me,
Left in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in Prison all my Days,
And when I give occasion of Offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Cliff. No cause? thy Father slew my Father, therefore die.

Rut. *Dii faciunt, laudis summa, ista tua.* [Stabs him.]

Cliff. *Plantagenet*, I come, *Plantagenet*.

And this thy Son's Blood cleaving to my Blade,
Shall rust upon my Weapon, 'till thy Blood
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [Exit.]

Alarm.

Alarum. Enter Richard Duke of York.

York. The Army of the Queen hath got the Field:
My Uncles both are slain in rescuing me,
And all my Followers, to the eager Foe
Turn back, and fly, like Ships before the Wind,
Or Lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved Wolves.
My Sons, God knows what hath bechanced them;
But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
Like Men born to Renown, by Life or Death.
Three times did *Richard* make a Lane to me,
And thrice cry'd, Courage, Father, fight it out;
And full as oft come *Edward* to my Side,
With Purple Falchion, painted to the Hilt
In Blood of those that had encountred him;
And when the hardiest Warriors did retire,
Richard cry'd, Charge, and give no foot of Ground,
And cry'd, a Crown, or else a glorious Tomb,
A Scepter, or an Earthly Sepulcher.
With this we charg'd again; but out alas,
We bodg'd again; as I have seen a Swan
With bootless labour swim against the Tide,
And spend her Strength with over-matching Waves.

[*A short Alarum within.*]

Ah hark, the fatal Followers do pursue,
And I am faint, and cannot fly their Fury.
And were I strong, I would not shun their Fury:
The Sands are numbred that make up my Life,
Here must I stay, and here my Life must end.

Enter the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland, the Prince of Wales, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchless Fury to more rage:
I am your Butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our Mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such Mercy as his ruthless Arm
With downright payment shew'd unto my Father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his Car,

And

And made an Evening at the Noon-tide Prick.

York. My Ashes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth
A Bird, that will revenge upon you all:
And in that hope I throw mine Eyes to Heav'n,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! Multitudes and fear?

Clif. So Cowards fight when they can fly no farther,
So Doves do peck the Falcons piercing Talons,
So desperate Thieves, all hopeles of their Lives,
Breath out Invectives 'gainst the Officers.

York. Oh, *Clifford*, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time:
And if thou canst, for blushing, view this Face,
And bite thy Tongue that slanders him with Cowardice,
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee Word for Word,
But buckler with thee Blows twice two for one.

Queen. Hold, valiant *Clifford*, for a thousand Causes
I would prolong a while the Traitor's Life:
Wrath makes him deaf; speak thou, *Northumberland*.

North. Hold *Clifford*, do not honour him so much,
To prick thy Finger, though to wound his Heart.
What Valour were it, when a Cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his Hand between his Teeth,
When he might spurn him with his Foot away?
It is Wars prize to take all vantages,
And ten to one is no impeach of Valour.

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the Woodcock with the Gin.

North. So doth the Cony struggle in the Net.

York. So triumph Thieves upon their conquer'd Booty,
So true Men yield, with Robbers so o'er-matcht.

North. What would your Grace have done unto him now?

Queen. Brave Warriors, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*,
Come make him stand upon this Mole-hill here,
That raught at Mountains with out-stretched Arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his Hand.
What, was it you that would be *England's* King?
Was't you that revell'd in our Parliament,
And made a Preachment of your high Descent?

Where

Where are your mess of Sons to back you now,
The wanton *Edward*, and the lusty *George*?
And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigy,
Dicky, your Boy, that with his grumbling Voice
Was wont to cheer his Dad in Mutinies?
Or with the rest, where is your Darling *Rusland*?
Look *York*, I stain'd this Napking with the Blood
That valiant *Clifford*, with his Rapier's Point,
Made issue from the Bosom of the Boys.
And if thine Eyes can water for his Death,
I give thee this to dry thy Cheeks withal.
Alas, poor *York*, but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable State.
I prithee grieve, to make me merry, *York*.
What, hath thy fiery Heart so parcht thine Entrails,
That not a Tear can fall for *Rusland's* Death?
Why art thou patient, Man? thou should'st be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus;
Stamp, rave and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou would'st be sec'd, I see, to make me sport;
York cannot speak, unless he wear a Crown.
A Crown for *York*—and, Lords, bow low to him:
Hold you his Hands, whilst I do set it on.

[Putting a Paper Crown on his Head.]

Ay marry, Sir, now looks he like a King;
Ay, this is he that took King *Henry's* Chair,
And this is he was his adopted Heir.
But how is it, that great *Plantagenet*
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn Oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be King,
'Till our King *Henry* had shook Hands with Death.
And will you pale your Head in *Henry's* Glory,
And rob his Temples of the Diadem,
Now in this Life against the holy Oath?
Oh, 'tis a Fault too too unpardonable.
Off with the Crown, and with the Crown his Head,
And whilst we breath take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my Office, for my Father's sake.

Queen. Nay stay, let's hear the Orizons he makes.

York.

York. She-Wolf of *France*,
 But worse than Wolves of *France*,
 Whose Tongue more poisons than the Adder's Tooth:
 How ill-beseeming is it in thy Sex,
 To triumph like an *Amazonian* Trull,
 Upon their Woes, whom Fortune captivates?
 But that thy Face is Vizard-like, unchanging,
 Made impudent with use of evil Deeds,
 I would assay, proud Queen, to make thee blush.
 To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
 Were shame enough to shame thee
 Wert thou not shameless?
 Thy Father bears the Type of King of *Naples*,
 Of both the *Sicils* and *Jerusalem*.
 Yet not-so wealthy as an *English* Yeoman.
 Hath that poor Monarch taught thee to insult?
 It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud Queen,
 Unless the Adage must be verif'd,
 That Beggars mounted run their Horse to Death.
 'Tis Beauty that doth oft make Women proud,
 But God he knows, thy share thereof is small.
 'Tis Virtue that doth make them most admir'd.
 The contrary doth make thee wondred at.
 'Tis Government that makes them seem Divine,
 The want thereof makes thee abominable.
 Thou art as opposite to every good,
 As the Antipodes are unto us,
 Or as the South to the *Septentrion*.
 Oh Tyger's Heart, wrapt in a Woman's Hide,
 How could'st thou drain the Life-blood of the Child,
 To bid the Father wipe his Eyes withal,
 And yet be seen to wear a Woman's Face?
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;
 Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
 Bidst thou me rage? why now thou hast thy wish.
 Would'st thou have me weep? why now thou hast thy will.
 For raging Wind blows up incessant Show'rs.
 And when the rage allays, the Rain begins.
 These Tears are my sweet *Rutland's* Obsequies,

And

And every drop cries vengeance to his Death,
'Gainst thee, fell *Clifford*, and thee, false *French* Woman.

North. Beshrew me, but his Passions move me so,
That hardly can I check mine Eyes from Tears.

York. That Face of his,
The hungry Cannibals would not have toucht,
Would not have stain'd the Roses just with Blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
Oh ten times more, than Tygers of *Hyrcania*.
See, ruthless Queen, a hapless Father's Tears:
This Cloth thou dip'dst in Blood of my sweet Boy,
And I with Tears do wash the Blood away.
Keep thou the Napkin, and go boast of this,
And if thou tell'st the heavy Story right,
Upon my Soul, the Hearers will shed Tears:
Yea, even my Foes will shed fast-falling Tears,
And say, alas, it was a piteous Deed.
There take the Crown, and, with the Crown, my Curse.
And in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel Hand.
Hard-hearted *Clifford*, take me from the World,
My Soul to Heav'n, my Blood upon your Heads.

North. Had he been Slaughter-man to all my Kin,
I should not for my Life but weep with him,
To see how inly Sorrow gripes his Soul.

Queen. What, weeping ripe, my Lord *Northumberland*?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting Tears.

Clif. Here's for my Oath, here's for my Father's Death.

Queen. And here's to right our gentle-hearted King.

[*Stabbing him.*]

York. Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God.
My Soul flies through these Wounds, to seek out thee. [*Dies.*]

Queen. Off with his Head, and set it on *York* Gates,
So *York* may overlook the Town of *York*. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A March. Enter Edward, Richard, and their Power.

Edw. **I** Wonder how our Princely Father scap'd;
Or whether he be scap'd away, or no,
From *Clifford's* and *Northumberland's* pursuit?
Had he been ta'en we should have heard the News;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the News;
Or had he scap'd, methinks we should have heard
The happy Tidings of his good escape.

How fares my Brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd,
Where our right valiant Father is become.
I saw him in the Battel range about,
And watcht him how he singled *Clifford* forth,
Methought he bore him in the thickest Troop,
As doth a Lion in a Herd of Neat;
Or as a Bear encompass'd round with Dogs,
Who having pincht a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our Father with his Enemies,
So fled his Enemies my warlike Father:
Methinks 'tis prize enough to be his Son.
See how the Morning opes her Golden Gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious Sun,
How well resembles it the prime of Youth,
Trim'd like a Yonker, prancing to his Love?

Edw. Dazle mine Eyes? or do I see three Suns?

Rich. Three glorious Suns, each one a perfect Sun,
Not separated with the racking Clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear shining Sky.

See, see thy join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some League inviolable:
Now are they but one Lamp, one Light, one Sun.
In this the Heaven figures some Event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange,

The

The like yet never heard of.
 I think it cites us, Brother to the Field,
 That we, the Sons of brave *Plantagenet*,
 Each one already blazing by our Meeds,
 Should notwithstanding join our Lights together,
 And over-shine the Earth, as this the World.
 Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
 Upon my Target three fair shining Suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three Daughters:

By your leave, I speak it,
 You love the Breeder better than the Male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy Looks foretel
 Some dreadful Story hanging on thy Tongue?

Mes. Ah, one that was a woful looker on,
 When as the Noble Duke of *York* was slain,
 Your Princely Father, and my loving Lord.

Edw. Oh, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he dy'd, for I will hear it all.

Mes. Environed he was with many Foes,
 And stood against them, as the hope of *Troy*
 Against the *Greeks*, that would have entred *Troy*.

But *Hercules* himself must yield to odds;
 And many Stroaks, though with a little Ax,
 Hews down and fells the hardest timber'd Oak.

By many Hands your Father was subdu'd,
 But only slaughter'd by the ireful Arm,
 Of unrelenting *Clifford*, and the Queen:

Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high despight,
 Laugh'd in his Face; and when with grief he wept,
 The ruthless Queen gave him, to dry his Cheek,

A Napkin, steeped in the harmless Blood
 Of sweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* slain:

And after many Scorns, many foul Taunts,
 They took his Head, and on the Gates *York*
 They set the same, and there it doth remain,
 The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet Duke of *York*, our prop to lean upon,
 Now thou art gone, we have no Staff, no Stay,

Oh *Clifford*, boist'rous *Clifford*, thou hast slain
 The Flower of *Europe* for his Chivalry,
 And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
 For Hand to Hand he would have vanquish'd thee:
 Now my Soul's Palace is become a Prison:
 Ah, would she break from hence, that this my Body
 Might in the Ground be clos'd up in rest;
 For never henceforth shall I joy again,
 Never, oh never shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep, for all my Body's moisture
 Scarce serves to quench my Furnace-burning Heart:
 Nor can my Tongue unload my Heart's great burthen,
 For self-same Wind that I should speak withal,
 Is kindling Coals that fire up all my Breast,
 And burn me up with Flames, that Tears would quench.
 To weep, is to make less the depth of Grief:
 Tears then for Babes: Blows and Revenge for me.
Richard, I bear thy Name, I'll venge thy Death,
 Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His Name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
 His Dukedom, and his Chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagle's Bird,
 Shew thy descent, by gazing 'gainst the Sun:
 For Chair and Dukedom, Throne and Kingdom say,
 Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter *Warwick*, *Marquis* of *Montague*, and
 their Army.

War. How now, fair Lords? what fare? what News abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of *Warwick*, if we should recount
 Our baleful News, and at each Word's deliverance
 Stab Poniards in our Flesh, 'till all were told,
 The Words would add more anguish than the Wounds.
 O, valiant Lord, the Duke of *York* is slain.

Edw. O, *Warwick*! *Warwick*! that *Plantagenet*,
 Which held thee dearly as his Soul's Redemption,
 Is by the stern Lord *Clifford* done to Death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these News in tears,
 And now to add more measure to your Woes,
 I come to tell you things sith then befall.

After

After the bloody Fray at *Wakefield* fought,
 Where your brave Father breath'd his latest Gasps,
 Tidings, as swiftly as the Posts could run,
 Were brought me of your Loss, and his depart.
 I then in *London*, Keeper of the King,
 Muster'd my Soldiers, gather'd flocks of Friends,
 March'd towards *St. Albans* to intercept the Queen;
 Bearing the King in my behalf along:
 For by my Scouts I was advertis'd
 That she was coming, with a full intent
 To dash our late Decree in Parliament,
 Touching King *Henry's* Oath, and your Succession:
 Short Tale to make, we at *St. Albans* met,
 Our Battels join'd, and both sides fiercely fought;
 But whether 'twas the coldness of the King,
 Who look'd full gently on his Warlike Queen,
 That robb'd my Soldiers of their heated Splendour;
 Or whether 'twas report of her Success,
 Or more than common fear of *Clifford's* Rigour,
 Who thunders to his Captives Blood and Death,
 I cannot judge; but to conclude with Truth,
 Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:
 Our Soldiers like the Night-Owl's lazy flight,
 Or like a lazy Thresher with a Flail,
 Fell gently down, as if thy struck their Friends.
 I cheer'd them up with Justice of our Cause,
 With Promise of high Pay, and great Reward:
 But all in vain, they had no heart to fight,
 And we, in them, no hope to win the Day,
 So that we fled; the King unto the Queen,
 Lord *George* your Brother, *Norfolk*, and my self,
 In haste, Post-haste, are come to join with you:
 For in the Marches here we heard you were,
 Making another Head, to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of *Norfolk*, gentle *Warwick*?
 And when came *George* from *Burgundy* to *England*?

War. Some six miles off the Duke is with the Soldiers;
 And for your Brother, he was lately sent
 From your kind Aunt, *Duchess* of *Burgundy*,

With aid of Soldiers to this needful War.

Rich. 'Twas odds belike when valiant *Warwick* fled;
Oft have I heard his Praises in Pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his Scandal of Retire.

War. Nor now my Scandal, *Richard*, dost thou hear:
For thou shalt know this strong right Hand of mine
Can pluck the Diadem from faint *Henry's* Head,
And wring the awful Scepter from his Fist,
Were he as famous, and as bold in War,
And he is fam'd for Mildness, Peace and Prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord *Warwick*, blame me not,
'Tis love I bear thy Glories makes me speak.
But in this troublous time what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our Coats of Steel,
And wrap our Bodies in black mourning Gowns,
Numb'ring our *Ave Marias* with our Beads?
Or shall we on the Helmets of our Foes,
Tell our Devotion with revengeful Arms?
If for the last, say Ay, and to it Lords.

War. Why therefore *Warwick* came to seek you out,
And therefore comes my Brother *Montague*:
Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queen,
With *Clifford*, and the haught *Northumberland*,
And of their Feather many more proud Birds,
Have wrought the easie-melting King, like Wax;
He swore consent to your Succession,
His Oath enrolled in the Parliament,
And now to *London* all the Crew are gone,
To frustrate both his Oath, and what beside
May make against the House of *Lancaster*
Their Power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now if the help of *Norfolk*, and my self,
With all the Friends that thou brave Earl of *March*,
Amongst the loving *Welchmen*, canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why *Via!* to *London* will we march,
And once again bestride our foaming Steeds,
And once again cry, Charge upon our Foes,
But never once again turn back and fly.

Rich.

Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great *Warwick* speak;
Ne'er may he live to see a Sun-shine Day,
That cries *Retire*, if *Warwick* bid him stay.

Edw. Lord *Warwick*, on thy Shoulder will I lean,
And when thou fail'st (as God forbid the Hour)
Must *Edward* fall, which peril Heav'n forbend.

War. No longer Earl of *March*, but Duke of *York*:
The next degree is *England's* Royal Throne:
For King of *England* shalt thou be proclaim'd.
In every Borough as we pass along,
And he that throws not up his Cap for Joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his Head.
King *Edward*, valiant *Richard*, *Montague*,
Stay we no longer, dreaming of *Renown*,
But sound the Trumpets, and about our Task.

Rich. Then *Clifford*, were thy Heart as hard as Steel,
As thou hast shewn it flinty by thy Deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up Drums, God and St. *George* for us.

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? What News?

Mes. The Duke of *Norfolk* sends you word by me,
The Queen is coming with a puissant Host,
And craves your Company for speedy Counsel.

War. Why then it sorts, brave Warriors let's away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter King Henry, the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland,
and the Prince of Wales, with Drums and Trumpets.*

Queen. Welcome, my Lord, to this brave Town of *York*,
Yonder's the Head of that Arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompass't with your Crown.
Doth not the Object cheer your Heart, my Lord?

K. Henry. Ay, as the Rocks cheer them that fear their
To see this sight it irks my very Soul: [Wrack;
With-hold Revenge, dear God, 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my Vow.

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much Lenity

And harmless Pity must be laid aside:
 To whom do Lions cast their gentle Looks?
 Not to the Beast that would usurp their Den.
 Whose Hand is that the Forest Bear doth lick?
 Not his that spoils her young before her Face.
 Who seapes the lurking Serpent's mortal Sting?
 Not he that sets his Foot upon her Back.
 The smallest Worm will turn, being trodden on.
 And Doves will peck in safeguard of their Brood.
 Ambitious *York* did level at thy Crown,
 Thou smiling, while he knit his angry Brows.
 He but a Duke, would have his Son a King,
 And raise his Issue like a loving Sire;
 Thou being a King, blest with a goodly Son,
 Didst yield consent to disinherit him;
 Which argued thee a most unloving Father.
 Unreasonable Creatures feed their Young,
 And tho' Man's Face be fearful to their Eyes,
 Yet in Protection of their tender ones,
 Who hath not seen them even with those Wings,
 Which sometimes they have us'd with fearful flight,
 Make War with him that clim'd unto their Nest,
 Offering their own Lives in their Young's Defence?
 For Shame, my Liege, make them your President:
 Were it not pity, that this goodly Boy
 Should lose his Birth-right by his Father's Fault,
 And long hereafter say unto his Child,
 What my great Grandfather and Grandfire got,
 My careless Father fondly gave away,
 Ah, what a Shame was this? Look on the Boy,
 And let his manly Face, which promiseth
 Successful Fortune, steel thy melting Heart,
 To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.
King. Full well hath *Clifford* plaid the Orator,
 Inferring Arguments of mighty Force:
 But, *Clifford*, tell me, didst thou never hear,
 That things ill got, had ever bad Success.
 And happy always was it for that Son,
 Whose Father for his hoarding went to Hell:

I'll leave my Son my virtuous Deeds behind,
And would my Father had left me no more:
For all the rest is held at such a Rate,
As brings a thousand-fold more Care to keep,
Than in Possession any jot of Pleasure.
Ah Cousin York, would thy best Friends did know,
How it doth grieve me that thy Head is here.

Queen. My Lord, cheer up your Spirits, our Foes are nigh,
And this soft Courage makes your Followers faint:
You promis'd Knighthood to our forward Son,
Unsheath your Sword, and dub him presently.
Edward. kneel down.

King. *Edward Plantagenet*, arise a Knight,
And learn this Lesson, draw thy Sword in right.

Prince. My gracious Father, by your Kingly Leave,
I'll draw it as Apparent to the Crown,
And in that Quarrel use it to the Death.

Clif. Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royal Commanders, be in readiness,
For with a Band of thirty thousand Men
Comes *Warwick*, backing of the Duke of York.
And in the Towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him King, and many fly to him.
Darraign your Battel, they are near at hand.

Clif. I would your Highness would depart the Field,
The Queen hath best Success when you are absent.

Queen. Ay, good my Lord, and leave us to our Fortune.

K. Henry. Why that's my Fortune too, therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with Resolution then to fight.

Prince. My Royal Father, cheer these Noble Lords,
And hearten those that fight in your Defence:
Unsheath your Sword, good Father; cry *St. George*.

March. *Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, Clarence,*
Norfolk, Montague, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now perjur'd *Henry*, wilt thou kneel for Grace,
And set thy Diadem upon my Head;

Or bide the Mortal Fortune of the Field?

Queen. Go rate thy Minions, proud insulting Boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in Terms,
Before thy Sovereign, and thy lawful King?

Edw. I am his King, and he should bow his Knee;
I was adopted Heir by his Consent;
Since when, his Oath is broke: for as I hear,
You that are King, though he do wear the Crown,
Have caus'd him, by new Act of Parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own Son in.

Clif. And reason too:

Who should succeed the Father, but the Son?

Rich. Are you there, Butcher? O, I cannot speak.

Clif. Ay, Crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he, the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young *Rutland*, was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old *York*, and yet not satisfy'd.

Rich. For God's sake, Lords, give Signal to the Fight.

War. What say'st thou, *Henry*,
Wilt thou yield the Crown?

Queen. Why how now, long-tongu'd *Warwick*, dare you
When you and I met at St. *Albans* last, [speak?
Your Legs did better Service than your Hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your Valour, *Clifford*, drove me thence.

North. No, nor your Manhood that durst make you stay.

Rich. *Northumberland*, I hold thee reverently,
Break off the Parley, for scarce I can refrain
The Execution of my big-swoln Heart
Upon that *Clifford* that cruel Child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy Father, call'st thou him a Child?

Rich. Ay, like a Dastard, and a treacherous Coward,
As thou didst kill our tender Brother *Rutland*:
But ere Sun set, I'll make thee curse the Deed.

K. Henry. Have done with Words, my Lords, and hear
me speak.

Queen. Desie them then, or else hold close thy Lips.

K. Henry. I prithee give no Limits to my Tongue,

I am a King, and privileg'd to speak.

Clif. My Liege, the Wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cur'd by Words, therefore be still.

Rich. Then, Execution, re-unsheath thy Sword:
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd
That *Clifford's* Manhood lyes upon his Tongue.

Edw. Say, *Henry*, shall I have my right, or no:
A thousand Men have broke their Fasts to Day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the Crown.

War. If thou deny, their Blood upon thy Head,
For *York* in justice puts his Armour on.

Prince. If that be right, which *Warwick* says is right,
There is no Wrong, but every thing is right.

War. Who ever got thee, there thy Mother stands,
For well I wot, thou hast thy Mother's Tongue.

Queen. But thou art neither like thy Sire nor Dam,
But like a foul mishapen Stigmatick,
Mark'd by the Destinies to be avoided,
As venomous Toads, or Lizards dreadful Stings.

Rich. Iron of *Naples*, hid with *English* Gilt,
Whose Father bears the Title of a King,
(As if a Channel should be call'd the Sea)
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy Tongue detect thy base-born Heart.

Edw. A Wisp of Straw were worth a thousand Crowns,
To make this shameless Callet know her self.

Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy Husband may be *Menelaus*;
And ne'er was *Agamemnon's* Brother wrong'd
By that false Woman, as this King by thee.
His Father revell'd in the Heart of *France*,
And tam'd the King, and made the Dauphin stoop:
And had he match'd according to his State,
He might have kept that Glory to this Day.
But when he took a Beggar to his Bed,
And grac'd thy poor Sire with his Bridal Day,
Even then that Sun-shine brew'd a Shower for him,
That wash'd his Father's Fortunes forth of *France*,
And heap'd Sedition on his Crown at home:

For

For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy Pride?
 Hadst thou been meek, our Title still had slept,
 And we in Pity of the gentle King,
 Had slipt our Claim until another Age.

Cla. But when we saw our Sunshine made thy Spring;
 And that thy Summer bred us no encrease,
 We set the Ax to thy usurping Root;
 And though the Edge hath something hit our selves,
 Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike.
 We'll never leave, 'till we have hewn thee down,
 Or bath'd thee growing with our heated Bloods.

Edw. And in this Resolution I despise thee,
 Not willing any longer Conference,
 Since thou deny'st the gentle King to speak.
 Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours wave,
 And either Victory, or else a Grave.

Queen. Stay, Edward —

Edw. No, wrangling Woman, we'll no longer stay.
 These Words will cost ten thousand Lives this Day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Fore-spent with Toil, as Runners with a Race,
 I lay me down a little while to breathe:
 For Strokes receiv'd, and many Blows repaid,
 Have robb'd my strong-knit Sinews of their Strength,
 And spight of spight, needs must I rest a while.

Enter Edward running.

Edw. Smile, gentle Heav'n; or strike, ungentle Death;
 For this World frowns, and Edward's Sun is clouded.

War. How now, my Lord, what hap? What hope of good?

Enter Clarence.

Cla. Our Hap is Loss, our Hope but sad Despair,
 Our Ranks are broke, and Ruin follows us.
 What Counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

Edw.

Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with Wings,
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah *Warwick*, why hast thou withdrawn thy
self?

Thy Brother's Blood the thirsty Earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of *Clifford's* Lance:
And in the very pangs of Death he cry'd,
Like to a dismal Clangor heard from far,
Warwick, revenge; Brother, revenge my Death.
So underneath the Belly of his Steeds,
That stain'd their Fetlocks in his smoaking Blood,
The Noble Gentleman gave up the Ghost.

War. Then let the Earth be drunken with our Blood;
I'll kill my Horse because I will not fly:
Why stand we like soft-hearted Women here,
Wailing our Losses, whiles the Foe doth rage.
And look upon, as if the Tragedy
Were plaid in jest by counterfeiting Actors.
Here on my Knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
'Till either Death hath clos'd these Eyes of mine,
Or Fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O *Warwick*, I do bend my Knee with thine;
And in this Vow do chain my Soul to thine.
And ere my Knee rise from the Earth's cold Face,
I throw my Hands, mine Eyes, my Heart to thee,
Thou Setter up and Plucker down of Kings,
Beseeching thee (if with thy Will it stands
That to my Foes this Body must be prey).
Yet that thy brazen Gates of Heav'n may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful Soul.
Now Lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where-e'er it be, in Heav'n, or in Earth.

Rich. Brother,
Give me thy Hand, and gentle *Warwick*,
Let me embrace thee in my weary Arms:

I that did never weep, now melt with woe;
That Winter should cut off our Spring-time so.

War. Away, away:

Once more, sweet Lords, farewell.

Cla. Yet let us all together to our Troops;
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them Pillars that will stand to us;
And if we thrive, promise them such Rewards
As Victors wear at the *Olympian Games*.
This may plant Courage in their quailing Breasts,
For yet is hope of Life and Victory;
Fore-slow no longer, make we hence again. [*Exeunt.*]

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now, *Clifford*, I have singled thee alone,
Suppose this Arm is for the Duke of *York*,
And this for *Rutland*, both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a Brazen Wall.

Clif. Now, *Richard*, I am with thee here alone,
This is the Hand that stabb'd thy Father *York*.
And this the Hand that slew thy Brother *Rutland*,
And here's the Heart that triumphs in their Death,
And cheers these Hands that slew thy Sire and Brother,
To execute the like upon thy self,
And so have at thee.

They fight. Warwick enters, Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay *Warwick*, single out some other Chace,
For I my self will hunt this Wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarm. Enter King Henry alone.

K. Henry. This Battel fares like to the Morning's War,
When dying Clouds contend with growing Light,
What time the Shepherd blowing of his Nails,
Can neither call it perfect Day nor Night;

Now

Now sways it this way, like the self-same Sea,
 Forc'd by the Tide to combat with the Wind:
 Now sways it that way, like the self-same Sea,
 Forc'd to retire by fury of the Wind.
 Sometime, the Flood prevails, and then the Wind,
 Now, one the better, then another best,
 Both tugging to be Victors, Breast to Breast,
 Yet neither Conqueror, nor conquered;
 So is the equal poize of this fell War.
 Here on this Mole-hill will I sit me down,
 To whom God will, there be the Victory:
 For *Margaret* my Queen, and *Clifford* too
 Have chid me from the Battel, swearing both,
 They prosper best of all when I am thence.
 Would I were dead, if God's good Will were so:
 For what is in this World, but Grief and Woe?
 Oh God! methinks it were a happy Life,
 To be no better than a homely Swain,
 To sit upon a Hill, as I do now,
 To carve out Dials quaintly, Point by Point,
 Thereby to see the Minutes how they run:
 How many makes the hour full compleat,
 How many hours bring about the Day,
 How many Days will finish up the Year,
 How many Years a mortal Man may live.
 When this is known, then to divide the times:
 So many hours must I tend my Flock,
 So many hours must I take my rest,
 So many hours must I contemplate,
 So many hours must I sport my self,
 So many Days my Ewes have been with young,
 So many Weeks ere the poor Fools will Ean,
 So many Months ere I shall shear the Fleece:
 So Minutes, Hours, Days, Weeks, Months and Years,
 Past over, to the end they were created,
 Would bring white Hairs unto a quiet Grave.
 Ah! what a Life were this? how sweet, how lovely?
 Gives not the Haw-thorn Bush a sweeter shade
 To Shepherds, looking on their silly Sheep,

Than

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Than doth a rich embroider'd Canopy
To Kings, that fear their Subjects treachery?
O yes, it doth, a thousand-fold it doth,
And to conclude, the Shepherds homely Curds,
His cold thin drink out of his Leather Bottel,
His wonted sleep, under a fresh Tree's shade,
All which secure, and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a Prince's Delicates,
His Viands sparkling in a golden Cup,
His Body couched in a curious Bed,
When Care, Mistrust and Treasons wait on him:

*Alarum. Enter a Son that had kill'd his Father at one Door,
and a Father that had kill'd his Son at another Door.*

Son. Ill blows the Wind that profits no Body,
This Man whom hand to hand I slew in Fight,
May be possessed with some store of Crowns,
And I that, haply, take them from him now,
May yet, ere Night, yield both my Life and them
To some Man else, as this dead Man doth me:
Who's this? Oh God! it is my Father's Face,
Whom in this Conflict, I, unawares, have kill'd:
Oh heavy times! begetting such Events.
From London, by the King was I prest forth,
My Father being the Earl of Warwick's Man
Came on the part of York, prest by his Master:
And I, who at his Hands receiv'd my Life,
Have by my Hands of Life bereaved him:
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did;
And pardon, Father, for I knew not thee;
My Tears shall wipe away these bloody Marks:
And no more Words, 'till they have flow'd their fill:

K. Henry. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whiles Lions War, and Battel for their Dens,
Poor harmless Lambs abide their Enmity.
Weep, wretched Man, I'll aid thee Tear for Tear,
And let our Hearts and Eyes, like civil War,
Be blind with Tears, and break o'er-charg'd with Orief.

Enter

Enter a Father, bearing of his Son,

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy Gold, if thou hast any Gold:
For I have bought it with an hundred Blows.
But let me see: Is this our Foe-man's Face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is my only Son.
Ah Boy, if any Life be left in thee,
Throw up thine Eye; see, see, what showers arise,
Blown with the windy Tempest of my Heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine Eye and Heart.
O pity, God, this miserable Age!
What stratagems? how fell? how butcherly?
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget;
O Boy! thy Father gave thee Life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy Life too late. [grief;

K. Henry. Woe above woe; grief, more than common
O that my Death would stay these rueful deeds:
O pity, pity, gentle Heaven, pity.

The red Rose and the white are on his Face,
The fatal Colours of our striving Houses.
The one his purple Blood, right well resembles,
The other his pale Cheek, methinks, presenteth:
Wither one Rose, and let the other flourish;
If you contend, a thousand Lives must wither.

Son. How will my Mother, for a Father's Death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfy'd?

Fath. How will my Wife, for slaughter of my Son,
Shed Seas of Tears, and ne'er be satisfy'd?

K. Henry. How will the Country, for these woful chances,
Misthink the King, and not be satisfy'd?

Son. Was ever Son so rew'd a Father's Death?

Fath. Was ever Father so bemoan'd his Son?

K. Henry. Was ever King so griev'd for Subjects woe?
Much is your Sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

Fath. These Arms of mine shall be thy Winding-sheet,
My Heart, sweet Boy, shall be thy Sepulcher,

For

For from my Heart thine Image ne'er shall go.
 My fighting Breast shall be thy Funeral Bell:
 And so obsequious will thy Father be,
 Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
 As Priam was for all his valiant Sons.
 I'll bear thee hence, and let them fight that will,
 For I have murder'd where I should not kill. [Exit.

K. Henry. Sad-hearted Men, much overgone with Care;
 Here sits a King, more woful than you are.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the Queen, Prince of Wales, and Exeter.

Princa. Fly, Father, fly; for all your Friends are fled;
 And Warwick rages like a chafed Bull:
 Away, for Death doth hold us in pursuit.

Queen. Mount you my Lord, towards Berwick post a-
 main:

Edward and Richard like a brace of Grey-hounds,
 Having the fearful flying Hare in sight,
 With fiery Eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
 And bloody Steel grasp'd in their ireful Hands,
 Are at our backs, and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away; for vengeance comes along with them.
 Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed.
 Or else come after, I'll away before.

K. Henry. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter;
 Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
 Whither the Queen intends. Forward, away. [Exeunt.

A loud Alarum. Enter Clifford wounded.

Clif. Here burns my Candle out; ay, here it dies,
 Which whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.
 O Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,
 More than my Body's parting with my Soul:
 My Love and Fear glew'd many Friends to thee, [Falling.
 And now I fall, thy rough Commixtures melt,
 Impairing Henry, strengthening miss-proud York;
 And whither fly the Gnats, but to the Sun?
 And who shines now, but Henry's Enemies?

O *Phaëbus*! hadst thou never giv'n consent,
That *Phaëton* should check thy fiery Steeds,
Thy burning Car never had scorch'd the Earth.
And *Henry*. hadst thou sway'd as Kings should do,
Or as thy Father and his Father did,
Giving no ground unto the House of *York*,
They never then had sprung like Summer Flies,
I. and ten thousand in this luckless Realm,
Had left no mourning Widows for our Death,
And thou this day hadst kept thy Chair in Peace.
For what doth cherish Weeds, but gentle Air?
And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootless are Complaints, and cureless are my Wounds,
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight;
The Foe is merciless, and will not pity:
For at their Hands I have deserv'd no pity.
The Air hath got into my deadly Wounds,
And much effuse of Blood doth make me faint:
Come *York*, and *Richard*, *Warwick*, and the rest,
I stabb'd your Father's Bosom; split my Breast.

[*He faints.*]

Alarum and Retreat. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, Mountague, Clarence, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we Lords, good Fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of War with peaceful Looks:
Some Troops pursue the bloody-minded Queen,
That led calm *Henry*, though he were a King,
As doth a Sail fill'd with a fretting Gust,
Command an Argosie to stem the Waves:
But think you Lords, that *Clifford* fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:
For though before his Face I speak the Word,
Your Brother *Richard* mark'd him for the Grave;
And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead. [*Clifford groans.*]

Rich. Whose Soul is that, which takes her heavy leave?
A deadly groan, like Life and Death's departing.
See who it is.

Edw. And now the Battel's ended,

If

If Friend or Foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doom of Mercy, for 'tis *Clifford*,
Who not contented that he lopp'd the Branch
In hewing *Rutland*, when his Leaves put forth,
But set his murth'ring Knife unto the Root,
From whence that tender Spray did sweetly spring,
I mean our Princely Father, Duke of *York*.

War. From off the Gates of *York* fetch down the Head,
Your Father's Head, which *Clifford* placed there:
Instead whereof, let his supply the room.
Measure for Measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal Screech-owl to our House,
That nothing sung but Death to us and ours:
Now Death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boading Tongue no more shall speak.

War. I think his Understanding is bereft:
Speak *Clifford*, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
Dark cloudy Death o'er-shades his Beams of Life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us, what we say.

Rich. O would he did; and so, perhaps, he doth,
'Tis but his Policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of Death he gave our Father.

Cla. If so thou think'st,
Vex him with eager words.

Rich. *Clifford*, ask Mercy, and obtain no Grace.

Edw. *Clifford*, repent in bootless Penitence.

War. *Clifford*, devise Excuses for thy Faults.

Cla. While we devise fell Tortures of thy Faults.

Rich. Thou didst love *York*, and I am Son to *York*,

Edw. Thou pitied'st *Rutland*. I will pity thee,

Cla. Where's Captain *Margaret*, to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, *Clifford*,
Swear, as thou wast wont.

Rich. What, not an Oath! Nay, then the World goes hard,
When *Clifford* cannot spare his Friends an Oath:
I know by that he's dead, and by my Soul,
If this right Hand would buy but two hours Life,
That I, in all despight, might rail at him,

This

This hand should chop it off ; and with the issuing Blood
Stifle the Villain, whose unstanch'd thirst
York, and young Rutland, could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead. Off with the Traitor's Head,
And rear it in the place your Father's stands,
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's Royal King:
From whence shall Warwick cut the Sea to France,
And ask the Lady Bona for thy Queen.
So shalt thou sinew both these Lands together,
And having France thy Friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd Foe, that hopes to rise again:
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buz to offend thine Ears:
First will I see the Coronation,
And then to Britany I'll cross the Sea,
To effect this Marriage, so it please my Lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For on thy Shoulder do I build my Seat.

And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy Counsel and Consent is wanting.

Richard, I will create thee Duke of Glo'ster,
And George of Clarence; Warwick as our self
Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Glo'ster,
For Glo'ster's Dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish Observation:

Richard, be Duke of Glo'ster: Now to London,
To see these honours in possession.

[Exeunt.]

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Sinklo, and Humphry, with Cross-Bows in their Hands.

Sink. **U**nder this thick grown brake we'll shrowd our selves;

For through this Laund anon the Deer will come,
And in this Covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the Deer.

Hum. I'll stay above the Hill, so both may shoot.

Sink. That cannot be, the noise of thy Cross-bow
Will scare the Herd, and so my shoot is lost:
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best,
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befel me on a Day,

In this self-place, where now we mean to stand.

Sink. Here comes a Man, let's stay 'till he be past.

Enter King Henry with a Prayer-Book.

K. Henry. From Scotland am I stol'n even of pure Love,
To greet mine own Land with my wishful Sight:
No Harry, Harry, 'tis no Land of thine,
Thy place is fill'd, thy Scepter wrung from thee,
Thy Balm washt off wherewith thou wast anointed,
No bending Knee will call thee *Cesar* now,
No humble Sutors press to speak for right:
No, not a Man comes for redress to thee;
For how can I help them, and not my self?

Sink. Ay, here's a Deer, whose Skin's a Keeper's Fee:
This is the *quondam* King, let's seize upon him.

K. Henry. Let me embrace the four Adversaries,
For wise Men say, it is the wisest Course.

Hum. Why linger we? let us lay Hands upon him.

Sink. Forbear a while, we'll hear a little more.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. My Queen and Son are gone to *France* for aid:

And, as I hear, the great commanding *Warwick*
Is thither gone, to crave the *French King's* Sister
To Wife for *Edward*. If this news be true,
Poor Queen, and Son, your labour is but lost:
For *Warwick* is a subtle Orator;
And *Lewis* a Prince soon won with moving Words:
By this account then *Margaret* may win him,
For she's a Woman to be pitied much:
Her Sighs will make a batt'ry in his Breast,
Her Tears will pierce into a Marble Heart:
The Tyger will be mild, whiles she doth mourn;
And *Nero* will be tainted with remorse,
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish Tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg, *Warwick* to give:
She on his left side craving Aid for *Henry*;
He on his right, asking a Wife for *Edward*.
She weeps, and says, her *Henry* is depos'd;
He smiles, and says, his *Edward* is install'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more:
Whiles *Warwick* tells his Title, smoothes the Wrong,
Inferreth Arguments of mighty Strength,
And in conclusion wins the King from her,
With promise of his Sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King *Edward's* Place.
O *Margaret*, thus 'twill be, and thou (poor Soul)
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

Hum. Say, what art thou that talk'st of Kings, and Queens?

K. Henry. More than I seem, and less than I was born to;
A Man at least, for less I should not be;
And Men may talk of Kings, and why not I?

Hum. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a King.

K. Henry. Why so I am, in Mind, and that's enough.

Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crown?

K. Henry. My Crown is in my Heart, not on my Head:
Not deck'd with Diamonds, and *Indian* Stones;
Not to be seen: My Crown is call'd *Content*,

A Crown it is that seldom Kings enjoy.

Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content,
Your Crown Content, and you, must be contented
To go along with us. For, as we think,
You are the King, King *Edward* hath depos'd:
And we his Subjects, sworn in all Allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his Enemy.

K. Henry. But did you never swear, and break an Oath?

Hum. No, never such an Oath, nor will not now.

K. Henry. Where did you dwell when I was King of
England?

Hum. Here in this Country, where we now remain.

K. Henry. I was anointed King at nine Months old,
My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings;
And you were sworn true Subjects unto me:
And tell me then, have you not broke your Oaths?

Sink. No, for we were Subjects but while you were a
King.

K. Henry. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a Man?
Ah simple Men, you know not what you swear:
Look, as I blow this Feather from my Face,
And as the Air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my Wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the Lightness of you common Men.
But do not break your Oath, for of that Sin
My mild intreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the King shall be commanded,
And be you Kings, command, and I'll obey.

Sink. We are true Subjects to the King,
King *Edward*.

K. Henry. So would you be again to *Henry*,
If he were seated as King *Edward* is.

Sink. We charge you in God's Name and in the King's
To go with us unto the Officers.

K. Henry. In God's Name lead, your King's Name be
obey'd,

And

And what God will, that let your King perform,
And, what he will, I humbly yield unto. [Exeunt.

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Lady Gray:

K. Edw. Brother of Glo'ster, at St. Alban's Field
This Lady's Husband, Sir Richard Gray, was slain,
His Land then seiz'd on by the Conqueror:
Her suit is now, to repossess those Lands,
Which we in Justice cannot well deny.
Because in quarrel of the House of York,
The worthy Gentleman did lose his Life.

Glo. Your Highness shall do well to grant her Suit:
It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

Glo. Yea! is it so?

I see the Lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the King will grant her humble Suit.

Clar. He knows the Game, how true he keeps the
Wind?

Glo. Silence.

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your Suit,
And come, some other time, to know our Mind.

Gray. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brook delay,
May it please your Highness to resolve me now.
And what your Pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

Glo. Ay, Widow! then I'll warrant you all your Lands,
And if what pleases him, shall please you:
Fight closer, or good faith you'll catch a Blow.

Clar. I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

Glo. God forbid that, for he'll take vantage.

K. Edw. How many Children hast thou, Widow?
tell me.

Clar. I think he means to beg a Child of her.

Glo. Nay then whip me; he'll rather give her two.

Gray. Three, my most gracious Lord.

Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.

K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their Father's
Lands.

Gray. Be pitiful, dread Lord, and grant it then.

- K. Edw. Lords, give us leave, I'll try this Widow's wit.
 Glo. Ay, good leave have you, for you will have leave,
 Till Youth take leave, and leave you to the Crutch.
 K. Edw. Now tell me, Madam, do you love your Children?
 Gray. Ay, full as dearly as I love my self.
 K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?
 Gray. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.
 K. Edw. Then get your Husband's Lands, to do them good.
 Gray. Therefore I came unto your Majesty.
 K. Edw. I'll tell you how these Lands are to be got.
 Gray. So shall you bind me to your Highness Service.
 K. Edw. What Service wilt thou do me, if I give them?
 Gray. What you command that rests in me to do.
 K. Edw. But you will take Exceptions to my Boon.
 Gray. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot do it.
 K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.
 Gray. Why then I will do what your Grace commands.
 Glo. He plies her hard, and much Rain wears the Marble.
 Clar. As red as fire! nay, then her Wax must melt.
 Gray. Why stops my Lord? Shall I not hear my Task?
 K. Edw. An easie Task, 'tis but to love a King.
 Gray. That's soon perform'd, because I am a Subject.
 K. Edw. Why then, thy Husband's Lands I freely give thee.
 Gray. I take my leave with many thousand Thanks.
 Glo. The match is made, she seals it with a Curtsie.
 K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of Love I mean.
 Gray. The fruits of Love, I mean, my loving Liege.
 K. Edw. Ay, but I fear me in another sense.
 What Love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?
 Gray. My Love'till Death, my humble Thanks, my Prayers.
 That Love which Virtue begs, and Virtue grants.
 K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such Love.
 Gray. Why then you mean not as I thought you did.
 K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my Mind.
 Gray. My Mind will never grant what I perceive.
 Your Highness aims at, if I aim aright.
 K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lye with thee.
 Gray. To tell you plain, I had rather lye in Prison.

K. Edw.

K. Edw. Why then thou shalt not have thy Husband's Lands.

Gray. Why then mine Honesty shall be my Dower, For by that Loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy Children mightily.

Gray. Herein your Highness wrongs both them and me:

But, mighty Lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my Suit;
Please you dismiss me, either with Ay, or No.

K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt say Ay to my request;
No; if thou dost say No to my demand.

Gray. Then No, my Lord; my Suit is at an end.

Glo. The Widow likes him not, she knits her Brows.

Clar. He is the bluntest Wooer in Christendom.

K. Edw. Her Looks do argue her repleat with Modesty,
Her Words do shew her Wit incomparable,
All her Perfections challenge Sovereignty,
One way or other she is for a King,
And she shall be my Love, or else my Queen.
Say, that King Edward take thee for his Queen?

Gray. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious Lord;
I am a Subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a Sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet Widow, by my State I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my Soul intends,
And that is, to enjoy thee for my Love.

Gray. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know I am too mean to be your Queen,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, Widow, I did mean my Queen.

Gray. 'Twill grieve your Grace, my Sons shall call you
Father.

K. Edw. No more than when my Daughters call thee
Mother.

Thou art a Widow, and thou hast some Children,
And by God's Mother, I being but a Batchelor,
Have other some. Why, 'tis a happy thing,
To be the Father unto many Sons:

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my Queen.

Glo. The Ghostly Father now hath done his Shrift.

Clar. When he was made a Shriver, it was for a shift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what Chat we two have had.

Glo. The Widow likes it not, for she looks sad.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange, if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my Lord?

K. Edw. Why *Clarence*, to my self.

Glo. That would be ten days wonder at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a Wonder lasts.

Glo. By so much is the Wonder in extreams.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, Brothers, I can tell you both,
Her Suit is granted for her Husband's Lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious Lord, *Henry* your Foe is taken,
And brought your Prisoner to your Palace Gate.

K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:

And go we Brothers, to the Man that took him,

To question of his Apprehension.

Widow, go you along: Lords, use her honourably.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manet Gloucester.

Glo. Ay, *Edward* will use Women honourably.
Would he were wasted, Marrow, Bones, and all,
That from his Loins no hopeful Branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for:
And yet, between my Soul's desire and me,
The lustful *Edward's* Title buried,
Is *Clarence*, *Henry*, and his Son young *Edward*,
And all the unlook'd for Issue of their Bodies,
To take their Rooms ere I can place my self:
A cold premeditation for my purpose.
Why then I do but dream on Sovereignty,
Like one that stands upon a Promontory,
And spys a far-off shore, where he would tread,
Wishing his Foot were equal with his Eye,
And chides the Sea that sunders him from thence,

Saying,

Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the Crown, being so far off,
And so I chide the means that keep me from it,
And so (I say) I'll cut the Causes off,
Flattering me with Impossibilities:
My Eye's too quick, my Heart o'er-weens too much,
Unless my Hand and Strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no Kingdom then for *Richard*:
What other pleasure can the World afford?
I'll make my Heaven in a Lady's lap,
And deck my Body in gay Ornaments,
And 'witch sweet Ladies with my Words and Looks.
Oh miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty Golden Crowns.
Why, Love forswore me in my Mother's Womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft Laws,
She did corrupt frail Nature with some Bribe,
To shrink mine Arm like to a wither'd shrub,
To make an envious Mountain on my Back,
Where fits Deformity to mock my Body;
To shape my Legs of an unequal size,
To disproportion me in every part:
Like to a Chans, or unlick'd Bear whelp
That carries no impression like the Dam.
And am I then a Man to be belov'd?
Oh monstrous Fault, to harbour such a Thought.
Then since this Earth affords no Joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'er-bear such
As are of better Person than my self;
I'll make my Heaven to dream upon the Crown,
And whiles I live t'account this World but Hell,
Until my mis-shap'd Trunk that bears this Head,
Be round impaled with a glorious Crown.
And yet I know not how to get the Crown,
For many Lives stand between me and home:
And I, like one lost in a thorny Wood,
That rents the Thorns and is rent with the Thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open Air,

But toiling desperately to find it out,
 Torment my self to catch the *English* Crown;
 And from that torment I will free my self,
 Or hew my way out with a bloody Ax.
 Why I can smile, and murder whiles I smile;
 And cry, Content, to that which grieves my Heart;
 And wet my Cheeks with artificial Tears,
 And frame my Face to all Occasions.
 I'll drown more Sailors than the Mermaid shall,
 I'll slay more Gazers than the Basilisk,
 I'll play the Orator as well as *Nestor*,
 Deceive more slyly than *Ulysses* could,
 And like a *Sison*, take another *Troy*.
 I can add Colours to the Camelion,
 Change shapes with *Proteus* for Advantages,
 And set the murderous *Matchevil* to School.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a Crown?
 Tut, were't farther off, I'll pluck it down. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Flourish. Enter King Lewis, Bona, Bourbon, Prince of Wales, Queen Margaret, and the Earl of Oxford. Lewis sits, and riseth up again.

K. Lew. Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
 Sit down with us; it ill befits thy State,
 And Birth, that thou should'st stand, whiles Lewis sits.

Queen. No, mighty King of France; now Margaret
 Must strike her Sail, and learn a while to serve,
 Where Kings command. I was, I must confess,
 Great Albion's Queen, in former golden Days;
 But now mischance hath trod my Title down,
 And with dishonour laid me on the Ground,
 Where I must take like seat unto my Fortune,
 And to my humble seat conform my self.

K. Lew. Why say, fair Queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Queen.

Queen. From such a cause as fills mine Eyes with
Tears,

And stops my Tongue, while my Heart's drown'd in Cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thy self,
And sit thee by our side. [Seats her by him.]

Yield not thy Neck to Fortune's yolk,
But let thy dauntless Mind still ride in triumph
Over all mischance.

Be plain, *Queen Margaret*, and tell thy Grief,
It shall be eas'd, if *France* can yield Relief.

Queen. Those gracious Words revive my drooping
Thoughts,

And give my Tongue-ty'd Sorrows leave to speak.

Now therefore be it known to Noble *Lewis*,

That *Henry*, sole possessor of my Love,

Is, of a King, become a banish'd Man,

And forc'd to live in *Scotland* a Forlorn;

While proud ambitious *Edward*, Duke of *York*,

Uturps the Regal Title, and the Seat

Of *England's* true anointed lawful King.

This is the Cause that I, poor *Margaret*,

With this my Son Prince *Edward*, *Henry's* Heir,

Am come to crave thy just and lawful Aid:

And if thou fail us, all our hope is done,

Scotland hath Will to help, but cannot help:

Our People, and our Peers, are both misled,

Our Treasure seiz'd, our Soldiers put to flight,

And, as thou seest, our selves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned *Queen*, with patience calm the
Storm,

While we bethink a means to break it off.

Queen. The more we stay, the stronger grows our Foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Queen. O, but impatience waiteth on true Sorrow.
And ice where comes the Breeder of my Sorrow.

Enter Warwick.

K. Lew. What's he approacheth boldly to our Presence?

R 4

Queen.

Queen. Our Earl of *Warwick*, *Edward's* greatest Friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave *Warwick*, what brings thee to *France*? [He descends. She ariseth.]

Queen. Ay, now begins a second Storm to rise,
For this is he that moves both Wind and Tide.

War. From worthy *Edward*, King of *Albion*,
My Lord and Sovereign, and thy vowed Friend,
I come (in Kindness and unfeigned Love)
First to do greetings to thy Royal Person,
And then to crave a League of Amity;
And lastly, to confirm that Amity
With Nuptial Knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady *Bona*, thy fair Sister,
To *England's* King in lawful Marriage.

Queen. If that go forward, *Henry's* hope is done.

War. And gracious Madam, [Speaking to *Bona*.]
In our King's behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your Hand, and with my Tongue
To tell the passion of my Sovereign's Heart;
Where Fame, late entring at his heedful Ears,
Hath plac'd thy Beauty's Image, and thy Virtue.

Queen. King *Lewis*, and Lady *Bona*, hear me speak,
Before you answer *Warwick*. His demand
Springs not from *Edward's* well-meant honest Love,
But from Deceit, bred by Necessity:
For how can Tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great Alliance?
To prove him Tyrant, this reason may suffice,
That *Henry* liveth still; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince *Edward* stands, King *Henry's* Son.
Look therefore *Lewis*, that by this League and Marriage
Thou draw not on thy Danger and Dishonour:
For tho' Usurpers sway the Rule a while,
Yet Heavens are just, and Time suppresseth Wrongs.

War. Injurious *Margaret*.

Prince. And why not *Queen*.

War. Because thy Father *Henry* did usurp.

And

And thou no more art Prince than she is Queen.

Oxf. Then *Warwick* disanuls great *John* of *Gaunt*,
Which did subdue the greatest part of *Spain*;
And after *John* of *Gaunt*, *Henry* the Fourth,
Whose Wisdom was a Mirror to the wisest;
And after that wise Prince, *Henry* the Fifth,
Who by his Prowess conquered all *France*:
From these our *Henry* lineally descends.

War. *Oxford*, how haps it in this smooth Discourse,
You told not, how *Henry* the Sixth hath lost
All that, which *Henry* the Fifth had gotten;
Methinks these Peers of *France* should smile at that.
But for the rest; you tell a Pedigree
Of threescore and two Years, a silly time
To make prescription for a Kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why *Warwick*, canst thou speak against thy Liege
Whom thou obey'dst thirty and six Years,
And not bewray thy Treason with a blush?

War. Can *Oxford*, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falshood with a Pedigree?
For shame leave *Henry*, and call *Edward* King.

Oxf. Call him my King, by whose injurious doom
My elder Brother, the Lord *Aubrey Vere*
Was done to Death? and more than so, my Father,
Even in the downfal of his mellow'd Years,
When Nature brought him to the door of Death?
No *Warwick*, no; while Life upholds this Arm,
This Arm upholds the House of *Lancaster*.

War. And I the House of *York*.

K. Lew. Queen *Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and *Oxford*
Vouchsafe at our request, to stand aside,
While I use farther Conference with *Warwick*.

[*They stand aloof.*]

Queen. Heavens grant that *Warwick's* Words bewitch
him not.

K. Lew. Now *Warwick*, tell me even upon thy Conscience.
Is *Edward* your true King? for I were loth
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my Credit, and mine Honour.

R 5

K. Lew.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the People's Eyes?

War. The more, that *Henry* was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then further; all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth, the measure of his love
Unto our Sister *Bona*.

War. Such it seems,
As may beseem a Monarch like himself:
My self have often heard him say and swear,
That this his Love was an external Plant,
Whereof the Root was fix'd in Virtue's ground,
The Leaves and Fruit maintain'd with Beauty's Sun,
Exempt from Envy, but not from Disdain,
Unless the Lady *Bona* quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now Sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine.
Yet I confess, that often ere this Day,

[*Speaks to Warwick.*

When I have heard your King's desert recounted,
Mine Ear hath tempted Judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then *Warwick*, this:
Our Sister shall be *Edward's*.

And now forthwith shall Articles be drawn,
Touching the Jointure that your King must make,
Which with her Dowry shall be counterpois'd,
Draw near, Queen *Margaret*, and be a witness,
That *Bona* shall be Wife to th' *English* King.

Prince. To *Edward*, but not to the *English* King.

Queen. Deceitful *Warwick*, it was thy device,
By this Alliance to make void my Suit;
Before thy coming, *Lewis* was *Henry's* Friend.

K. Lew. And still is Friend to him and *Margaret*;
But if your Title to the Crown be weak,
As may appear by *Edward's* good Success;
Then 'tis but reason that I be releas'd
From giving Aid, which late I promised.

Yet shall you have all kindness at my Hand,
That your Estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. *Henry* now lives in *Scotland* at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.

And

And as for you your self, our *quondam* Queen,
You have a Father able to maintain you,
And better it were you troubled him, than *France*.

Queen. Peace impudent and shameless *Warwick*, peace,
Proud setter up and puller down of Kings
I will not hence, 'till with my Talk and Tears
(Both full of Truth) I make King *Lewis* behold
Thy sly Conveyance, and thy Lord's false Love.

[*Post blowing a Horn within.*]

For both of you are Birds of self-same Feather.

K. Lew. *Warwick*, this is some Post to us, or thee.

Enter a Post.

Post. My Lord Ambassador,
These Letters are for you; [To *Warwick*.]
Sent from your Brother, *Marquess Montague*.
These from our King unto your Majesty. [To *K. Lew.*
And Madam, these for you, [To the *Queen*,
From whom I know not. [They all read their Letters.

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair Queen and Mistress
Smiles at her News, while *Warwick* frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how *Lewis* stamps as he were net-
tled.
I hope all's for the best.

K. Lew. *Warwick*, what are thy News?
And yours, fair Queen?

Queen. Mine such as fills my Heart with unhop'd
Joys.

War. Mine full of Sorrow, and Heart's Discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your King Married the Lady *Gray*?
And now, to sooth your Forgery and his,
Sends me a Paper to perswade me Patience?
Is this Alliance that he seeks with *France*?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Queen. I told your Majesty as much before;
This proveth *Edward's* Love, and *Warwick's* Honesty.

War. King *Lewis*, I herè protest in sight of Heav'n,
And by the hope I have of Heav'nly Bliss,

That

That I am clear from this Misdeed of *Edward's*;
 No more my King; for he dishonours me,
 But most himself, if he could see his Shame.
 Did I forget, that by the House of *York*
 My Father came untimely to his Death?
 Did I let pass th' abuse done to my Niece?
 Did I impale him with the Regal Crown?
 Did I put *Henry* from his Native Right?
 And am I guerdon'd at the last with Shame?
 Shame on himself, for my Desert is Honour.
 And to repair my Honour lost for him,
 I here renounce him, and return to *Henry*.
 My Noble Queen, let former grudges pass,
 And henceforth I am thy true Servitor:
 I will revenge his wrong to Lady *Bona*,
 And replant *Henry* in his former state.

Queen. Warwick,

These Words have turn'd my Hate to Love,
 And I forgive, and quite forget old Faults,
 And Joy that thou becom'st King *Henry's* Friend.

War. So much his Friend, ay, his unfeigned Friend,
 That if King *Lewis* vouchsafe to furnish us
 With some few Bands of chosen Soldiers,
 I'll undertake to Land them on our Coast,
 And force the Tyrant from his Seat by War.
 'Tis not his new-made Bride shall succour him:
 And as for *Clarence*, as my Letters tell me,
 He's very likely now to fall from him,
 For matching more for wanton Lust than Honour,
 Or than for strength and safety of our Country.

Bona. Dear Brother, how shall *Bona* be reveng'd,
 But by thy help to this distressed Queen?

Queen. Renowned Prince, how shall poor *Henry* live,
 Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel, and this *English* Queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair Lady *Bona*, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and *Margaret's*.
 Therefore at last, I firmly am resolv'd
 You shall have Aid.

Queen.

Queen. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then *England's* Messenger, return in Post,
And tell false *Edward*, thy supposed King,
That *Lewis* of *France*, is sending over Maskers
To revel it with him, and his new Bride.
Thou seest what's past, go fear thy King withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a Widower
shortly,
I wear the Willow Garland for his sake.

Queen. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put Armor on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll Uncrown him e'er't be long.
There's thy Reward, be gone. [Exit Post,

K. Lew. But *Warwick*,
Thou and *Oxford*, with five thousand Men
Shall cross the Seas, and bid false *Edward* Battel:
And as occasion serves, this Noble Queen
And Prince shall follow with a fresh Supply.
Yet e'er thou go, but answer me one doubt:
What Pledge have we of thy firm Loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant Loyalty,
That if our Queen and this young Prince agree,
I'll join my eldest Daughter, and my Joy,
To him forthwith, in holy Wedlock Bands.

Queen. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your Motion.
Son *Edward*, she is Fair and Virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy Hand to *Warwick*,
And with thy Hand, thy Faith irrevocable,
That only *Warwick's* Daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it,
And here to pledge my Vow, I give my Hand.

[He gives his Hand to Warwick:

K. Lew. Why stay we now? these Soldiers shall be levy'd,
And thou Lord *Bourbon*, our High Admiral,
Shall waft them over with our Royal Fleet.
I long 'till *Edward* fall by War's Mischance,
For mocking Marriage with a Dame of *France*.

[Exeunt. *Manet* Warwick:
War,

War. I came from *Edward* as Ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal Foe:
Matters of Marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful War shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I, shall turn his Jest to Sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the Crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity *Henry's* Misery,
But seek Revenge on *Edward's* Mockery.



ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Gloucester, Clarence, Somerset and Montague.

Glo. NOW tell me, Brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new Marriage with the Lady Gray?
Hath not our Brother made a worthy Choice?

Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France,
How could he stay 'till Warwick made return?

Som. My Lords, forbear this talk: Here comes the King.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Lady Gray as Queen, Pembroke, Stafford, and Hastings: Four stand on one side
and four on the other.

Glo. And his well-chosen Bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. Edw. Now, Brother of Clarence,
How like you our Choice,
That you stand pensive as half Malecontent?

Clar. As well as Lewis of France,
Or the Earl of Warwick,
Which are so weak of Courage, and in Judgment,
That they'll take no Offence at our Abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take Offence without a Cause:
They are but Lewis and Warwick, I am Edward,
Your King and Warwick's, and must have my Will.

Glo. And you shall have your Will, because our King.
Yet hasty Marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yes, Brother Richard, are you offended too?

Glo. Not I; no:
God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together.
Ay, and 'twere pity to sunder them,
That yolk so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your Scorns, and your Mislike aside,
Tell me some Reason, why the Lady Gray
Should not become my Wife, and England's Queen?

And

And you too, *Somerſet* and *Mountague*,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is my Opinion;
That King *Lewis* becomes your Enemy,
For mocking him about the Marriage
Of the Lady *Bona*.

Glo. And *Warwick*, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now diſhonoured by this new Marriage.

K. Edw. What, if both *Lewis* and *Warwick* be, ap-
peas'd,
By ſuch invention as I can deviſe?

Mont. Yet to have join'd with *France* in ſuch Al-
liance,
Would more have ſtrength'n'd this our Commonwealth,
'Gainſt foreign Storms, than any home-bred Marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not *Montague* that of it ſelf
England is ſafe, if true within it ſelf?

Mont. Yes, but the ſafer, when 'tis back'd with
France.

Hast. 'Tis better uſing *France*, than truſting *France*.
Let us be back'd with God, and with the Seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their Helps only defend our ſelves:
In them, and in our ſelves, our Safety lyes.

Clar. For this one Speech, Lord *Hastings* well deſerves
To have the Heir of the Lord *Hungerford*.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my Will and Grant,
And for this once my Will ſhall ſtand for Law.

Glo. And yet methinks your Grace hath not done well,
To give the Heir and Daughter of Lord *Scales*
Unto the Brother of your loving Bride;
She better would have fitted me or *Clarence*;
But in your Bride you bury Brotherhood.

Clar. Or elſe you would not have beſtow'd the Heir
Of the Lord *Bonvill*, on your new Wife's Son,
And leave your Brothers to go ſpeed elſewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor *Clarence*; is it for a Wife
That thou art Malecontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In chuſing for your ſelf,
You

You shew'd your Judgment;
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the Broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, *Edward* will be King;
And not be ty'd unto his Brother's Will.

L. Gray. My Lords, before it pleas'd his Majesty
To raise my State to Title of a Queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess,
That I was not ignoble of Descent,
And meaner than my self have had like Fortune.
But as this Title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my Joys with Danger, and with Sorrow.

K. Edw. My Love, forbear to fawn upon their Frowns;
What Danger, or what Sorrow can befall thee,
So long as *Edward* is thy constant Friend,
And their true Sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my Hands:
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the Vengeance of my Wrath.

Glo. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Enter a Post.

K. Edw. Now Messenger, what Letters, or what News
from *France*?

Post. My Sovereign Liege, no Letters, and few Words,
But such as I (without your special Pardon)
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go too, we pardon thee:
Therefore, in brief, tell their Words;
As near as thou canst guess them.

What answer makes King *Lewis* unto our Letters?

Post. At my depart, these were his very Words;
Go tell false *Edward*, thy supposed King,
That *Lewis* of *France* is sending over Maskers,
To revel it with him, and his new Bride.

K. Edw. Is *Lewis* so brave? belike he thinks me *Henry*.

But

But what said Lady *Bona* to my Marriage?

Post. These were her Words, utter'd with mild Disdain:

Tell him, in hope he'll prove a Widower shortly,
I'll wear the Willow Garland for his sake.

K. Edw. I blame not her. She could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said *Henry's* Queen?
For so I heard that she was there in place.

Post. Tell him (quoth she)

My mourning Weeds are done,
And I am ready to put Armour on.

K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the *Amazon*,
But what said *Warwick* to these Injuries?

Post. He, more incens'd against your Majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these Words;
Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him e'er't be long.

K. Edw. Ha? durst the Traitor breath out so proud
Words?

Well, I will arm me, being thus fore-warn'd:
They shall have Wars, and pay for their Presumption,
But say, is *Warwick* Friends with *Margaret*?

Post. Ay; gracious Sovereign,
They are so link'd in Friendship,
The young Prince *Edward* marries *Warwick's* Daughter.

Clar. Belike the elder;
Clarence will have the younger.

Now Brother King farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to *Warwick's* other Daughter,
That though I want a Kingdom, yet in Marriage
I may not prove inferior to your self.
You that love me, and *Warwick*, follow me.

[Exit *Clarence*, and *Somerfet* follows,

Glo. Not I:

My Thoughts aim at a further Matter:
I stay not for the love of *Edward*, but the Crown. [Aside.

K. Edw. *Clarence* and *Somerfet* both gone to *Warwick*?
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desperate Case!

Pembroke

Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy Men, and make prepare for War;
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
My self in Person will straight follow you.

[*Ex. Pembroke and Stafford.*]

But ere I go, *Hastings* and *Montague*
Resolve my doubt, you twain of all the rest
Are near to *Warwick*, by Blood and by Alliance:
Tell me, if you love *Warwick* more than me;
If it be so, then both depart to him:
I rather wish you Foes than hollow Friends.
But if you mind to hold your true Obedience,
Give me Assurance with some friendly Vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mon. So God help *Montague*, as he proves true.

Hast. And *Hastings*, as he favours *Edward's* Cause.

K. Edw. Now, Brother *Richard*, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why so; then am I sure of Victory.

Now therefore let us hence, and lose no hour,
'Till we meet *Warwick*, with his Foreign Power. [*Exo.*]

Enter Warwick and Oxford in England, with French Soldiers.

War. Trust me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well,
The common People by numbers swarm to us.

Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But see where *Somerset* and *Clarence* come;
Speak suddenly, my Lords, are we all Friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my Lord.

War. Then gentle *Clarence*, welcome unto *Warwick*,
And welcome *Somerset*: I hold it Cowardize,
To rest mistrustful, where a Noble Heart
Hath pawn'd an open Hand in sign of Love.
Else might I think, that *Clarence*, *Edward's* Brother,
Were but a feigned Friend to our Proceedings.
But welcome sweet *Clarence*, my Daughter shall be thine:
And now, what rests? but in Night's Coverture,

Thy

Thy Brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His Soldiers lurking in the Town about,
And but attended by a simple Guard,
We may surprize and take him at our Pleasure.
Our Scouts have found the Adventure very easie:

That as *Ulysses*, and stout *Diomedes*
With flight and manhood stole to *Rhesus*' Tents,
And brought from thence the *Thracian* fatal Steeds;
So we, well covered with the Night's black Mantle,
At unawares may beat down *Edward*'s Guard,
And seize himself: I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprize him.
You that will follow me to this Attempt,
Applaud the Name of *Henry*, with your Leader.

[They all cry Henry.]

Why then, let's on our way in silent fort,
For *Warwick* and his Friends, God and Saint *George*.

[Exeunt.]

Enter the Watchmen to guard the King's Tent.

1 Watch. Come on, my Masters, each Man take his Stand.

The King by this has set him down to sleep.

2 Watch. What, will he not to Bed?

1 Watch. Why no; for he hath made a solemn Vow,
Never to lye and take his natural Rest,

'Till *Warwick* or himself be quite supprest.

2 Watch. To morrow then belike shall be the Day,
If *Warwick* be so near as Men report.

3 Watch. But say, I pray, what Nobleman is that,
That with the King here resteth in his Tent?

1 Watch. 'Tis the Lord *Hastings*, the King's chiefest Friend.

3 Watch. O, is it so; but why commands the King,
That his chief Followers lodge in Towns about him,
While he himself keeps in the cold Field?

2 Watch. 'Tis the more Honour, because the more dangerous.

3 Watch.

3 *Watch.* Ay, but give me worship and quietness,
I like it better than a dangerous Honour.
If *Warwick* knew in what Estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

1 *Watch.* Unless our Halberds did shut up his Passage.

2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we this Royal
Tent,
But to defend his Person from Night-foes?

*Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and French
Soldiers, silent all.*

War. This is his Tent, and see where stands his Guard:
Courage, my Masters: Honour now or never:
But follow me, and *Edward* shall be ours.

1 *Watch.* Who goes there?

2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

[*Warwick and the rest cry all, Warwick, Warwick, and set
upon the Guard, who fly, crying, Arms, Arms; Warwick
and the rest following them.*

The Drum beating, and Trumpets sounding.

*Enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King
out in a Gown, sitting in a Chair; Glo'ster and Hastings
flying over the Stage.*

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard and Hastings, let them go, here is the
Duke.

K. Edw. The Duke!

Why *Warwick*, when we parted
Thou call'dst me King?

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd.
When you disgrac'd me in my Embassage,
Then I degraded you from being King.
And come now to create you Duke of York.
Alas, how should you govern any Kingdom,
That know not how to use Ambassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one Wife,

Nor

Nor how to use your Brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the People's Welfare,
Nor how to shrowd your self from Enemies.

K. Edw. Yea, Brother of Clarence,
Art thou here too?

Nay then I see, that *Edward* must needs down.

Yet *Warwick*, in despite of all Mischance,
Of thee thy self, and all thy Complices,

Edward will always bear himself as King:

Though Fortune's Malice overthrow my State,

My Mind exceeds the Compass of her Wheel.

War. Then for his Mind be *Edward* England's King.

[Takes off his Crown.

But *Henry* now shall wear the English Crown,

And be true King indeed; thou but a Shadow.

My Lord of *Somerset*, at my Request,

See that forthwith Duke *Edward* be convey'd

Unto my Brother Archb shop of *York*:

When I have fought with *Pembroke*, and his Fellows,

I'll follow you, and tell what answer

Lewis and the Lady *Bona* sent to him:

Now for a while farewell good Duke of *York*.

[They lead him out forcibly.

K. Edw. What Fates impose, that Men must needs abide;

It boots not to resist both Wind and Tide. [Exeunt.

Oxf. What now remains, my Lords, for us to do,

But march to *London* with our Soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do,

To free King *Henry* from Imprisonment,

And see him seated in the Regal Throne. [Exeunt.

Enter *Rivers*, and the Lady *Gray*.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

La. Gray. Why Brother *Rivers* are you yet to learn
What late Misfortunes has befalln King *Edward*?

Riv. What! loss of some pitch Battel
Against *Warwick*?

La. Gray. No, but the loss of his own Royal Person.

Riv.

Riv. Then is my Sovereign slain?

La Gray. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken Prisoner,
Either betray'd by falshood of his Guard,
Or by his Foe surpriz'd at unawares:
And as I further have to understand,
Is now committed to the Bishop of York,
Fell *Warwick's* Brother, and by that our Foe.

Riv. These News I must confess are full of Grief:
Yet gracious Madam, bear it as you may,
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the Day.

La Gray. 'Till then fair Hope must hinder Life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from Despair
For love of *Edward's* Off-spring in my Womb:
This is it that makes me bridle in my Passion,
And bear with mildness my Misfortune cross:
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a Tear,
And stop the rising of Blood-sucking Sighs,
Left with my Sighs or Tears, I blast or drown
King *Edward's* Fruit, true Heir to th' *English* Crown!

Riv. But Madam,
Where is *Warwick* then become?

La Gray. I am inform'd that he comes towards *London*,
To set the Crown once more on *Henry's* Head:
Guess thou the rest, King *Edward's* Friends must down.
But to prevent the Tyrant's Violence,
For trust not him that hath once broken Faith,
I'll hence forthwith unto the Sanctuary,
To save, at least, the Heir of *Edward's* Right;
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud:
Come therefore let us fly, while we may fly,
If *Warwick* take us, we are sure to die.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.

Glo. Now my Lord *Hastings*, and Sir *William Stanley*,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest Thicket of the Park.
Thus stands the Case; you know our King, my Brother,
Is Prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose Hands
He hath good Usage, and great Liberty,

And

And often but attended with weak Guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis'd him by secret Means,
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual Game,
He shall here find his Friends with Horse and Men,
To set him free from his Captivity.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman with him.

Hunt. This way, my Lord,
For this way lyes the Game.

K. Edw. Nay this way, Man,
See where the Huntsmen stand.
Now Brother of *Glo'ster*, Lord *Hastings* and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the Bishop's Deer?

Glo. Brother the time and case requireth haste,
Your Horse stands ready at the Park-corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To *Lyn*, my Lord,
And ship from thence to *Flanders*.

Glo. Well guest, believe me, for that was my Meaning.

K. Edw. *Stanley*, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou?
Wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then away, let's ha' no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop farewell,
Shield thee from *Warwick's* frown,
And pray that I may repossess the Crown. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Richmond, Oxford, Montague, and Lieutenant of the Tower.

K. Henry. Mr. Lieutenant, now that God and Friends
Have shaken *Edward* from the Regal Seat,
And turn'd my captive State to liberty,
My Fear to Hope, my Sorrows unto Joys,
At our Enlargement what are thy due Fees?

Lien.

Lien. Subjects may challenge nothing of their Sov:
raigns,

But, if an humble Prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your Majesty.

K. Henry. For what, Lieutenant? For well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my Imprisonment a Pleasure:
Ay, such a Pleasure, as incaged Birds
Conceive; when after many moody thoughts,
At last, by Notes of Household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of Liberty.
But *Warwick*, alter God, thou sett'st me free,
And chiefly therefore, I thank God, and thee:
He was the Author, thou the Instrument,
Therefore that I may conquer Fortune's spight,
By living low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the People of this blessed Land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting Stars,
Warwick, although my Head still wear the Crown,
I here resign my Government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy Deeds.

War. Your Grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous;
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding Fortune's Malice,
For few Men rightly temper with the Stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For chusing me, when *Clarence* is in place.

Clar. No, *Warwick*, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the Heav'ns in thy Nativity,
Adjudg'd an Olive Branch, and Lawrel Crown,
As likely to be blest in Peace and War;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I chuse *Clarence* only for Protector.

K. Henry. *Warwick* and *Clarence*, give me both your Hands:
Now join your Hands, and with your Hands, your Hearts.
That no Dissention hinder Government:
I make you both Protectors of this Land,
While I my self will lead a private Life,
And in Devotion spend my latter Days,

To fins rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers *Clarence* to his Sovereign's Will?

Clar. That he consents, if *Warwick* yield consent,
For on thy fortune I repose my self.

War. Why then, though loath, yet must I be content:

We'll yolk together, like a double shadow

To *Henry's* Body, and supply his Place;

I mean, in bearing weight of Government,

While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.

And *Clarence*, now then it is more than needful

Forthwith that *Edward* be pronounc'd a Traitor,

And all his Lands and Goods confiscated.

Clar. What else? and that Succession be determined.

War. Ay, therein *Clarence* shall not want his part.

K. Henry. But with the first, of all our chief Affairs,
Let me intreat, for I command no more,

That *Margaret* your Queen, and my Son *Edward*,

Be sent for, to return from *France* with speed:

For 'till I see them here, by doubtful fear,

My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my Sovereign, with all speed.

K. Henry. My Lord of *Somerset*, what Youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My Liege, it is young *Henry*, Earl of *Richmond*.

K. Henry. Come hither, *England's* Hope:

[Lays his Hand on his Head.]

If secret Powers suggest but truth

To my divining Thoughts,

This pretty Lad will prove our Country's bliss.

His Looks are full of peaceful Majesty,

His Head by Nature fram'd to wear a Crown,

His Hand to wield a Scepter, and himself

Likely in time to bless a Regal Throne:

Make much of him, my Lords; for this is he

Must help you more, than you are hurt by me,

Enter a Post.

War. What news, my Friend?

Post. That *Edward* is escaped from your Brother,

And

And fled, as he hears since, to *Burgundy*.

War. Unfavorly news; but how made he escape?

Post. He was convey'd by *Richard*, Duke of *Glo'ster*,
And the Lord *Hastings*, who attended him
In secret ambush, on the Forest side,
And from the Bishop's Huntsmen rescu'd him:
For Hunting was his daily Exercise.

War. My Brother was too careless of his charge.
But let us hence, my Sovereign, to provide
A Salve for any Sore; that may betide.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manet Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of *Edward's*:
For doubtless *Burgundy* will yield him help,
And we shall have more Wars before't be long.
As *Kenry's* late presaging Prophecy
Did glad my Heart, with hope of this young *Richmond*:
So doth my Heart, mis-give me, in these Conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm and ours.
Therefore, Lord *Oxford*, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to *Britany*,
'Tis storms be past of civil Enmity.

Oxf. Ay, for if *Edward* re-possess the Crown,
'Tis like that *Richmond* with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so; he shall to *Britany*.
Come therefore, let's about it speedily.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Hastings, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Now Brother *Richard*, Lord *Hastings*, and the rest;
Yet thus far Fortune maketh us amends,
And says, that once more I shall interchange
My wained State, for *Henry's* Regal Crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the Seas,
And brought desired help from *Burgundy*.
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From *Raven'spur*g Haven, before the Gates of *York*,
But that we enter, as into our Dukedom?

Glo. The Gates made fast?

Brother, I like not this.

For many Men that stumble at the Threshold,
Are well foretold, that danger lurks within.

S 2

K. Edw.

The Third Part of

K. Edw. Tush Man, abroadments must not now af-
fright us:

By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our Friends repair to us.

Hast. My Liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter on the Walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.

Mayor. My Lords,

We were fore-warned of your coming,
And shut the Gates, for safety of our selves;
For now we owe Allegiance unto *Henry*.

K. Edw. But, Master Mayor, if *Henry* be your King,
Yet *Edward*, at the least, is Duke of York.

Mayor. True, my good Lord, I know you for no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.

Glo. But when the Fox has once got in his Nose,
He'll soon find means to make the Body follow. [*Aside.*

Hast. Why, Master Mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the Gates, we are King *Henry's* Friends.

Mayor. Ay, say you so? the Gates shall then be opened.
[*He descends.*

Glo. A wise stout Captain, and soon persuaded.

Hast. The good old Man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not long of him; but being entred,
I doubt not I, but we shall soon perswade
Both him and all his Brothers, unto Reason.

Enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen.

K. Edw. So, Master Mayor; these Gates must not be shut,
But in the Night, or in the time of War.

What, fear not Man, but yield me up the Keys,

[*Takes his Keys.*

For *Edward* will defend the Town, and thee,
And all those Friends, that deign to follow me.

March. Enter Montgomery, with Drum and Soldiers.

Glo. Brother, this is Sir *John Montgomery*,
Our trusty Friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir *John*; but why come you in Arms?

Mont. To help King *Edward* in his time of storm,
As every Loyal Subject ought to do.

K. Edw.

K. Edw. Thanks, good *Montgomery*:

But we now forget our Title to the Crown,
And only claim our Dukedom,
'Till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again,
I came to serve a King, and not a Duke:
Drummes strike up, and let us March away.

[*The Drum begins a March.*]

K. Edw. Nay stay, Sir *John*, a while, and we'll debate
By what safe means the Crown may be recover'd.

Mont. What talk you of debating? in few Words,
If you'll not here proclaim your self our King,
I'll leave you to your Fortune, and be gone,
To keep them back, that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no Title?

Glo. Why Brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger,
Then we'll make our Claim:

'Till then, 'tis Wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous Wit, now Arms must rule.

Glo. And fearless Minds climb soonest unto Crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand,
The bruit thereof will bring you many Friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And *Henry* but usurps the Diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my Sovereign speaketh like himself,
And now will I be *Edward's* Champion.

Hast. Sound Trumpet, *Edward* shall be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow Soldier, make thou Proclamation. [*Flourish.*]

Sold. *Edward the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of
England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.*

Mont. And whosoe'er gain-says King *Edward's* right,
But this I challenge him to single Fight.

[*Throws down his Gauntlet,*

All. Long live *Edward* the Fourth.

K. Edw. Thanks, brave *Montgomery*;
And thanks unto you all.

If Fortune serve me, I'll requite this Kindness.

Now for this Night, let's harbour here at *York*:

And when the Morning Sun shall raise his Car
 Above the Border of this Horizon,
 We'll forward towards *Warwick*, and his Mates;
 For well I wot, that *Henry* is no Soldier.
 Ah froward *Clarence*, how evil it beseems thee,
 To flatter *Henry*, and forsake thy Brother?
 Yet as we may, w'll meet both thee and *Warwick*.
 Come on brave Soldiers; doubt not of the Day,
 And that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [Exeunt.]

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Montague, Clarence, Oxford, and Somerset.

War. What Counsel, Lords? *Edward* from *Belgia*,
 With hasty *Germans*, and blunt *Hollanders*,
 Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow Seas,
 And with his Troops doth march amain to *London*,
 And many giddy People flock to him.

K. Henry. Let's levy Men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little Fire is quickly trodden out,
 Which being suffer'd, Rivers cannot quench.

War. In *Warwickshire* I have true-hearted Friends,
 Not mutinous in Peace, yet bold in War,
 Those will I muster up; and thou, Son *Clarence*,
 Shalt stir up in *Suffolk*, *Norfolk*, and in *Kent*,
 The Knights and Gentlemen to come with thee.
 Thou Brother *Montague*, in *Buckingham*,
Northampton, and in *Leicestershire* shalt find
 Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st.
 And thou, brave *Oxford*, wondrous well belov'd,
 In *Oxfordshire* shalt muster up thy Friends.
 My Sovereign, with the loving Citizens,
 Like to his Island, girt with th' Ocean,
 Or modest *Dian*, circled with her Nymphs,
 Shall rest in *London*, 'till we come to him:
 Fair Lords take leave, and stand not to reply.
 Farewel my Sovereign,

K. Henry. Farewel my *Hector*, and my *Troy's* true hope.

Clar.

King HENRY VI.

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Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your Highness Hand.

K. Henry. Well-minded *Clarence*, be thou fortunate.

Mont. Comfort, my Lord, and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus I seal my Truth, and bid adieu.

K. Henry. Sweet *Oxford*, and my loving *Montague*,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewel, sweet Lords, let's meet at *Coventry*.

[*Exeunt.*]

K. Henry. Here at the Palace will I rest a while.

Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your Lordship?

Methinks, the Power that *Edward* hath in Field,

Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Henry. That's not my fear, my meed hath got me
fame:

I have not stopt mine Ears to their demands,

Nor posted off their Suits with slow delays,

My pity hath been Balm to heal their Wounds,

My mildness hath allay'd their swelling Grievs,

My mercy dry'd their water flowing Tears.

I have not been desirous of their Wealth,

Nor much oppress'd them with great Subsidies,

Nor forward of Revenge, though they much err'd.

Then why should they love *Edward* more than me?

No, *Exeter*, these Graces challenge Grace:

And when the Lion fawns upon the Lamb,

The Lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shouts within.* A Lancaster! a Lancaster!

Exe. Hark, hark, my Lord, what Shouts are these?

Enter King Edward and his Soldiers

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd *Henry*, bear him
hence,

And once again proclaim us King of *England*.

You are the Fount, that make small Brooks to flow,

Now stops thy Spring, my Sea shall suck them dry.

And swell so much the higher, by their ebb.

Hence with him to the *Tower*, let him not speak.

[Exit with King Henry.]

And Lords, towards *Coventry* bend we our Course,
Where peremptory *Warwick* now remains:

The Sun shines hot, and if we use delay,
Cold biting Winter mars our hop'd-for Hay.

Glo. Away betimes before his Forces join,
And take the great grown Traitor unawares:
Brave Warriors, march amain towards *Coventry*.

[Exeunt.]



ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers
and others upon the Walls.*

War. **W**Here is the Post that came from valiant *Oxford*?
How far hence is thy Lord, mine honest Fellow?

1 Mes. By this at *Dunsmore*, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our Brother *Montague*?

Where is the Post that came from *Montague*?

2 Mes. By this at *Daintry*, with a puissant Troop.

Enter Somerville.

War. Say *Somerville*, what says my loving Son?
And by thy guess, how nigh is *Clarence* now?

Somerv. At *Southam* I did leave him with his Forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

War. Then *Clarence* is at hand, I hear his Drum.

Somerv. It is not his, my Lord, here *Southam* lyes:
The Drum your Honour hears, marcheth from *Warwick*.

War. Who should that be? Belike, unlook'd for
Friends.

Somerv. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

*March. Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, and
Soldiers.*

K. Edw. Go, Trumpet, to the Walls; and sound a Parle.

Glo. See how the surly *Warwick* mans the Wall.

War. Oh unbid Spight, is sportful *Edward* come?
Where slept our Scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now *Warwick*, wilt thou ope the City Gates,
Speak gentle Words, and humbly bend thy Knee,
Call *Edward* King, and at his Hands beg Mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these Outrages?

War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy Forces hence,
Confess who set thee up, and pluck'd thee down,
Call *Warwick* Patron, and be penitent,

S S.

And

And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

Glo. I thought at least he would have said the King.
Or did he make the Jest against his will?

War. Is not a Dukedom, Sir, a goodly Gift?

Glo. Ay, by my Faith, for a poor Earl to give:
I'll do thee service for so good a Gift?

War. 'Twas I that gave the Kingdom to thy Brother.

K. Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by *Warwick's* Gift.

Glo. Thou art no *Atlas* for so great a weight:
And Weakling, *Warwick* takes his Gift again,
And *Henry* is my King, *Warwick* his Subject.

K. Edw. But *Warwick's* King is *Edward's* Prisoner:
And gallant *Warwick*, do but answer this,
What is the Body, when the Head is off?

Glo. Alas, that *Warwick* had no more fore-cast,
But whiles he thought to steal the single Ten,
The King was slyly finger'd from the Deck:
You left poor *Henry* at the Bishop's Palace,
And ten to one you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so, yet you are *Warwick* still.

Glo. Come *Warwick*,
Take the time, kneel down, kneel down:
Nay when; strike now, or else the Iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this Hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy Face,
Than bear so low a Sail, to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst,
Have Wind and Tide thy Friend,
This Hand, fast wound about thy Coal-black Hair,
Shall, whiles thy Head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the Dust this Sentence with thy Blood,
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, with Drum and Colours.

War. O chearful Colours, see where *Oxford* comes.

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster.

Glo. The Gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other Foes may set upon our Backs:
Stand we in good Array; for they no doubt

Will issue out again, and bid us Battel:
If not, the City being but of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the Traitors in the same.

War. Oh welcome Oxford, for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, with Drum and Colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster.

Glo. Thou and thy Brother both shall buy this Treason
Even with the dearest Blood your Bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater Victory,
My Mind presageth happy Gain, and Conquest.

Enter Somerset, with Drum and Colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster.

Glo. Two of thy Name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their Lives unto the House of York,
And thou shalt be the third, if this Sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with Drum and Colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his Brother Battel:
With whom an upright Zeal to right prevails
More than the Nature of a Brother's Love.
Come Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
Look here, I throw my Infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my Father's House,
Who gave his Blood to lime the Stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trowest thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal Instruments of War
Against his Brother, and his lawful King?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy Oath:
To keep that Oath were more Impiety,
Than *Jephthah's*, when he sacrific'd his Daughter.
I am so sorry for my Trespas made,
That to deserve well at my Brother's Hands,
I here proclaim my self thy mortal Foe:
With Resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,

(As

(As I will meet thee, if thou stir Abroad,) To plague thee for thy foul mis-leading me. And so proud-hearted *Warwick*, I defie thee, And to my Brother turn my blushing Cheeks. Pardon me, *Edward*. I will make amends: And *Richard*, do not frown upon my Faults, For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd, Than if thou never had'st deserv'd our Hate.

Glo. Welcome, good *Clarence*, this is Brother-like.

War. O passing Traitor, perjur'd and unjust.

K. Edw. What *Warwick*,

Wilt thou leave the Town and fight?

Or shall we beat the Stones about thine Ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence: I will away towards *Barnet* presently, And bid thee Battel, *Edward*, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes *Warwick*, *Edward* dares, and leads the way: Lords to the Field; *St. George* and Victory. [Exeunt.

March. *Warwick and his Company follows.*

Alarum and Excursions. Enter *Edward* bringing forth *Warwick* wounded.

K. Edw. So, lye thou there; die thou, and die our fear, For *Warwick* was a Bug that scar'd us all.

Now *Montague* sit fast, I seek for thee, That *Warwick's* Bones may keep thine Company. [Exit.

War. Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, Friend, or Foe, And tell me who is Victor, *York*, or *Warwick*? Why ask I that? my mangled Body shews, My Blood, my want of Strength, my sick Heart shews, That I must yield my Body to the Earth, And by my fall, the conquest to my Foe. Thus yields the Cedar to the Ax's edge, Whose Arms gave shelter to the Princely Eagle, Under whose shade the ramping Lion slept, Whote top-branch over-peer'd *Jove's* spreading Tree, And kept low Shrubs from *Winter's* powerful wind.

These

These Eyes that now are dim'd with Death's black Veil
Have been as piercing as the Mid-day Sun,
To search the secret Treasons of the World:
The wrinkles in my Brows, now fill'd with Blood,
Were lik'ned oft to Kingly Sepulchres:
For who liv'd King, but I could dig his Grave?
And who durst smile, when *Warwick* bent his Brow?
Lo, now my Glory smear'd in Dust and Blood,
My Parks, my Walks, my Manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my Lands,
Is nothing left me, but my Body's length.
Why, what is Pomp, Rule, Reign, but Earth and Dust?
And live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah *Warwick*, *Warwick*, wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our Loss again:

The Queen from *France* hath brought a puissant Power,
Even now we heard the News: Ah, could'st thou fly!

War. Why then I would not fly. Ah *Montague*,
If thou be there, sweet Brother, take my Hand,
And with thy Lips keep in my Soul a while.
Thou lov'st me not; for, Brother, if thou didst,
Thy Tears would wash this cold congealed Blood,
That glews my Lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly *Montague*, or I am dead.

Som. Ah *Warwick*, *Montague* hath breath'd his last,
And to the latest gasp, cry'd out for *Warwick*:
And said, commend me to my valiant Brother:
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a Cannon in a Vault,
That mought not be distinguish'd; but at last,
I well might hear delivered with a Groan,
O farewell *Warwick*.

War. Sweet rest his Soul;
Fly Lords, and save your selves;
For *Warwick* bids you all farewell, to meet in Heaven. [*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queen's great Power.

Here they bear away his Body. [*Exeunt.*
Flourish.

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph, with Gloucester, Clarence, and the rest.

K. Edw. Thus far our Fortune keeps an upward course,
'And we are grac'd with wreaths of Victory;
But in the midst of this bright-shining Day,
I spy a black suspicious threatening Cloud,
That will encounter with our Glorious Sun,
Ere he attain his easeful Western Bed:
I mean, my Lords, those Powers that the Queen
Hath rais'd in *Gallia*, have arriv'd our Coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little Gale will soon disperse that Cloud,
'And blow it to the Source from whence it came;
Thy very Beams will dry those Vapours up,
For every Cloud engenders not a Storm.

Glo. The Queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
'And *Somerſet*, with *Oxford*, fled to her;
If she hath time to breathe, be well assur'd
Her Faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving Friends,
That they do hold their course toward *Tewkesbury*.
We having now the best at *Barnet* Field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way,
And as we march, our strength will be augmented,
In every County as we go along:
Strike up the Drum, cry Courage and away: [Exeunt.

March. Enter the Queen, Prince of Wales, *Somerſet*,
Oxford, and Soldiers.

Queen. Great Lords, wise Men ne'er sit and wail their
But chearly seek how to redress their Harms, [Lost,
What though the Mast be now blown over-board,
The Cable broke, the holding-Anchor lost,
And half our Sailors swallow'd in the Flood?
Yet lives our Pilot still. Is't meet that he
Should leave the Helm, and like a fearful Lad,
With fearful Eyes add Water to the Sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much,
Whiles

Whiles in his moan, the Ship splits on the Rock,
 Which Industry and Courage might have sav'd?
 Ah what a Shame, ah what a Fault were this.
 Say, *Warwick* was our Anchor; what of that?
 And *Montague* our Top-mast; what of him?
 Our slaughter'd Friends, the Tackles; what of these?
 Why is not *Oxford* here another Anchor?
 And *Somerſet*, another goodly Mast?
 The Friends of *France* our Shrowds and Tacklings?
 And though unskilful, why not *Ned* and I,
 For once allow'd the skilful Pilot's Charge?
 We will not from the Helm to ſit and weep,
 But keep our Courſe, though the rough Wind ſay no,
 From Shelves and Rocks, that threaten us with Wrack,
 As good to chide the Waves, as ſpeak them fair.
 And what is *Edward*, but a ruthleſs Sea?
 What *Clarence*, but a Quick-ſand of Deceit?
 And *Richard*, but a ragged fatal Rock?
 All theſe, the Enemies to our poor Bark.
 Say you can ſwim, alas, 'tis but a while;
 Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly ſink;
 Beſtride the Rock, the Tide will waſh you off,
 Or elſe you ſmiſh, that's a three-fold Death.
 This ſpeak I, Lords, to let you underſtand,
 In caſe ſome one of you would fly from us,
 That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers,
 More than with ruthleſs Waves, with Sands and Rocks.
 Why courage then, what cannot be avoided,
 'Twere childiſh weakneſs to lament or fear.

Prince. Methinks a Woman of this valiant Spirit
 Should, if a Coward heard her ſpeak theſe words,
 Inſuſe his Breſt with Magnanimity,
 And make him, naked, foil a Man at Arms.
 I ſpeak not this, as doubting any here:
 For did I but ſuſpect a fearful Man,
 He ſhould have leave to go away betimes,
 Left in our need he might infect another,
 And make him of like Spirit to himſelf.
 If any ſuch be here, as God forbid,

Lei

Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and Children of so high a Courage,
And Warriors faint! why 'twere perpetual Shame.
Oh brave young Prince! thy famous Grandfather
Doth live again in thee; long may'st thou live,
To bear his Image, and renew his Glories.

Som. And he that will not fight for such a Hope,
Go home to Bed, and like the Owl by Day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Queen. Thanks, gentle *Somerſet*, sweet *Oxford* thanks.

Prim. And take his Thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Meſ. Prepare you, Lords, for *Edward* is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be reſolute.

Oxf. I thought no leſs; it is his Policy,
To haſte thus faſt, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readineſs

Queen. This cheers my Heart, to ſee your forwardneſs

Oxf. Here pitch our Battel, hence we will not budge.

*March. Enter King Edward, Glouceſter, Clarence,
and Soldiers.*

K. Edw. Brave Followers, yonder ſtands the thorny
Wood,

Which, by the Heav'n's Aſſiſtance, and your Strength,
Muſt, by the Roots, be hewn up yet ere Night.

I need not add more Fuel to your Fire,
For well I wot, ye blaze, to burn them out:
Give Signal to the Fight, and to it, Lords.

Queen. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I ſhould
ſay,

My Tears gain-ſay; for every word I ſpeak,
Ye ſee I drink the Water of my Eye:

Therefore, no more but this; *Henry*, your Sovereign,
Is Priſoner to the Foe, his State uſurp'd,
His Realm a Slaughter-houſe, his Subjects ſlain,
His Statues cancell'd, and his Treafure ſpent:
And yonder is the Wolf, that makes this Spoil.

You.

You fight in Justice: Then in God's Name, Lords,
Be valiant, and give Signal to the Fight.

Alarum, Retreat, Excursions.

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, &c. *The Queen,*
Oxford, and Somerset Prisoners.

K. Edw. Now here's a Period of tumultuous Broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes Castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty Head.
Go bear them hence, I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoop with Patience to my Fortune.

[*Exeunt.*]

Queen. So part we sadly in this troublous World,
To meet with Joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is Proclamation made, That who finds Edward

Shall have a high Reward, and he his Life?

Glo. It is, and lo where youthful Edward comes.

Enter the Prince of Wales.

K. Edw. Being forth the Gallant, let us hear him speak,
What? can so young a Thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what Satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing Arms, for stirring up my Subjects,
And all the Trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a Subject, proud ambitious York.
Suppose that I am now my Father's Mouth,
Resign thy Chair, and where I stand, kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, Traitor, thou would'st have me answer to.

Queen. Ah! That thy Father had been so resolv'd.

Glo. That you might still have worn the Petticoat,
And ne'er have stoln the Breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let *Æsop* Fable in a Winter's Night,
His Currish Riddles sort not with his place.

Glo. By Heaven, Brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

Queen. Ay, thou wast born to be a Plague to Men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive Scold.

Prince.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding Crook-back, rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful Boy, or I will charm your Tongue.

Cl. Untutor'd Lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my Duty, you are all undutiful:

Lascivious Edward. and thou perjur'd *George*,

And thou mis-shapen *Dick*, I tell ye all,

I am your better, Traitors as ye are.

And thou usurp'st my Father's Right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, thou likeness of this Railer here.

[*Stabs him.*]

Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy Agony.

[*Rich. stabs him.*]

Cl. And there's for twitting me with Perjury.

[*Cl. stabs him.*]

Queen. Oh, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall.

[*Offers to kill her.*]

[*K. Edw.* Hold, *Richard*, hold, for we have done too much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the World with words?

K. Edw. What? doth she swoon? use Means for her Recovery.

Glo. *Clarence*, excuse me to the King my Brother:

I'll hence to *London* on a serious Matter,

Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some News.

Cl. What? what?

Glo. *Tower*, the *Tower*.

[*Exit.*]

Queen. Oh, *Ned*, sweet *Ned*, speak to thy Mother, Boy.

Can'st thou not speak? O Traitors, Murderers!

They that stabb'd *Caesar*, shed no Blood at all,

Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame,

If this foul Deed were by, to equal it.

He was a Man; this (in respect) a Child,

And Men ne'er spend their Fury on a Child.

What's worse than Murderer, that I may name it?

No, no, my Heart will burst, and if I speak——

And I will speak, that so my Heart may burst.

Butchers and Villains, bloody Cannibals,

How sweet a Plant have you untimely crop't:

You have no Children, Butchers; if you had,

The thought of them would have stirr'd up Remorse;

Eut

But if you ever chance to have a Child,
Look in his Youth to have him so cut off,
As deathsmen you have rid this sweet young Prince.

K. Edw. Away with her, go bear her hence by force.

Queen. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here:
Here sheath thy Sword, I'll pardon thee my Death:
What? wilt thou not? then *Clarence* do it thou.

Clar. By Heav'n, I will not do thee so much Ease.

Queen. Good *Clarence* do, sweet *Clarence* do thou do it:

Clar. Did'st thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Queen. Ay, but thou wast to forswear thy self:
'Twas Sin before, but now 'tis Charity.
What, wilt thou not? where is that Devil's Butcher, *Richard*,
Hard-favour'd *Richard*? *Richard*, where art thou?
Thou art not here: Murder is thy Almsdeed.
Petitioner for Blood thou ne'er pull'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say, I charge ye bear her hence.

Queen. So come to you and yours, as to this Princee.

[Exit *Queen*.]

K. Edw. Where's *Richard* gone?

Clar. To *London* all in post, and as I guess,
To make a bloody Supper in the *Tower*.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his Head.
Now march we hence, discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to *London*,
And see our gentle *Queen* how well she fares.
By this, I hope, she hath a Son for me. [Exeunt.]

*Enter King Henry, and Gloucester, with the Lieutenant
on the Tower Walls.*

Glo. Good day, my Lord; what at your Book so hard?

K. Henry. Ay, my good Lord; my Lord, I should say rather,
'Tis sin to flatter, Good was little better:
Good *Gloucester*, and good Devil, were alike,
And both pteposterous; therefore, not Good Lord.

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to our selves, we must confer.

[Exit *Lieutenant*.]

K. Henry. So flies the wreackless Shepherd from the Wolf,
So first the harmless Flock doth yield his Fleece,

And

And next his Throat unto the Butcher's Knife.
What Scene of Death hath *Rossius* now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty Mind,
The Thief doth fear each Bush an Officer.

K. Henry. The Bird that hath been limed in a Bush,
With trembling Wings misdoubteth every Bush;
And I, the hapless Male to one sweet Bird,
Have now the fatal Object in my Eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught and kill'd.

Glo. Why what a peevish Fool was that of *Crete*,
That taught his Son the Office of a Fowl?
And yet, for all his Wings, the Fool was drown'd.

K. Henry. I, *Dedalus*; my poor Boy, *Icarus*;
Thy Father, *Minos*, that deny'd our Course;
The Sun that fear'd the Wings of my sweet Boy,
Thy Brother *Edward*; and thy self, the Sea,
Whose envious Gulf did swallow up his Life:
Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with Words,
My Breast can better brook thy Dagger's Point,
Than can my Ears that tragick History.

But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my Life?

Glo. Think'st thou I am an Executioner?

K. Henry. A Persecutor I am sure thou art;
If murdering Innocents be Executing,
Why then thou art an Executioner.

Glo. Thy Son I kill'd for his Presumption.

K. Henry. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst
presume,

Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a Son of mine:
And thus I prophesie, that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my Fear,
And many an old Man's Sigh, and many a Widow's,
And many an Orphan's water-standing Eye,
Men for their Sons, Wives for their Husbands fate,
And Orphans for their Parents timeless Death,
Shall rue the Hour that ever thou wast born.
The Owl shriek'd at thy Birth, an evil sign,
The Night-Crow cry'd, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous Tempest shook down Trees;

The

The Raven rook'd her on the Chimney's top,
And chattering Pyes in dismal Discords sung:
Thy Mother felt more than a Mother's Pain,
And yet brought forth less than a Mother's Hope,
To wit, an indigested deform'd Lump,
Not like the Fruit of such a goodly Tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy Head when thou wast born,
To signifie thou cam'st to bite the World:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st——

Glo. I'll hear no more:

Die, Prophet, in thy Speech; [Stabs him:
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Henry. Ay, and for much more Slaughter after this——
O God, forgive my Sins, and pardon thee. [Dies.

Glo. What? will th' aspiring Blood of Lancaster
Sink in the Ground? I thought it would have mounted,
See how my Sword weeps for the poor King's Death.
O may such purple Tears be alway shed
From those who wish the downfal of our House.
If any spark of Life be yet remaining,
Down, down to Hell, and say I sent thee thither,
[Stabs him again:

I, that have neither Pity, Love, nor Fear.
Indeed 'tis true that *Henry* told me of:
For I have often heard my Mother say,
I came into the World with my Legs forward.
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their Ruin, that usurp'd our Right?
The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cry'd,
O Jesus bless us, he is born with Teeth!
And so I was, which plainly signified,
That I should snarle, and bite, and play the Dog:
Then since the Heav'ns have shap'd my Body so,
Let Hell make crook'd my Mind to answer it.
I have no Brother, I am like no Brother,
And this word [Love] which grey Beards call Divine,
Be resident in Men like one another,
And not in me: I am my self alone.

Clarence

Clarence beware, thou keep'st me from the light,
 But I will sort a pitchy Day for thee:
 For I will buz abroad such Prophecies,
 That *Edward* shall be fearful of his Life,
 And then, to purge his Fear, I'll be thy Death.
King Henry, and the Prince his Son, are gone,
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
 Counting my self but bad, 'till I be best.
 I'll throw thy Body in another room,
 And triumph, *Henry*, in thy day of Doom. [Exit.

Enter King Edward, Queen, Clarence, Gloucester, Hastings, Nurse, and Attendants.

K. Edw. Once more we sit on *England's* Royal Throne,
 Re-purchas'd with the Blood of Enemies:
 What valiant Foe-men, like to Autumn's Corn,
 Have we mow'd down in top of all their Pride?
 Three Dukes of *Somerset*, threefold Renown'd,
 For hardy and undoubted Champions:
 Two *Cliffords*, as the Father and the Son,
 And two *Northumberland's*; two braver Men
 Ne'er spurr'd their Coursers at the Trumpets sound.
 With them, the two brave Bears, *Warwick* and *Montague*,
 That in their Chains fetter'd the Kingly Lion,
 And made the Forest tremble when they roar'd,
 Thus have we swept Suspicion from our Seat,
 And made our Footstool of Security.
 Come hither, *Bess*, and let me kiss my Boy:
 Young *Ned*, for thee, thine Uncles, and my self,
 Have in our Armours watch'd the winter Night,
 Went all a-foot in Summers scalding Heat,
 That thou might'st repose the Crown in peace,
 And of our Labours thou shalt reap the Gain.

Glo. I'll blast his Harvest, if your Head were laid,
 For yet I am not look'd on in the World.
 This Shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave,
 And heave it shall some weight, or break my Back;
 Work thou the way, and that shall execute. [Aside.

K. Edw. *Clarence* and *Glo'ster*, love my lovely Queen,
 And

King HENRY VI.

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And kiss your Princely Nephew, Brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe your Majesty,
I seal upon the Lips of this sweet Babe.

K. Edw. Thanks, noble *Clarence*, worthy Brother, thanks!

Glo. And that I love the Tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving Kiss I give the Fruit:

To say the truth, so *Judas* kiss'd his Master, [*Aside.*]
And cry'd, all hail, when as he meant all harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my Soul delights,
Having my Country's peace, and Brothers loves.

Clar. What will your Grace have done with *Margaret*?
Reignier her Father, to the King of *France*
Hath pawn'd the *Sicils* and *Jerusalem*,
And hither have they sent it for her Ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waite her hence to *France*;
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately Triumphs, mirthful Comick Shows,
Such as befits the Pleasure of the Court?
Sound Drums and Trumpets, farewell sower Annoy,
For here, I hope, begins our lasting Joy. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

The End of the Fourth Volume.

